THE

CHRISTIAN HARMONY;

CONTAINING A CHOICE COLLECTION OF

HYMN AND PSALM TUNES, ODES AND ANTHEMS,

SELECTED FROM THE BEST AUTHORS IN EUROPE AND AMERICA:

TOGETHER WITH

A LARGE NUMBER OF NEW TUNES, FROM EMINENT COMPOSERS, NEVER BEFORE PUBLISHED:

Embracing a Great Variety of Metres

SUITED TO NEARLY ALL THE METRES CONTAINED IN THE VARIOUS HYMN AND PSALM BOOKS USED BY THE DIFFERENT DENOMINATIONS OF CHRISTIANS.

DESIGNED ALSO FOR

THE USE OF SINGING SCHOOLS, CHOIRS, SOCIAL AND PRIVATE SINGING SOCIETIES.

IN THE SEVEN-SYLLABLE SYSTEM OF MUSICAL NOTATION, WITH SEVEN CHARACTERS.

ALSO A

COPIOUS ELUCIDATION OF THE SCIENCE OF VOCAL MUSIC, AND PLAIN RULES FOR BEGINNERS.

By WILLIAM WALKER,

AUTHOR OF "SOUTHERN HARMONY," AND "THE SOUTHERN AND WESTERN POCKET HARMONIST."

"It is a good thing to give thanks unto the Lord, and to sing praises unto Thy name, O Most Hig[illegible] I will sing of the mercies of the Lord forever."—DAVID.

"And the ransomed of the Lord shall return and come to Zion with songs and everlasting [illegible] upon their heads, and they shall obtain joy and gladness, and sorrow and sighing shall [illegible]."—ISAIAH xxx. 10.

PHILADELPHIA:

PUBLISHED BY E. W. MILLER AND WILLIAM WALKER.

AND FOR SALE BY

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Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1867, by
E. W. MILLER AND WILLIAM WALKER,
In the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.

J. FAGAN & SON,
STEREOTYPERS, PHILAD'A.

PREFACE

Since publishing the Revised Edition of the Southern Harmony, we have travelled thousands of miles in the Middle, Southern, and Western States, and taught a number of singing schools,—all the time consulting the musical taste of the clergy, music teachers, and thousands of others who love the songs of Zion,—and all the time trying to ascertain the need and wants of the Church, in a musical point of view, and selecting all the good tunes we could find, with a design to publish them at some future period. During our travels, we were often asked and urged to publish a tune-book in the seven-syllable and seven-character note system, containing more music suitable for church use, and a greater variety of metres, than could be found in any of our books. After many years' labor and effort to comply with these urgent requests, we have been enabled, through the blessing of God, to bring out The Christian Harmony as the result of our labor. In treating on the rudiments of music, we have taken them as they naturally present themselves, — viz.: *Melodics, Rhythm,* and *Dynamics.* — leading the learner on gradually from the easier to the more abstruse parts of this delightful science.

The tunes have been selected from about fifteen thousand (15,000) pages of printed music, and a great number of manuscript tunes kindly given to us and sent by mail by brother teachers, ministers of the gospel, and many other musical friends, embracing a great many standard church tunes, (some of them composed in the days of the Reformation,) which are as necessary in a music book for church use as ballast for a ship; together with a large number of splendid pieces of more modern dates,— *some perfect gems;* — also some right fresh from the author's pen. We have also inserted a few Odes and Anthems.

We have been careful in trying to get a large variety of metres suitable to the different Hymn and Psalm-Books used by the different denominations of Christians. Our *aim* has been to make our work A COMPLETE BOOK OF HARMONY FOR ALL CHRISTIANS.

Where the names of the authors of the tunes were positively known, they have been given; but where several persons claimed the same tune, we have dropped all names, fearing we might not do justice to some of the parties. Many of the tunes appear without any name as author; but we hope no author will think hard of us on this account, for we would have given names with pleasure had they been known. Our own name is placed over several pieces in this work, some of them original; others are melodies too good to be lost, which we set to music and composed the parts.

We have tried, in selecting music for our work, to gratify the taste of all. We have tunes that are used mostly in the country, (that is generally called rural music,) but the most of them are those used everywhere, in the *cities, towns, villages,* and *country,* from the *seaboard* to the *mountains* — over the whole land, East, West, North, and South. The *aged* and youth will find tunes in The Christian Harmony that they will love to sing in the praise of our God and Redeemer.

Several *authors* have kindly given us the free use of their works, from which we have selected many valuable tunes for our book; but it is possible we may have inadvertently inserted some without leave that are copyrighted; if so, and we are informed of the fact, we will try and arrange the matter satisfactorily, for we do not want to do any thing that is not high-toned and gentlemanly.

We would here express our sincere thanks and heart-felt gratitude to a generous public and a music-loving people for the very hearty and unparalleled patronage given to the various editions of the Southern Harmony, there having been sold (as we understand from one of the publishers) about six hundred thousand copies. May we not reasonably hope that The Christian Harmony — a work of mature years and tenfold more experience — will merit and receive a still more extensive patronage from the millions who love to praise God in his sanctuary? We earnestly ask the kind assistance, which has heretofore been given, of ministers of the gospel, brother teachers, pupils, and other friends, in the circulation and sale of this work, (maybe the main work of our life,) — in employing teachers* of good moral character, forming large singing schools, and improving music generally.

The compiler now commends this work to the public, humbly praying God's blessing upon it, that it may be the means of advancing this important, sacred, and delightful science, and of cheering the weary pilgrims of Zion on their way to the Celestial City.

"And they sing the song of Moses the servant of God, and the song of the Lamb. And the City was pure gold."—Revelation.

WILLIAM WALKER.

Spartanburg, S. C., *October,* 1866.

* We recommend young teachers and those who want to teach, and all others, male or female, who wish to understand the science of music thoroughly, to make *Normal Schools* of from thirty to one hundred pupils, employ an experienced *Professor of Music,* who is master of the science, and have sessions of twenty or fifty days in regular succession, where you can be taught on the *Pestalozian* and *Inductive* system. Meet early in the morning, say 9 o'clock; stay till 3 or 4 o'clock in the afternoon. In these schools you not only learn *to sing,* but *how to sing.* The author having taught many schools in the last ten or fifteen years, and having brought out more *good teachers* than in five times the number of common singing-schools, thinks therefore that he cannot commend them too highly.

I would here return my many thanks and kind regards to the numerous brethren and friends who have so kindly aided me in my work, and especially to Rev. William Hauser, M. D., whose efforts and zeal have been untiring. Dr. Hauser, together with his son Wm. H. Hauser, have agreed to act as my travelling agents, wholesale and retail, whom I take great pleasure in recommending to the public as high-toned gentlemen.

 WILLIAM WALKER.

ON FOUR AND SEVEN-SYLLABLE CHARACTER NOTE SINGING.

To those who are still in favor of four-note singing, and think it is the best way, we would remark that we were for many years opposed to any other,— delivered several lectures on the subject, and were not convinced of our error, till we taught our first *normal school*. There we saw clearly that, as we had seven distinct sounds in the scale, we needed and must have, to be consistent, seven names; we tried many names, but finally agreed on the Italian names as the most euphonious. During the discussion, the question was asked, Would any parents having seven children ever think of calling them by only four names? The question caused a good deal of merriment; there the discussion ceased, all were convinced, all prejudice against seven-note singing was gone; and our opinion from experience is, that a school will learn nearly twice as many more tunes in the same time in the latter way than in the former.

And to those who are partial to the round-note system, and are opposed to character notes, we would say, that most authors and writers on music agree and argue that, while learning to sing the scale, or a tune, we are aided very much in using certain names, — a name for each of the seven sounds. The question is, *Will the names of the notes aid the learners in getting the sounds of the letters which the notes represent?* Mr. Andrew Adgate says: "In practising lessons for the voice, it is of great service to apply, invariably, particular syllables to the octave, as by that means we associate with each syllable the idea of its proper sound." Mr. Samuel Dyer says: "In practising musical lessons, it is customary to apply certain syllables to the diatonic interval of the octave; the end proposed is, *that the same name invariably applied to the same interval may naturally suggest its true relation and proper sound.*" Now, with the above writers we fully concur. Mr. Joseph Funk says: "Now, if this fact is settled, it follows, of course, that the quickest way in which this *name can* be communicated to the mind, is the best and most certain way to enable the singer to produce this proper sound; and all must admit, that the name is quicker known by seeing a shape than by calculation." Mr. J. B. Aikin remarks: "As seven different *syllables* or names are used for the purpose of attaining the seven different *sounds* in the octave with greater facility, so seven different *figures*, or forms, are used for the purpose of obtaining the *names* immediately and with perfect certainty. Thus the name, shape, sound, time, and relative pitch of any note are perfectly associated by the *figured* symbol." And he uses the seven characters in his work as best adapted to increase the number of readers of music.*

We think that, on the principles of philosophy and logic, the Patent-Note System, as it is generally called, is decidedly preferable to the Round-Note System. With round notes, the name of every note in the scale or tune has to be obtained by calculating the numerical distance it stands from the tonic *doe* or *one*, in every transposition, which many cannot make rapid enough to give the music its proper movement. With patent notes, the name is instantly known by its shape.

* We put a high estimate on the opinion of Mr. Aikin, knowing him personally. He is a perfect gentleman possessing musical talents of a high order, and a practical man.

The philosophy of getting the sound of notes in vocal music is as follows: By practice, the *name* and *sound* of the notes become intimately associated; the instant the name of the note is conveyed to the mind, the ear anticipates the sound; anticipation produces desire; desire, will; will, intent; intent, effort; effort brings into action the vocal organs, which, through the voice, produce the sound. In the former way, all this has to be got through calculation; in the latter, by the *shape* of the note. With a glance of the eye, the shape is seen, and name ascertained; instantly all the other faculties act, and we hear the sound. Is it not then perfectly *logical* that, if we can, by the use of one organ, *sight*, convey to the mind that which brings all the faculties and organs instantly into action which produces sound in vocal music, it is far better than that system by which, after *seeing*, we have to go through the labor of calculation to bring them into action? Every music teacher who has tried it, knows how difficult it is to teach their pupils to sing the round notes. They cannot count the distance to get the names of the notes, and keep the time, all at once; at last, many give up in despair; — but give them the patent notes, by which they can know the name of the notes by their shape, and they learn rapidly. Having no trouble to get the names, they give more attention to the time, emphasis, accent, &c., &c.

Our experience has led us to believe that not more than one in every fourteen can ever make a musician; the natural organization of many incapacitates them to understand the science; and phrenologists have often told us that not more than that proportion are mathematical and mechanical. If so, our conclusions are correct, for no one can make a musician with those organs deficient. But every person has time and tune, more or less, so all may learn to sing. Writing music in the patent notes is, to our mind, a translation of music, as it were, from the round notes (which is a dead language to many) into plain English,— and who does not know that the readers of the holy Scriptures have been multiplied by *millions* in consequence of their translation. May we not then reasonably hope that, when this system becomes generally adopted, the number of singers will be multiplied in the same proportion?

We are pleased to know that, while our work accommodates the *masses* or the *millions* by the patent notes, it is none the less suited to the scientific and profound. Those who choose can sing by calculation, regardless of the shapes, — the flats and sharps being used precisely as in the round-note books, so it will equally suit the instrumental performers. We therefore hope that none will reject our work in consequence of the patent notes. In conclusion, we would say, May every effort be made to simplify and make the cultivation of this *heavenly science* easy, so that all may learn to sing, for sacred music naturally has a tendency to lead the mind heavenward. As nothing so ravishes and transports the soul as the sweet strains of music produced here by human art, what may we not then expect will be its ecstasy when it gets to heaven, where it will be brought under the influence of the "WHOLE POWER OF HARMONY."

"Hear I, or dream I hear the distant strains,
Sweet to my soul, and tasting strong of Heaven."— YOUNG.

RUDIMENTS OF MUSIC.

CHAPTER I.

MUSIC.

Music is a succession of pleasant sounds so arranged in pitch, or sound and time, as to make a tune, ode, or anthem. In music, we have sounds high and low, slow and quick, loud and soft, from which arise three grand departments,—viz.: Melodics, Rhythmics, and Dynamics,—

1. Melodics treating of the pitch of sound, high or low.
2. Rhythmics treating of the length of sound, long or short.
3. Dynamics treating of the power of sound, loud or soft.

CHAPTER II.

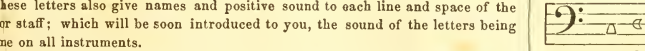
FIRST DEPARTMENT—MELODICS.

4. In Music there are seven primary sounds; every eighth being the same kind of sound as the first, making an octave, and perfecting the scale. They are always numbered in regular order, from the lowest sound upwards,—viz.: 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8 or 1, for the eighth sound is the first of another series of the same character, set an eighth or octave higher.

5. These seven sounds are also represented by the first seven letters of the alphabet,—A, B, C, D, E, F, G. When more than seven are used, the same letters are repeated in regular order.

6. These letters also give names and positive sound to each line and space of the stave, or staff; which will be soon introduced to you, the sound of the letters being the same on all instruments.

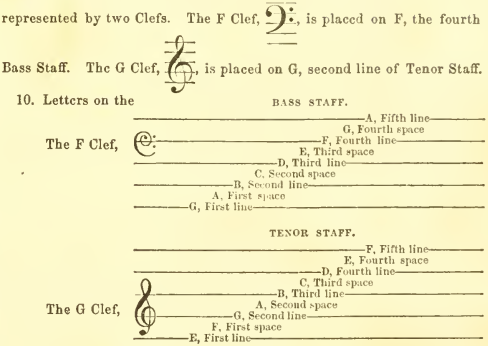
7. In singing, we use seven monosyllables,—Doe, Ray, Mee, Faw, Sole, Law, See; then Doe again, making the octave; and these syllables are represented by seven characters,—viz.:



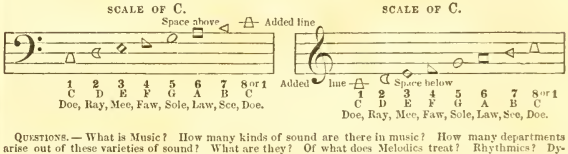
8. In vocal music, we commonly have four parts, sometimes five,—viz.: Bass, Tenor, Counter or Alto, and Treble. If five parts, Second Bass, or Second Treble.

9. The letters are arranged on the staff for these parts in two different ways, represented by two Clefs. The F Clef, 𝄢, is placed on F, the fourth line of the Bass Staff. The G Clef, 𝄞, is placed on G, second line of Tenor Staff.

10. Letters on the



11. Notes on the staff.



Questions.—What is Music? How many kinds of sound are there in music? How many departments arise out of these varieties of sound? What are they? Of what does Melodics treat? Rhythmics? Dynamics? How many primary sounds are there in music? What is repeated to perfect the scale? How are they numbered? By what are these seven sounds represented? How do we proceed when more than seven are used? What monosyllables are used in singing by note? How many parts are used in vocal music? What are they? How are the letters arranged on the staff for those parts? On what line is the F Clef placed? The G Clef?

CHAPTER III.

12. An Interval is the difference in the pitch of any two sounds, however near or distant.

13. There are in the scale two kinds of Intervals, called Tones and Half Tones, or Semitones, or Steps and Half Steps.

14. From 1 to 2, from 2 to 3, from 4 to 5, from 5 to 6, and from 6 to 7 are steps; from 3 to 4 and from 7 to 8, half steps.

15. Thus, you see, the half steps occur between the third and fourth, and seventh and eighth, of the scale; also between E and F, and B and C, of the letters on the staff; and between Mee and Faw, and See and Doe, of the notes.

16. This is called the Natural Diatonic, or Major Scale. C is the natural Sharp key-letter, and Doe, or 1, the Sharp key-note; A is the natural Minor or Flat key-letter, and Law the Flat key-note, and is one of the Minor Key, or Scale, when counted as such.

Note. — This subject will be resumed in another place.

17. Each line and space in the staff is called a *Degree*, — five lines and four spaces, making nine *degrees;* and if more are needed in composing a tune, the spaces above and below the staff are used; also added lines.

18. In order to have a great variety of tunes, it becomes necessary to take the different letters of the staff for the key-note, or 1. By that means we keep the music within the compass of the voice. When any change of key is made, we have to use Flats, ♭, or Sharps, ♯, — sometimes one and sometimes the other, — set on the staff next to the clef, as a signature or sign to the instrumental performer what letters to play flat or sharp, as the case may be, to keep the instrument in unison with the voice; for we naturally sing any key correctly if pitched right; but not so with an instrument. When a change of key is made, it is by art that the performer plays the tune correctly, hence the name Artificial Key.

19. In order to make this plainer, we introduce a table of Flats and Sharps, which every person who attempts to learn how to sing should commit to memory.

20. The natural place for

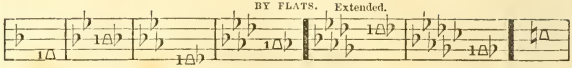
Doe, or 1, is on . . . . . C,	If F be sharp, Doe, or 1, is on . . G,
But if B is flat, it is on . . . . F,	If F and C are sharp, on . . . D,
If B and E are flat, on . . B flat,	If F, C, and G are sharp, on . . A,
If B, E, and A are flat, on . E flat,	If F, C, G, and D are sharp, on . E.
If B, E, A, and D are flat, on . A flat,	

Note. — See illustrations.

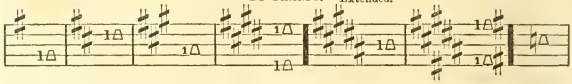
And this is called Transposition of the Scale or Key.

ILLUSTRATIONS AND EXAMPLES.

BY FLATS. Extended.



BY SHARPS. Extended.



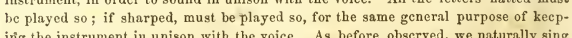
21. Remember that the Minor key-note, ▭, is always a third below or a sixth above its relative Major key-note, △.

22. When F is taken for 1 or Doe, and we sing the notes in regular order, you sing a half step between A and B, — you sing A natural and B flat, as the half step occurs between the third and fourth, which is Mee and Faw. The flat is set on B as a sign to play it flat, for the order of the half steps must be preserved by the instrument, in order to sound in unison with the voice. All the letters flatted must be played so; if sharped, must be played so, for the same general purpose of keeping the instrument in unison with the voice. As before observed, we naturally sing them right, for one key is as natural to the voice as another.

23. A Flat, ♭, set on the left of a note, causes it to be sung or played half a step lower. A Sharp, ♯, set on the left of a note, causes it to be sung half a step higher. The Mark of Restoration, ♮, (commonly called a Natural,) set on the left of a note previously flatted or sharped, restores it to its former sound.)

Note. — Flats and Sharps thus used are called Occasionals, or Accidentals.

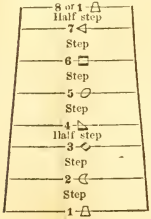
EXAMPLES.



Questions. — What is an Interval? How many kinds of intervals are there in the scale? What are they called? Between what numbers and letters do steps and half steps occur? Between what notes? What is this scale called? Which is the natural sharp or Major key-letter and note? Minor? What is each line and space in the staff called? How many degrees are there? What are used when more than nine are needed? What characters are used in making a change of key? Why is it necessary to change the key? What is the natural place of Doe, or 1? If one flat is used, on what letter is Doe? If two? If three? If four? If one sharp? If two? If three? If four? What distance above or below any Major key is its relative Minor? When F is taken as one, what letter is flatted or sharped? (Note. — Teachers will ask similar questions in regard to the different transpositions.) How does a flat or sharp, set on the left of a note, cause it to be sung? What character restores a note to its former sound?

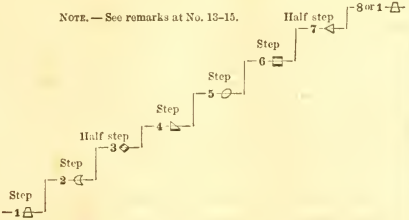
24. As it is somewhat difficult for pupils to understand the nature of the tones and semitones, or steps and half steps, we will illustrate them by presenting them to the eye on two diagrams, called the Musical Ladder and Musical Stairway, or Steps, — the rounds and steps arranged on the principle of the inch and half inch measurement, — with the notes set on the rounds of the ladder and steps of the stairway, with the numerals.

MUSICAL LADDER.



MUSICAL STAIRWAY.

NOTE. — See remarks at No. 13–15.



NOTE. — Every music-teacher should have a blackboard of convenient size, say eighteen or twenty-four inches square, and set it up in front of the class, where all can see, and draw most of the lessons and diagrams on it with chalk; then sing them, count and explain, and keep the class interested, by changing the lessons and diagrams as in their (the teachers') judgment may seem best; and they will find (as I have found by many years' experience) the class progressing much faster than they will without a board. Let those who have never used one, make the experiment; they need not fear the result. The fingers of each hand are often used in showing the location of the letters on each staff, and of the key-notes, steps, and half steps, in the various transpositions, taking the right hand to represent the G Clef or Staff, the left to represent the F Clef or Staff.

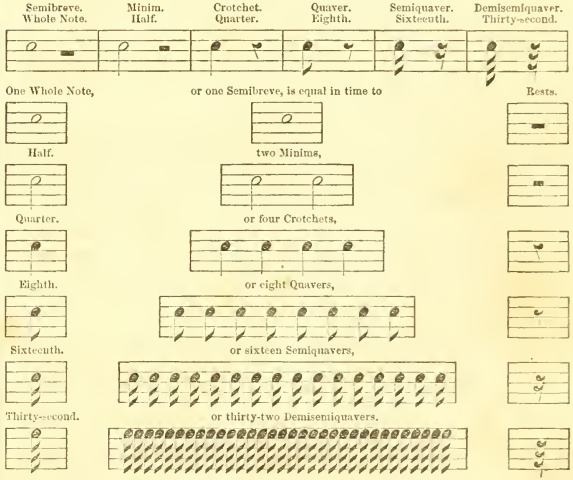
In hearing music sung, or played on an instrument, we notice that some of the sounds are dwelt on much longer than others; some twice as long, some three or four times, &c., which brings us to treat on Rhythmics.

CHAPTER IV.

SECOND DEPARTMENT — RHYTHM, OR RHYTHMICS.

25. RHYTHM. — This term comprehends everything in relation to time in music. It treats of the division of music into measures, subdivision into parts of measures, and the time of each kind of notes in the measure. 26. There are six kinds of Notes used in music, which differ with each other in time. 27. In their technical names they are called Semibreve, Minim, Crotchet, Quaver, Semiquaver, and Demisemiquaver; but properly by their mathematical proportions, — Whole Note, Half Note, Quarter Note, Eighth Note, Sixteenth Note, and Thirty-second Note. 28. There are six characters, called Rests, which represent the different Notes in silence. When any of these occur, the singer must be silent as long as it would take to sing the Note or Notes they represent.

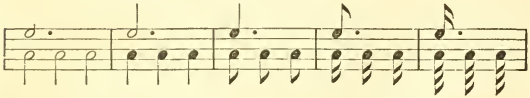
29. NOTES, WITH THEIR RESTS.



QUESTIONS. — Of what does Rhythm treat? How many kinds of notes are there used in music? What are they called? How many rests are there? What is their use?

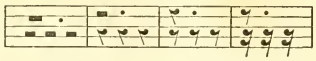
30. Notes are sometimes dotted by a period, (.), set immediately on the right, called a Point of Addition, or Mark of Added Time. Notes thus dotted are sung one-third longer, or half as long again. A dotted Whole Note is sung as long as three Half Notes; a dotted Half Note, as long as three Quarter Notes, &c.

EXAMPLES.



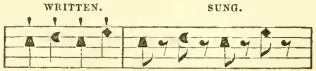
Rests are also dotted to add time to them.

EXAMPLE.



31. *Staccato.* — When a note or several notes are to be sung in a short, pointed, and distinct manner, the Staccato is used. See the example.

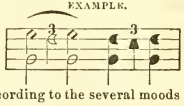
WRITTEN. SUNG.



32. The Hold, 𝄐.* is sometimes placed over or under notes; the sound of the note is then prolonged indefinitely, but, as a general rule, about one-fourth longer.

33. The figure $\overset{\frown}{3}$ is sometimes placed over three notes, called Triplets. In that case they are sung in the time of two of the same kind without the figure.

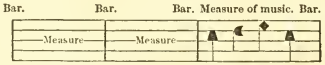
EXAMPLE.



34. Notes have no positive time, only relative time; they are sung sometimes slower and sometimes quicker, according to the several moods or movements of time in which music is written; but always have their mathematical proportions to each other.

35. Music is divided into equal portions, called Measures, by straight lines drawn across the staff, called Bars.

EXAMPLE.



36. Any number of notes written between two of these Bars is a Measure of music, not a Bar of music, as it is sometimes called.

37. While we sing, time passes away, which, in vocal music, is marked by motions of the hand, called Beating Time.

* This character is called a *Pause* when placed over a Bar, showing you may be silent in the same proportion, thus answering the purpose of a *Rest*.

CHAPTER V.

MOODS OF TIME.

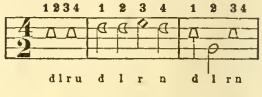
38. In writing music, there are, generally, nine moods or movements of time used, (but I believe, with Mr. J. Aikin, that we could do as well with fewer, by the use of directive terms,) — four of Common, three of Triple, and two of Compound.

Note. — In this work all the moods of time are marked with figures.

COMMON TIME.

39. The First Mood of Common Time is marked with the figures, $\frac{4}{2}$, having two whole notes, or their equivalent, in a measure, sung in four seconds — four beats. First, down; second, left; third, right; fourth, up. This is called Quadruple Time.

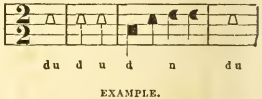
EXAMPLE.



Note. — This mood is seldom used.

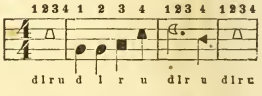
40. The Second Mood, marked $\frac{2}{2}$, has one whole note, or its equivalent, in a measure, sung in three seconds — two beats. One, down; the other up. This is called Double Time.

EXAMPLE.



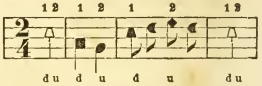
41. The Third Mood, marked $\frac{4}{4}$, has the whole note, or its equivalent, in a measure, sung in two seconds and a half — four beats. Beat in the same manner as the first mood. This is called Quadruple Time.

EXAMPLE.



42. The Fourth Mood, marked $\frac{2}{4}$, has a half note in a measure, sung in one second — two beats. One, down; the other up. This is called Double Time.

EXAMPLE.

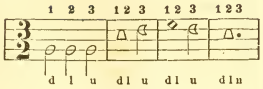


Questions. — How much time does a period, set on the right of a note or rest, add to it? In what manner do we sing notes marked with Staccato? The Hold? The figure 3? What are notes called when marked with the figure 3? Have notes positive or relative time? How is music divided into equal portions of time? What is the music written between two bars called? How is time marked in vocal music? How many kinds of time are generally used in vocal music? What are they? How marked? What figures represent the first mood of common time? The second? The third? The fourth?

TRIPLE TIME.

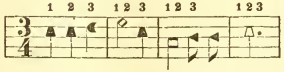
43. The First Mood of Triple Time is marked with the figures $\frac{3}{2}$, has three half notes, or their equivalent, in a measure, sung in three seconds—three beats: first, down; second, left; third, diagonally up.

EXAMPLE.

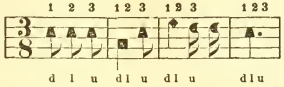


44. The Second Mood is marked $\frac{3}{4}$, has three quarter notes, or their equivalent, in a measure, sung in two seconds—three beats: same way as the first mood.

EXAMPLES.



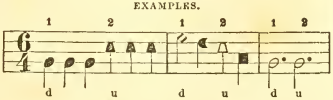
45. The Third Mood is marked $\frac{3}{8}$, has three eighth notes in a measure, or their equivalent, sung in one second. Beat as the other two.



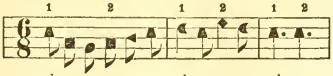
COMPOUND OR SEXTUPLE TIME.

46. The First Mood is marked $\frac{6}{4}$, has six quarter notes in a measure, sung in two seconds and a half—two beats: one down, the other up.

EXAMPLES.



47. The Second is marked $\frac{6}{8}$, has six eighth notes in a measure, sung in one second and a half—two beats: same way as the first.



48. The figures over the above examples show the number of beats to the measure; the letters, the motions of the hand,—viz.: d, down; l, left; r, right; u, up,—to aid the pupil in learning how to beat time.

49. I introduce some diagrams. You will see by the diagram that the up-beat in Triple Time is diagonal. 50. You always commence the measure with the hand falling, and close with it rising in all moods of time.

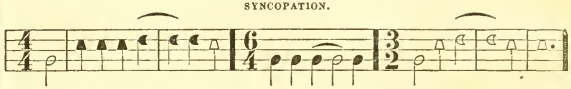
NOTE.—We recommend teachers not to bother their pupils too soon with four beats, but first teach them well the two beats; then the three and four. In fact, most of the tunes written in Quadruple measure can be performed as well in Double, and it is much easier for the pupil to perform two beats to the measure than four.

51. In Common Time, the accent * is on the first note or part when only two are in a measure. If four, accent on the first and third part. In Triple Time, the accent is on the first note or part when three parts are in a measure; if only two, on the longest. In Compound Time, the accent is on the first and fourth note or part when six parts are in a measure; if less than six, on the longest.

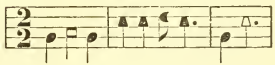
52. *Syncopation.*—When an unaccented note is connected by a slur with the next accented note on the same letter, they are called Syncopated Notes; name one only, and sound the time of both, whether in the middle of the measure, or passing across the bar from one measure into another. *Syncopeed Notes* are notes set out of their usual order, yet requiring the accent.

EXAMPLES.

SYNCOPATION.



SYNCOPEED.



53. To aid in getting the correct time of each beat in the different movements, make a pendulum ball of lead, or some other heavy substance, about an inch in diameter; then a small cord fastened to it, suspended from a nail. Measuring from the centre of the ball, have the cord for the different beats of the following lengths:

	Length of Pendulum.	Time of vibration.
For $\frac{4}{2}$ and $\frac{3}{2}$ (second beats),	39·08 in.	one second.
For $\frac{6}{4}$ and $\frac{4}{4}$ (1 second and a quarter beats),	61·06 in.	one and a quarter second.

QUESTIONS.—What figures represent the first mood of triple time? The second? The third? First of compound? The second? How much time is given to the measure in the different moods of time? What notes fill a measure? How is the time beat in the different moods? Does the hand rise or fall in commencing a measure? On what part of the measure does the accent fall in the different moods of time. When are notes called syncopated? How sung? What are syncopeed notes?

* The use and design of accent is treated on in another place.

		Length of Pendulum.	Time of vibration.
For $\frac{2}{2}$ and $\frac{6}{8}$	(three-quarter second beats),	21·98 in.—	three-quarters of a second.
For $\frac{3}{4}$	(two-third second beats),	17·37 in.—	two-thirds of a second.
For $\frac{2}{4}$	(half-second beats),	9·77 in.—	half second.
For $\frac{3}{8}$	(one-third second beats),	4·34 in.—	
		87·93 in.—	one and one-half second.
		119·68 in.—	one and three-quarters sec.
		156·04 in.—	two seconds.

54. Then for every vibration of the ball, beat with the hand and count the number of beats to each measure, and you will soon learn to keep time correctly.

55. But we would have you recollect distinctly, that all our time-tables, &c., are only general rules to guide us in time. The movement should be governed mostly by the subject we sing, in order to bring out the true meaning and sense of the same, and produce the effect designed by the composer; for, while we sing the words, we are speaking in tune, which produces the best effect possible; for singing is the highest perfection of expression.

56. We may have the expression in prose, good; in poetry, better; in music, best.

57. But tunes, in the abstract, from the words, are much better sung in their proper movement and kind of time.

58. For instance, take the good old tune *Mear*, and sing it in two-four time, or six-eight time. In hearing it thus sung, we do not think there is scarcely any one that would think of Mear; if they did, they would exclaim, "Oh, do not distort or murder that good old tune! Sing it the good old way, in three-two time." * So with Old Hundred, and many others.

59. We have made these remarks to show the importance of the tunes being sung in their proper time.

60. In singing the poetry, if a change from the regular movement is needed, it is generally indicated by directive terms,— viz.: *slow, cheerful, grave*, &c., &c.

* The critic will please excuse this departure from the regular rules of rhetoric.

CHAPTER VI.

OF ACCENT AND EMPHASIS IN RELATION TO MUSIC AND POETRY.*

61. Accent and emphasis form the very essence of music and versification.

62. It is from this source that they derive their great dignity, variety, and power of expression.

63. In music, accent is a certain stress or power of voice on a certain note or notes in a measure, which is according to the division and subdivision of it. By it we step through the measure and tune, singing the intermediate note or notes softer than those accented.

64. Emphatic syllables or words, in poetry, are called feet. If the music and poetry be skilfully arranged, the accented notes and emphatic words will come together; if not, the music must yield to the words; but it is by the proper combination of both of these that the highest and deepest emotions of the heart are expressed.

65. *Poetry.* A certain number of connected syllables form a foot.

66. These syllables, thus connected, are called feet, because it is by their aid the voice, as it were, steps along through the verse, in a measured pace; and it is necessary that the syllables which mark this regular movement of the voice should, in some manner, be distinguished from the others.

67. All feet, in poetry, have either two or three syllables. Consequently, we have poetry divided into two parts,— viz.: equal measured verse, and unequal measured verse. Verse of equal measure have feet of two syllables; and verse of unequal measure have feet of three syllables; and each of these measures is subdivided into two parts,— the first or equal measure into Trochaic and Iambic measures; and the second or unequal, into Dactylic and Anapaestic measures.

68. Verses of Trochaic measure consist of feet of two syllables, having the first syllable of each foot accented, and the last unaccented.

Examples of Trochaic Measure.

Hārk! thŏ hērăld ăngĕls sĭng,
"Glory to the new-born King,
Peace on earth, and mercy mild,
God and sinners reconciled."

Lōrd ŏf hēav'n, ănd eārth, ănd ōceăn,
Hear us from thy bright abode,
While our hearts, with deep devotion,
Own their great and gracious God.

* These remarks are partly from Jamieson's "Rhetoric" and J. Funk's "Genuine Church Music."

Questions.— What is accent in music? If important or emphatic words fall on an unaccented part of a measure, how should it be sung?

Note.— Teachers can ask such questions about the poetry as they may deem proper.

69. Verses of Iambic measure consist also of feet of two syllables, having the first syllable of each foot unaccented, and the last syllable accented.

Examples of Iambic Measure.

Ărīse, lĭn all thy glory, Lōrd,
Let power attend thy gracious word;
Unveil the beauties of thy face,
And show the riches of thy grace.

Ye lōvely bānd of blōoming yōuth,
Warn'd by the voice of heavenly truth,
Now yield to Christ your youthful prime,
With all your talents and your time.

70. Verses of Dactylic measure consist of feet of three syllables, having the first syllable of each foot accented, and the last two syllables unaccented.

Examples of Dactylic Measure.

Hāil the bless'd mōrn, when the grēat Mediātor
Down from the regions of glory descends;
Shepherds go worship the babe in a manger—
Lo! for his guard the bright angels attend.

This measure frequently has an additional unaccented syllable at the commencement of each line; thus:

Ye angels, who stānd rōund the thrōne,
And view my Immanuel's face,
In rapturous songs make him known—
Tune, tune your soft harps to his praise.

How dāmp were the vāpors that fell on his heād!
How hard was his pillow, how humble his bed!
The angels, astonish'd, grew sad at the sight,
And follow'd their Master with solemn delight.

71. Verses of Anapaestic measure consist also of feet of three syllables, having the first two syllables unaccented, and the last accented.

Examples of Anapaestic Measure.

Oh! how hāppy are thēy
Who their Saviour obey,
And have laid up their treasure above;

Oh! what tongue can express
The sweet comfort and peace
Of a soul in its earliest love!

May I gōvern my pāssions with absolute sway.
And grow wiser and better as life wears away.

72. The preceding are the principal feet and measures, of which all species of English verse wholly or chiefly consist. These measures, however, are capable of many variations, by their intermixture with each other, and by the admission of secondary feet. From this intermixture it is, that we have such a variety of metres.

CHAPTER VII.

THIRD DEPARTMENT—DYNAMICS.

73. Organ Tone. A sound which is commenced, continued, and ended with an equal degree of power, is called an Organ Tone ( ).

74. *Crescendo.* A sound commencing soft and gradually increasing to loud is called Crescendo (*cres.*, or).

75. *Diminuendo.* A sound commencing loud and gradually diminishing to soft is called Diminuendo (*dim.*, or).

76. *Swell.* A union of Crescendo and Diminuendo produces the *Swell Tone*, or Swell ( ).

77. *Pressure Tone.* A very sudden *crescendo* or *swell* is called a *Pressure Tone* (<, or); as, "O John! don't!"

78. *Explosive Tone.* A sound which is struck suddenly with force, and instantly diminished, is called an *Explosive Tone* (>); as, "Hah! hah! hah!"

Note.—Aspirate the first *h* in the syllable with great force.

79. *Medium Tone.* A sound or tone produced by the ordinary action of the vocal organs of the voice is called a medium sound, marked (*m*).

80. *Piano.* A tone produced by the organ a little restrained is called *Piano*, marked (*p*).

81. *Pianissimo.* A tone produced by a very slight exertion of the organs, yet so as to be distinctly audible, is called *Pianissimo*, marked (*pp*).

82. *Forte.* A loud sound produced by a strong and full exertion of the vocal organs is called *Forte*, marked (*f*).

83. *Fortissimo.* A very loud sound made by the vocal organs exerted to their fullest extent (not a scream) is called *Fortissimo*, marked (*ff*).

CHAPTER VIII.

OTHER CHARACTERS USED IN MUSIC.

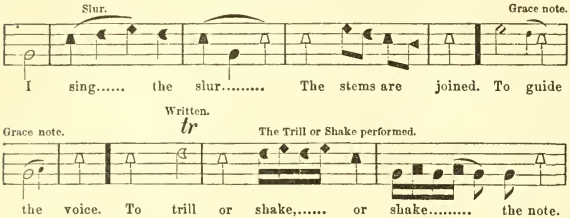
84. A Slur, ( ). Any number of notes under a slur are sung to one syllable or word, gliding softly from one sound to another. The stems of the notes are often joined together, answering the purpose of a slur.

Questions.—What is an organ tone? Crescendo? Diminuendo? A swell? Pressure tone? Explosive tone? Medium tone? Piano? Pianissimo? Forte? Fortissimo? How are notes included by a slur sung?

85. *Grace Notes*, precede or succeed the regular notes, to guide the voice smoothly and gracefully into the sound of the principal notes. When they precede a principal note, they are called *Appoggiatura;* when they succeed the note, they are called *after-notes*. They are not counted in the measure. In using them, we have to borrow time from the principal notes.

86. The *Trill* or *Shake*, *tr*. Notes over which it is placed should be warbled softly, using about two sounds of the scale.

EXAMPLES.



87. The *Double Bar*, shows the end of a strain or line of poetry. It sometimes shows when to repeat.

88. *Repeat*, four dots in the spaces across the stave. Any quantity of music written between two rows of these dots is sung twice.

89. *Da Capo*, marked D. C., at the end of the stave, shows that you close the tune with the first strain, or strains, as the case may be.

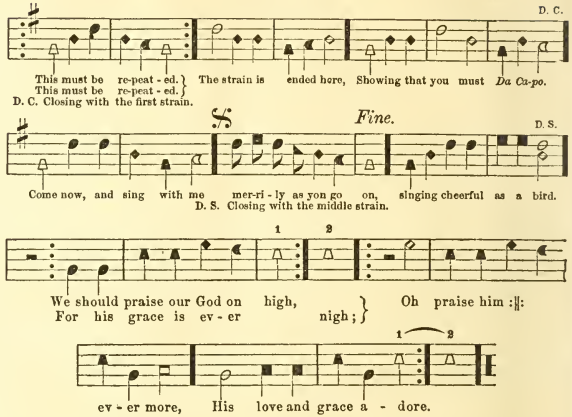
90. *Direct*, and D. S., show that the tune closes with a middle strain. Sing from the *Direct* and close at the word *Fine*.

91. *Double Ending*, or figures 1, 2. You sing the note under 1 at the end of a strain or tune before you repeat; and the note under 2 after you repeat, omitting the note under 1; but if a slur is drawn over the two notes, sing both the second time.

92. A *Prisma*, :‖:, shows the repetition of preceding words

93. The *Close*, shows the end of a Tune, Ode, or Anthem.

EXAMPLES.



94. The *Brace*, shows how many parts of a tune are sung together. Two, three, four, and sometimes more, are arranged in the Brace,—viz.: the lowest part, Bass; second part, Air, Leading Melody, or Tenor; third part, Counter (now called Alto); fourth part, Treble. If more, Second Treble, or Second Bass. In this work the *Alto* is often written on the Bass staff.

QUESTIONS.—What are grace notes? When they precede the note, what are they called? When they succeed, what called? How should notes under a trill or shake be sung? What does a double bar show? A repeat? Direct? Da capo? Double ending? A prisma? The close? The brace? What is the order of the parts included by a brace?

Teachers should ask such questions as they think proper, to make the class understand the subject from paragraphs 97 to 104, inclusive.

95. These names for the different parts of music have come down to us from our fathers.

96. They arranged the lowest, or heaviest, male voices on the Bass, (as we do now;) the medium female and highest male voices, (and sometimes boys,) on the Tenor, leading air, or Melody, which is the principal part; hence the name Tenor,—as we say, "The tenor of the sermon was on the redemption of man;"—(in singing schools in the country, most of the small girls and boys sing this part;)—the third part, Counter, (or Alto, meaning *high*,) to the highest female voices, and to boys whose voices were very acute; and the fourth part, Treble, to medium female voices, and sometimes a few of the highest male voices. With this arrangement, the music is very good: the female voice being by nature an octave higher, or more acute, than the male voice, they harmonize very well.

97. This arrangement of the voices is still retained in most of the rural districts of our country, except that the Alto is written and sung an octave lower, and assigned to females and boys who have the gravest voices.

98. But most modern authors class the voices differently, and call some of the parts by different names.

99. They assign the *lowest* male voices to the Bass, (as did the Fathers;) the highest male voices, to the fourth part, (Treble,) and call it Tenor; the highest female voices, to the second part, (Tenor,) and call it Soprano or *Treble;* the lowest female voices, to Alto, and call it Second Soprano or Alto; — boys also on Alto till the change in their voices, at which time their voices are depressed or sink an octave.

100. Human voices are naturally divided into these four general classes.

NOTE.—There are other distinctions besides the above; as, Baritone, between the Bass and Tenor; and the Mezzo-Soprano, between Alto and Treble.

101. We recommend singers not to confine themselves entirely to the part that suits their voices best, but practise frequently on the other parts, by which the voice may be improved very much, giving it more flexibility, volume, and compass.

102. We give an example, showing what is considered the common compass of the voices assigned to the different parts. Many voices can run or sing several degrees more than is laid down for them in the Example, or General Scale.

103. In singing the notes on the Bass staff, when you come to C, or Doe, you sound in unison with C, or Doe, on the first added line below the Tenor staff; then run in unison to C on first added line above the Bass, and C in third space of the Tenor, showing the fact that the same letters on the different staffs are always in unison with each other or an octave apart.

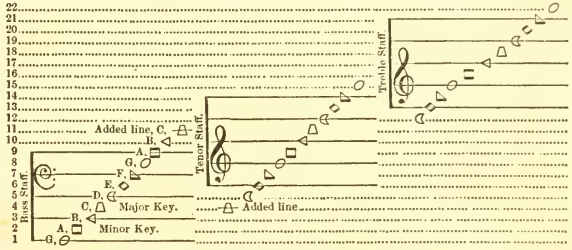
104. The notes on the G Clef or staff are pitched or sounded a sixth higher than on the F Clef or staff,—E, first line in Tenor, being in unison with E, third space of Bass; count down to first line of Bass, six, or count up from G,—viz.: G, one; A, two; B, three; C, four; D, five; E, six.

105. In counting degrees in music, always count inclusive, that is, the letter counted from and the letter counted to.

106. The two clefs are a second apart, one being on F, fourth line of the Bass staff, in unison with first space of the Tenor staff; the other on G, second line of Tenor staff, in unison with fourth space of Bass,—thus standing next to each other, with their respective staffs locked into each other. They divide the degrees of the two equally, being the same number of degrees from the F Clef down to G, as from the G Clef up to F; then, by putting a note on the space above the Tenor staff, we have the two octaves, which is as much as most persons can sing with ease.

CHAPTER IX.

GENERAL SCALE, SHOWING HOW THE PARTS CONNECT WITH EACH OTHER BY THE DIFFERENT DEGREES.



QUESTIONS.—On what lines or spaces on the F and G clefs are the sounds in unison? Are the same letters on the different clefs always in unison? What is the difference in the pitch of notes on corresponding lines and spaces on the F and G clefs? How are the degrees of music counted? What is the distance from F to the G clef? Explain the General Scale.

108. The General Scale comprises three octaves, or twenty-two degrees of sound, which is more than any common voice can sing. The F Clef is on the seventh degree, and the G Clef on the eighth; also on the fifteenth, when the Treble is sung by females; for the third staff is only added to present to the eye the female voice as being an octave higher, or more acute than the male voice. If all the parts were sung by males, the scale would have but fifteen degrees,— two octaves. The two key-notes are on the second and fourth degrees, and their octaves on the ninth and eleventh, sixteenth and eighteenth; for when we refer to an *organ*, *piano*, or *melodeon*, when these degrees are all struck at one time, we find them correspond with each other exactly, and harmonize beautifully,— the ninth and eleventh, &c., being the same kind of sounds as the second and fourth, pitched an eighth or octave higher; and so, on the same principle, to the extent of the *great* or *grand scale* of nine octaves, which embraces all the sounds in nature appreciated by the human ear,— running three octaves below C, second space of Bass, and five octaves above C, third space of Tenor staff, requiring a pipe thirty-two feet long to make the lowest sound; and the sixteenth of a foot to produce the highest.*

109. From the above facts, we very plainly see the origin of the name Natural Key of C, or one (1) of our scale, (in singing called Doe.) It corresponds precisely, by its descending octaves, with one (1), the first or lowest sound in nature distinguished by the human ear then ascending the sounds of nature in the human voice, as God has made them, are, from 1 to 2 a step, or tone; from 2 to 3 a step; from 3 to 4 a half step, or semitone; from 4 to 5 a step; from 5 to 6 a step; from 6 to 7 a step; and from 7 to 8, or 1 again, a half step; from which sound another series of steps and half steps arises, in the same order, the eighth sound of every series being the first of another of the same character, thus showing clearly that there are, in nature, but seven primary sounds; and, from the different arrangements and combinations of these sounds, we have the almost endless variety of tunes.

NOTE.— Many years ago there was but one staff used, (the G Clef staff,) and but few tunes, embracing but little over an octave in compass. They placed A in the second space to represent the key or tone, sound or note, called the *Pillar* of the *pathetic* sounding tunes, (now called Minor key tunes,) and C in the third space, to represent the tone note-key, or *Pillar* of the tunes that sounded cheerful and animating, (now called Major key tunes,) thus dividing the staff equal, with their key-notes, it being the same distance from A down to E as from C up to F; they put B on the third line, and called it the leading letter or sound, (our *See*,) it always leading to the key either above or below. Afterwards, when they composed basses to their tunes, they invented the *Bass* staff (and the Clef,) placed it under the other staff, sounding the notes a sixth lower than on the corresponding lines and spaces of the upper staff, to save making so many added lines below to write the low notes upon, (as we do now,) and called it the Bottom *part;* hence the name Base, as we say, "The *base* of a mountain," &c. They placed the clefs and notes on the staffs as we have them now (See General Scale.)

NOTE.— I have done my best to give this little historical sketch correctly: some of it I derived from old books, and some has been handed down for many years by tradition.

* The lowest sound I ever heard sung or made by the human voice, was by Rev. J. M. C. Breaker, who made a full round tone on B, space below second added line below the Bass staff. We transposed the scale by five sharps, put Doe on B, and run down four letters or degrees below the general scale. The highest sound I ever heard sung by the human voice, was by two young ladies, one from Italy, the other my oldest daughter; they made a clear, round, distinct sound on A, first added line above the general scale, one letter or degree above the scale.

CHAPTER X.

SCALE OF KEYS.

C, 3d,	△	△ 8th or 1st,	C
B, 2d.	◁	◁ 7th,	B
A, 8th or 1st.	▭	▭ 6th,	A
G, 7th.	○	○ 5th,	G
F, 6th.	⌊	⌊ 4th,	F
E, 5th.	◇	◇ 3d,	E
D, 4th.	☾	☾ 2d,	D
C, 3d.	△	△ 1st,	C
B, 2d.	◁	◁ 7th,	B
A, 1st.	▭	▭ 6th,	A

110. THE left-hand column of figures and notes shows the degrees of the Minor key; the right-hand column, those of the Major key.

111. This scale shows that *See*, ♭, on B, is between the two key-notes,— the Major key the first above it, the Minor key the first below it. *See* is always on the letter between the two keys, no matter what letter they are transposed to; hence it has for ages been called the leading note, always leading to the key either above or below it.

112. Every flat set at the beginning of a tune takes the place of *See*, (said to drive it,)* and sinks the notes on its letter a half step,—that is, causes them to be sung or played a semitone lower, and removes *See* and the key to the fourth above, or fifth below.

113. Every sharp set at the beginning of a tune takes the place or letter to be occupied by *See*, (said to lead it,*) and raises all the notes on that letter a half step,

* Which give rise to the following stanzas:

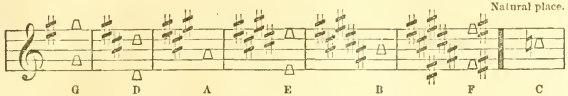
"By flats the *See* is driven round,
Till forced on B to stand its ground;
By sharps the *See*'s lead through the keys,
Till brought to B, its native place."

QUESTIONS.— What does the left-hand column of the scale of keys represent? The right? Where does this scale show See to be? Why is See called the leading note? What note does a flat take the place of when set at the beginning of a tune? Does it sink or elevate the note?

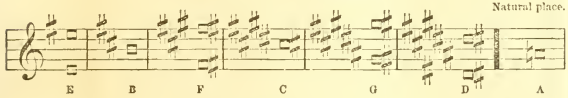
that is, causes them to be sung or played a semitone higher, and removes *See* and the key to the fifth above or a fourth below.

EXAMPLES SHOWING THE TRANSPOSITION OF BOTH KEYS BY FLATS AND SHARPS.

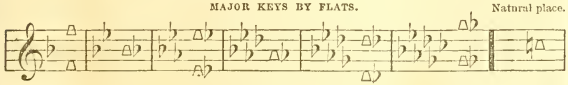
MAJOR KEY BY SHARPS.



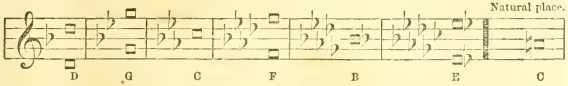
MINOR KEYS BY SHARPS.



MAJOR KEYS BY FLATS.



MINOR KEYS BY FLATS.



NOTE.—The flats and sharps set on the right of the notes in the examples, are only put there to make it read better. For instance, if B and E are flat, Doe is on B flat; if F, C, G, D, A, and E are sharp, Doe is on F sharp, &c.

114. When the keys are transposed by sharps, they take the place of their former dominant,—a fifth above, or a fourth below. When by flats, they take the place of their former subdominant,—a fourth above, or a fifth below.

115. The degrees of the octave have distinct names, arising from their importance and situation in the scale.

1*st*. The Tonic,—from its being the principal tone note, key, pillar, or foundation of the tune.

2*d*. Supertonic,—from its being the first note above the Tonic.

3*d*. Mediant,—from its being in the middle, or midway between the Tonic and Dominant.

4*th*. Subdominant,—from its being the fifth below the Tonic, as the Dominant is the fifth above.

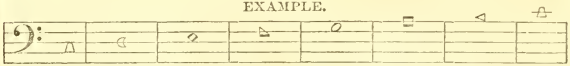
5*th*. Dominant,—from its being a principal note in the scale, and the most perfect chord, except the octave.

6*th*. Submediant,—from its being midway between the Tonic and its fifth below.

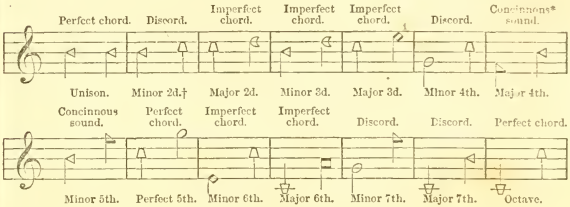
7*th*. Leading,—from its always leading to the keys.

8*th*, or 1 again. Tonic,—from its being the octave of the Tonic below, and 1, or Tonic of the next scale above.

EXAMPLE.



116. INTERVALS OF THE SCALE PRESENTED TO THE EYE, WITH THEIR NAMES.



* *Concinnous* means pleasant sound.

† *Minor*, minus a semitone; one semitone less than a Major interval of the same denomination.

QUESTIONS.—What place does a sharp take? Does it elevate or sink the notes on that letter? When the key is transposed by sharps, what place does it take? By flats, what place? Why is the first degree of scale called tonic? The second, supertonic? The third, mediant? The fourth, subdominant? The fifth, dominant? The sixth, submediant? The seventh, leading? What is the difference in a major and minor interval?

CHAPTER XI.

OF HARMONY AND COMPOSITION.

117. Harmony.—When two or more notes of different degrees, sounded at one time, are pleasant to the ear, and produce agreeable sensations in the mind, it is called Harmony.

118. The notes which make harmony are called *Concords*, and their intervals *consonant intervals*. The notes which sound disagreeable to the ear are called *Discords*, and their intervals *dissonant intervals*. The common chord is the *Unison,—third, fifth*, and *sixth*, and their octaves. The *unison* and *fifth* are called *perfect chords*. The *third* and *sixth* are called *imperfect chords*,—not being so full and agreeable to the ear as the perfect; but in composing four parts, the sixth is often used instead of the fifth.

119. The Discords are the *second, fourth*, and *seventh*, and their octaves. The fourth is often used, especially the Major fourth, it being the same in ratio (sound) as the Minor fifth. Although the second, fourth, and seventh are discords, yet composers use them sometimes to advantage in bringing out the force or true meaning of the words, but are always followed (or should be) with a full chord of all the parts.

Note.—For further remarks on this subject, or Thorough Bass, see "Marks' Musical Composition," "Gardner's Music of Nature," and "Collcott's Musical Grammar."

120. The following example will show the several Concords and Discords, and their octaves.

EXAMPLE.

	CONCORDS.				DISCORDS.		
Single Chords.....	1	3	5	6	2	4	7
Their Octaves.....	8	10	12	13	9	11	14
	15	17	19	20	16	18	21
	22	24	26	27	23	25	28

CHAPTER XII.

RULE FOR COUNTING INTERVALS IN MUSIC, AND GETTING THE PROPER PITCH OF THE DIFFERENT PARTS.

121. In counting intervals in music, always count including the note (or letter) counted from and to. For instance, take "Kedron," L. M.: in counting the distance between Bass and Tenor, E is one, F two, G three,—a third; then count from Tenor to Treble, G one, A two, B three,—a third; then count from Bass to Treble, E one, F two, G three, A four, B five,—a fifth,—the two thirds making a fifth,—that is, twice three are but five in music. To get the pitch, first get the proper sound of E, *Law;* then sing the notes in their regular order, *Law, See, Doe,*—three,—and you have the pitch of the Air; then sing *Doe, Ray, Mee,*—three,—the pitch of the Treble, using but five notes or letters. Then let us take "Lovely Vine," S. M.: get the proper sound of C, *Doe*, then sing *Doe, Ray, Mee, Faw, Sole,*—five,—and you have the pitch of the Alto; then *Sole, Law, See, Doe,*—four,—the pitch of the *Tenor*, (now called Treble;) then *Doe, Ray, Mee,*—three,—the Treble, (now called Tenor;) yet it is only an eighth, or octave, from Bass to Tenor, and a tenth from Bass to Treble. How is it, answer, you take the last note of the first interval as the first of the second, &c.?

122. The rule is, twice three are five, five and four are eight, eight and three are ten, and twice eight are fifteen,—there always being one less in music than the numerical relation of the same numbers in arithmetic.

Note.—We recommend to all *teachers* or leaders, when they cannot have an *instrument* in their schools or choirs, to get a Tuning-Fork, (the Chromatic Fork is the best,) to give them the proper sound of the letters; when that cannot be had, pitch the tune so that the highest and lowest notes can be sung with equal ease.

GENERAL REMARKS.

123. Each pupil should sing so soft as not to drown the teacher's voice, and each part so soft that the other parts can be distinctly heard;—the Bass bold, full, and majestic; Tenor, firm, clear, and distinct; Alto, full, open, and plain; Treble, (now called Tenor,) soft, round, and mild. The Minor key tunes softer and slower than Major key tunes, with a lighter Bass. The high notes and quick notes should be sung softer than the low notes and slow notes.

Questions.—What is harmony? What are the notes and intervals which produce harmony called? What are disagreeable sounds called? Which are the common chords? Which are discords?

124. In singing fugued tunes, be careful to sing the *solo* soft and lively, increasing the sound in volume as the other parts are coming in; and, when closing a tune on a long note, swell the voice to the middle, then decrease softly like an echo, or die away like the sound of a good bell.

125. Singers should not join in concert until each division of the class can sing their part correctly; and not continue singing too long at a lesson, as it injures the voice, hurts the lungs, and produces dulness and languor.

126. All persons should learn to sing the tunes well by note before they try to sing the words, then they can give better attention to the sentiment contained in the poetry or sentence sung. It is in this that vocal music is so superior to instrumental; the latter only pleases the ear, while the former not only pleases the ear, but reaches the soul and informs the understanding.

127. While learning to sing, we should endeavor to cultivate the voice so as to make it full, round, soft, smooth, and elastic,—moulding the voices together in each part, so that, when numbers are singing together in concert, there should appear in each part to be but one uniform voice.

128. The most important things in singing are, *good order* and *strict decorum*, with our hearts deeply impressed with the great truths we utter while singing the words; and the nearest perfection we ever arrive at in singing is, when we enter fully into the sentiment and sound, and make them our own; for, if we could be as much captivated with the sentiment of the words and the sounds of the music as the author of the tune is while composing it, we would pronounce, accent, emphasize, swell the voice, sing soft or loud, slow or quick, where the words required it, make suitable gestures, and add every necessary grace.

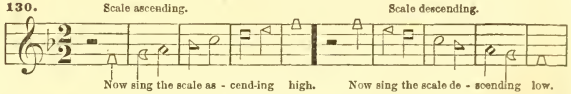
129. The Great Eternal God, who has been pleased to bless us with the noble faculty of music, and talents to be improved in that sacred and heavenly science, is jealous of how we use them, lest it should be done in such a way as not to glorify his name. We should therefore feel it our duty to improve the talents thus given us, and learn how to sing, and try to sing with the spirit and with the understanding, making melody in our hearts to the Lord.

NOTE.—We believe every person is born with some talents for music, more or less,—some one, some two, five, six, eight, or ten,—and that all could learn to sing if they were to commence while little children; the vocal organs are then pliant, and the ear very quick to perceive sound; and we all know how early the infant notices a noise, and tries to imitate sounds. Among the hundreds of children whom I have taught in singing-schools, none have failed to learn to sing; and with the many thousands of adults, there have been but three that did not succeed in learning to sing,—they could not control their voice, could follow in several notes of the scale, then fall back to some sound below; which shows clearly, to my mind, that, had they been instructed while young children, when all their vocal organs could have been easily controlled, they would have learned to sing. We hope, therefore, that *parents* will encourage their children, in early years, to sing the praises of God, believing that they will surely succeed. And to aid them, we think of publishing, at an early day, a small music book in patent notes, for children, to be used in the common literary schools for children, in the cities, towns, and country.

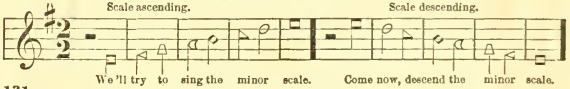
PRACTICAL EXERCISES.

EIGHT NOTES MAJOR.

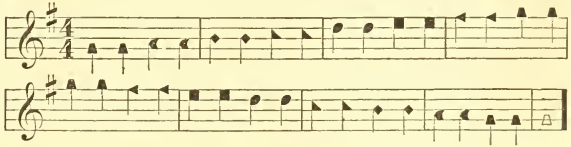
130.



EIGHT NOTES MINOR.



131.



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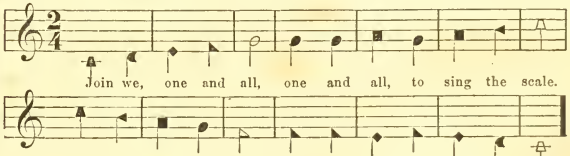

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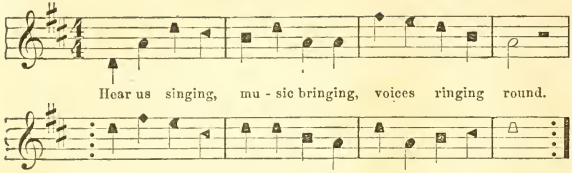
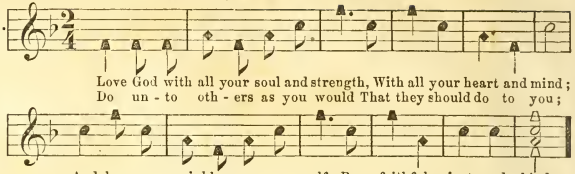
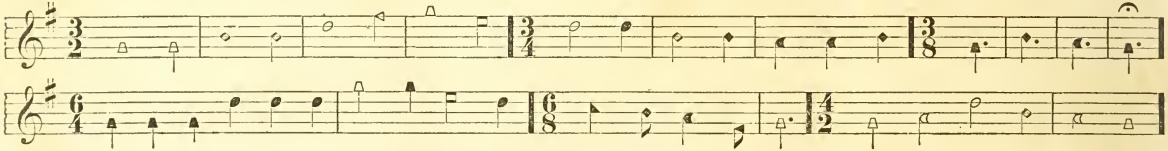


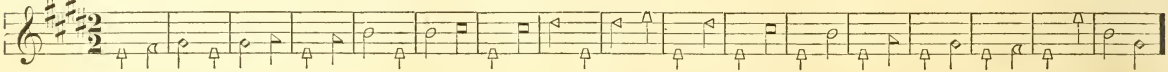
134. *Firm and earnest, and not too fast.*



135.

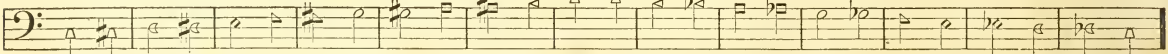


136. INTERVALS.



CHROMATIC SCALE REPRESENTED.

137. ASCENDING BY SHARPS. DESCENDING BY FLATS.

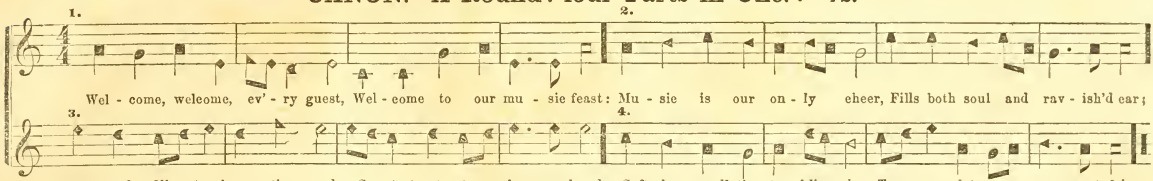


1	♯1	2	♯2	3	4	♯4	5	♯5	6	♯6	7	8 or 1	7	♭7	6	♭6	5	♭5	4	3	♭3	2	♭2	1
C	C♯	D	D♯	E	F	F♯	G	G♯	A	A♯	B	C	C	B	B♭	A	A♭	G	G♭	F	E	E♭	D	D♭	C
Doe	Dee	Ray	Ree	Mee	Faw	Fee	Sole	See	Law	Lee	See	Doe	Doe	See	Say	Law	Lay	Sole	Say	Faw	Mee	May	Ray	Ree	Doe

NOTE.— Teachers should be careful to have their pupils understand that C sharp is not C raised or elevated, and D flat is not D lowered or depressed, but the tone C sharp or D flat is an independent tone, being in pitch between C and D. Absolute or positive pitch is of course unalterable. If for convenience' sake, we say B flat or F sharp, &c., we do not mean that the letters are ever sung flat or sharp, but only the note on the letter. To the eye they are the same; to the ear, different.

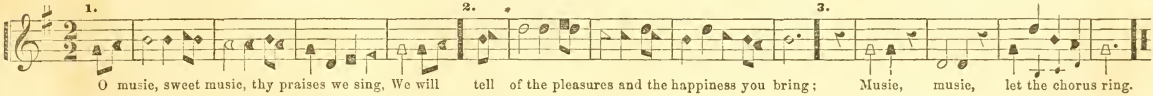
138.

CANON. A Round: four Parts in One.* 7s.



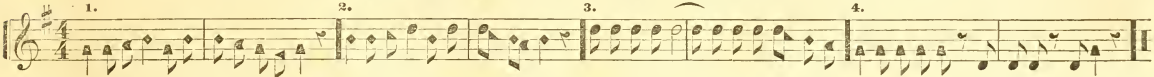
139.

O MUSIC! Round in Three Parts.



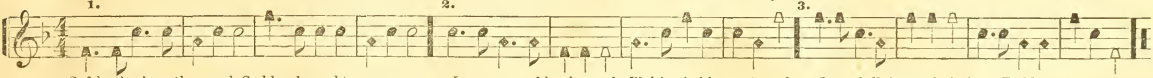
140.

HAIL TO THE MONTH OF MAY. Round in Four Parts.



141.

SABBATH. Round in Three Parts. 7s, 6 lines.



* In singing these pieces, divide the class so as to have one division for each part. Let the First Division commence at 1, and sing to 2. When they commence the Second Part, the Second Division commences the First Part, &c. Those who sing the *Air*, generally form the first division; second, Bass; third, Alto; fourth, Treble. Sing the piece over three or four times,— all singing together on the last part like a full chorus, or each division dropping off at the close, and ending like a soft echo, as the nature of the words may require.

A DICTIONARY OF MUSICAL TERMS.

A; an Italian preposition, meaning to, in, by, at, &c.
Accelerando; accelerating the time, gradually faster
Adagio, or Adasio; slow. [and faster.
Adagio Assai, or Molto; very slow.
Ad Libitum; at pleasure.
Affetuoso; tender and affecting. Agitato; with
Alla Capella; in church style. [agitation.
Allegretto; less quick than Allegro.
Allegro; quick. Allegro Assai; very quick.
Allegro, ma non troppo; quick, but not too quick.
Amabile; in a gentle and tender style.
Amateur; a lover, but not a professor of music.
Amoroso, or Con Amore; affectionately, tenderly.
Andante; gentle, distinct, and rather slow, yet connected.
Andantino; somewhat quicker than Andante. [pression.
Animato, or Con Anima; with fervent, animated ex-
Animo, or Con Animo; with spirit, courage, and bold-
Antiphone; music sung in alternate parts. [ness.
Arioso; in a light, airy, singing manner.
A Tempo; in time.
A Tempo giusto; in strict and exact time.
Ben Marcato; in a pointed and well marked manner.
Bis; twice. Brillante; brilliant, gay, shining, sparkling.
Cadence; closing strain; also a fanciful extempora-
neous embellishment at the close of song.
Cadenza; same as the second use of Cadence. See
Calando; softer and slower. [*Cadence.*
Cantabile; graceful singing-style; a pleasing flowing
Canto; the treble part in a chorus. [melody.
Choir; a company or band of singers; also that part
of a church appropriated to the singers.
Chorist, or Chorister; a member of a choir of singers.
Col, or Con; with. Coll'Arco; with the bow.
Comodo, or Commodo; in an easy and unrestrained
Con Effetto; with expression. [manner.
Con Dolcezza; with delicacy.
Con Dolore, or Con Duolo; with mournful expression.
Conductor; one who superintends a musical perform-
ance; same as Music Director.
Con Energia; with energy.
Con Espressione; with expression.
Con Fuoco; with ardor, fire.
Con Grazia; with grace and elegance.
Con Impeto; with force, energy.
Con Justo; with chaste exactness.
Con Moto; with emotion.
Con Spirito; with spirit, animation. Coro; chorus.
Da; for, from, of. Duett; for two voices or instruments.
Diminuendo; gradually diminishing the sound.
Da Capo; from the beginning.
Declamando; in the style of declamation.
Decrescendo; diminishing, decreasing.
Devozione; devotional. [of music.
Dilettante; a lover of the arts in general, or a lover
Di Molto; much or very. Divoto; devotedly, devoutly.
Dolce; soft, sweet, tender, delicate.
Dolente, or Dolorosa; mournful.
Doloroso; in a plaintive, mournful style. E; and.
Elegante; elegance.
Energico, or Con Energia; with energy.
Espressivo; expressive.
Fine, Fin, or Finale; the end.
Forzando, Forza, or Fz.; sudden increase of power.
Fuge, or Fuga; a composition which repeats or sus-
tains, in its several parts, throughout, the subject with
which it commences, and which is often led off by
Fugato; in the fugue style. [some one of its parts.
Fughetto; a short fugue. Giusto; in just and steady
Grazioso; smoothly, graecfully. [time.
Grave; a slow and solemn movement.
Impresario; the conductor of a concert.
Lacrimando, or Lacrimoso; mournful and pathetic.
Lamentevole, Lamentando, or Lamentabile; mourn-
Larghissimo; extremely slow. [fully.
Larghetto; slow, but not so slow as Largo.
Largo; slow. Legato; close, gliding, connected style.
Lentando; gradually slower and softer.
Lento, or Lentamente; slow. Ma; but.
Maestoso; majestic, majestically.
Maestro di Cappella; chapel-master, or conductor of
Marcato; strong and marked style. [church music.
Messa di Voce; moderate swell. [erate time.
Moderato, or Moderatamente; moderately, in mod-
Molto; much or very. Molto Voce; with a full voice.
Morendo; gradually dying away.
Mordente; a beat or transient shake. Mosso; emotion.
Moto; motion. Andante con Moto; quicker than An-
Non; not. Non troppo; not too much [dante.
Organo; the organ. [formers.
Orchestra; a company or band of instrumental per-
Pastorale; applied to graceful movements in sextuple
Più; more. Più Mosso; with more motion, faster. [time.
Pizzicato; snapping the violin-string with the fingers.
Poco; a little. Poco Adagio; a little slow.
Poco a Poco; by degrees, gradually.
Portamento; the manner of sustaining and conducting
the voice from one sound to another.
Precentor; conductor, leader of a choir.
Presto; quick. Prestissimo; very quick.
Rallentando, Allentando, or Slentando; slower and
softer by degrees.
Recitando; a speaking manner of performance.
Recitante; in the style of recitative.
Recitative; musical declamation. [ing in power.
Rinforzando, Rinf., or Rinforzo; suddenly increas-
Ritardando; slackening the time.
Semplice; chaste, simple. [throughout.
Sempre; throughout, always; as, Sempre forte, loud
Senza; without; as, Senza Organo, without the Organ.
Sforzando, or Sforzato; with strong force or empha-
sis, rapidly diminishing.
Siciliana; a movement of light, graceful character.
Smorendo, Smorzando; dying away.
Soave, Soavement; sweet, sweetly. See *Dolce.*
Solfeggio; a vocal exercise.
Solo; for a single voice or instrument.
Sostenuto; sustained.
Sotto; under, below. Sotto Voce; with subdued voice
Spiritoso, Con Spirito; with spirit and animation.
Staccato; short, detached, distinct. Subito; quick.
Tace, or Tacet; silent, or be silent. Tardo; slow.
Tasto Solo; without chords.
Tempo; time. Tempo a Piacere; time at pleasure.
Tempo Giusto; in exact time.
Ten, Tenuto; hold on. See *Sostenuto.*
Tutti; the whole, full chorus.
Un; a; as, Un Poco, a little.
Va; go on; as, Va Crescendo, continue to increase
Verse; same as *Solo.* Vigoroso; bold, energetic.
Vivace; quick and cheerful.
Virtuoso; a proficient in art. Voce Sola; voice alone.
Volti Subito; turn over quickly.

THE

CHRISTIAN HARMONY.

WEBSTER. S. M.

1. A - wake and sing the song, Of Mo - ses and the Lamb, Wake ev' - ry heart and ev' - ry tongue, To praise the Saviour's name.
2. Sing of his dy - ing love, Sing of his ris - ing power, Sing how he in - ter - cedes a - bove For those whose sins he bore.

3. Sing till we feel our hearts A-scend - ing with our tongues, Sing till the love of sin de - parts, And grace inspires our hearts.
4. Sing on your heavenly way, Ye ransomed sin-ners, sing, Sing on, re - joic - ing ev' - ry day In Christ, the exalted king.

5. Soon shall we hear him say, Ye bless - ed children, come, Soon will he call us hence a - way, And take his wanderers home.
6. Soon shall our raptured tongues His endless praise pro - claim, And sweet - er voi - ces tune the song Of Mo - ses and the Lamb.

LABAN. S. M.

1. My soul, be on thy guard: Ten thousand foes a - rise, The host of sin are press - ing hard, To draw thee from the skies.

2. O watch and fight and pray, The bat - tle ne'er give o'er, Re - new it bold - ly ev' - ry day, And help di - vine im - plore.

3. Ne'er think the vict' - ry won, Nor lay thy ar - mor down; Thy ar-duous work will not be done, Till thou obtain thy crown.

SINNER, COME. S. M.

OLNEY.

1. The spir - it in our hearts Is whisp'ring, sin - ner, come; The bride, the church of Christ, pro - claims To all his chil - dren, come.

2. Let him that heareth say To all a - bout him, come; Let him that thirst for right - eous - ness To Christ the fountain come.

3. Yes, who - so - ev - er will, Oh! let him free - ly come, And free - ly drink the stream of life: 'Tis Je - sus bids him come.

PHILLIPPI. S. M.

1. Now let our voi - ces join To form a sa - cred song; Ye pilgrims in Je - ho - vah's ways, With mu - sic pass a - long.

2. The flow'rs of Pa - ra - dise In rich pro - fu - sion spring; The sun of glo - ry gilds the path, And dear com-pan - ions sing.

3. See Sa - lem's gold - en spires In beauteous prospects rise; And brighter crowns than mor - tals wear, Which spar - kle through the skies.

EVENING HYMN. S. M.

1. The day is past and gone, The evening shades appear; O may we all re - mem - ber well, The night of death is near.

2. We lay our gar-ments by, Up - on our beds we rest: So death will soon dis - robe us all Of what we here pos - sess.

3. Lord, keep us safe this night, Se - cure from all our fears; May an - gels guard us while we sleep, Till morning-light ap - pears.

VOLUSIA. S. M.

Slow.

1. Oh! cease, my wand'ring soul, On rest-less wing to roam. All this wide world, to either pole, Has not for thee a home.

2. Be - hold the ark of God! Be - hold the o - pen door; Oh, haste to gain that dear a - bode, And roam, my soul, no more.

FREDRICA. S. M.

1. To God, in whom I trust, I lift my heart and voice; Oh, let me not be put to shame, Nor let my foe re - joice.

2. Thy mercies and thy love, O Lord, re - call to mind, And gra-cious-ly con - tin - ue still, As thou wert e - ver kind.

3. His mer - cy and his truth, The righteous Lord dis - plays, In bringing wand'ring sinners home, And teaching them his ways.

SANTEE. S. K

Andante.

1. Come, Ho - ly Spir - it, come, Let thy bright beams a - rise; Dis - pel the sor - row from our minds, The dark - ness from our eyes.

2. Con - vince us of our sin, Then lead to Je - sus' blood, And to our wond'ring hearts re - veal The se - cret love of God.

BRIMMER. S. M.

Slow.

1. Give to the winds thy fears; Hope, and be un - dis - may'd; God hears thy sighs and counts thy tears, God shall lift up thy head.

2. Thro' waves and clouds and storms, He gent - ly clears the way; Wait thou His time, so shall this night, Soon end in joy - ous day.

3. What tho' thou rul - est not, Yet heav'n and earth and hell, Pro - claim God sit - teth on the throne, And rul - eth all things well.

GOLDEN HILL. S. M.

Arranged by WM. HAUSER.

1. With joy thy peo - ple stand, On Zi - on's chos - en hill, Pro - claim the won-ders of thy hand, And coun - sels of thy will.

NINETY-THIRD. S. M.

1. Grace, 'tis a charm-ing sound, Har - mo - nious to the ear; Heav'n with the e - cho shall re - sound, And all the earth shall hear.
2. Grace first con-trived the way To save re - bel - lious man, And all the steps that grace dis - plays, Which drew the wond'rous plan.
3. Grace first inscribed my name In God's e - ter - nal book; 'Twas grace that gave me to the Lamb, Who all my sor - rows took.
4. Grace led my rov - ing feet To tread the heav'nly road, And new sup - plies each hour I meet While press-ing on to God.
5. Grace taught my soul to pray, And made my eyes o'er - flow; 'Twas grace that kept me to this day, And will not let me go.
6. Grace all this work shall crown, Thro' ev - er - last - ing days; It lays in heav'n the top - most stone, And well de - serves the praise.

MORNING WORSHIP. S. M.

Slow.

1. How sweet the melt - ing lay Which breath's up - on the ear, When at the hour of ris - ing day, Chris-tians u - nite in prayer.

2. The breez - es waft their cries Up to Je - ho - vah's throne; He lis - tens to their heav - ing sighs, And sends his bless - ings down.

3. So Je - sus rose to pray, Be - fore the morn-ing light, Or on the chill - ing mount did stay, And wres - tle all the night.

4. Glo - ry to God on high, Who sends his bless - ings down To res - cue souls con-demned to die, And make his peo - ple one.

MISSIONARY HERALD. S. M.

1. Ye mes - sen - gers of Christ, His sov' - reign voice o - bey; A - rise and fol-low where he leads, And peace at - tend your way.

2. The Mas - ter whom you serve, Will need - ful strength be - stow; De - pend - ing on his sov'reign word, With sa - cred courage go.

3. Mountains shall sink to plains, And hell in vain op - pose; The cause is God's and must prevail, In spite of all his foes.

MOCKSVILLE. S. M.

Con spirito.

REV. WM. HAUSER.

1. Glo - ry to God on high, Our peace is made with heav'n; The Son of God came down to die, That we might be for-giv'n.

2. His pre - cious blood was shed, His bod - y bruis'd for sin; Re - mem - ber this in eat - ing bread, And this in drink-ing wine.

3. Ap - proach his roy - al board, In his rich gar - ments clad. Join ev' - ry tongue to praise the Lord, And ev' - ry heart be glad.

WATCHMAN. S. M.

1. Shall wis-dom cry a - loud, And not her speech be heard? The voice of God's e - ter - nal word, De - serves it no re - gard?

2. I was his chief de-light, His ev - er - last - ing Son; Be - fore the first of all his works, Cre - a - tion was be - gun.

3. Be-fore the fly - ing clouds, Be-fore the sol - id land, Be - fore the fields, be - fore the flood, I dwelt at his right hand.

ZION'S JOY. S. M.

DR. W. J. THOMAS.

1. How bean - teous are their feet, Who stand on Zi - on's hill, Who bring sal - va - tion on their tongues, Who bring sal - vation on their tongues, And words of peace re - veal.

2. How charm - ing is their voice, How sweet their tid-ings are; Zi - on, be - hold thy Saviour King, Zi - on, be-hold thy Saviour King, He reigns in triumph here.

3. How hap - py are our ears, That hear the joy-ful sound, Which kings and prophets wait-ed for, Which kings and prophets waited for, And sought, but nev-er found.

HANTS. S. M.

1. Lord, in the strength of grace, With a glad heart and free, Myself, my re - si - due of days, I consecrate to thee, I con-se-crate to thee.

2. Thy ransom'd servant, I Re-store to thee thy own; And from this moment, live or die, To serve my God a - lone, To serve my God a - lone.

BEDAN. S. M.

DR. L. MASON.

1. O, cease, my wand' - ring soul, On restless wing to roam; All this wide world, to either pole, All this wide world, to either pole, Has not for thee a home.

2. Be - hold the ark of God! Behold the o - pen door; Oh! haste to gain that dear abode, Oh! haste to gain that dear abode, And rove, my soul, no more.

3. There safe thou shalt a - bide, There sweet shall be thy rest; And ev'ry longing satisfied, And ev'ry longing sat-is-fied, With full sal-va-tion blest.

DENNIS. S. M.

1. In ev' - ry try - ing hour, My soul to Je - sus flies; I trust in his al - migh - ty pow'r, When swelling bil - lows rise.

2. His com - forts bear me up, I trust a faith - ful God; The sure foun - da - tion of my hope Is in my Sa - viour's blood.

3. Loud hal - le - lu - jah's sing To our re - deem - er's name; In joy or sor - row, life or death, His love is still the same.

HOME. S. M.

WM. L. MONTAGUE, of Richmond, Va.

1. My Father's house on high Is my e - ter - nal home; O God for - bid that I should sigh, While trav'lling here a - lone.

2. My Fa - ther and my God, O lead me safe - ly on, Till in that heav'nly world a - bove I feel my work is done.

3. Then join the heav'nly throng, To sing re - deem - ing love; While end - less a - ges roll a - long, We'll praise our God a - bove.

TIME. S. M.

W. L. MONTAGUE.

1. Ye ser - vants of the Lord, Each in his of - fice wait; With joy o - bey his heav'nly word, And watch be - fore his gate.

2. Let all your lamps be bright, And trim the gold - en flame; Gird up your loins as in his sight, For aw - ful is his name.

3. Watch,—'tis your Lord's command, And while we speak he's near; Mark ev' - ry sig - nal of his hand, And rea - dy all ap - pear.

RAYFIELD. S. M.

WM. L MONTAGUE.

1. O Lord, our heav'nly King, Thy name is all di - vine; Thy glo - ries round the earth are spread, And o'er the heav'ns they shine,

2. When to thy works on high I raise my wond' - ring eye, And see the moon complete in light A - dorn the ev'n - ing sky.

3. When I sur - vey the stars, And all thy shin - ing forms,—Lord, what is man, that worthless thing, A - kin to dust and worms.

ZELLVILLE. S. M.

WM. HAUSER, M. D., 1865.

1. Thy name, Al-migh - ty Lord, Shall sound thro' dis - tant lands; Great is thy grace and sure thy word, Thy truth for - ev - er stands.

2. Far be thy hon - or spread, And long thy praise endure, Till morning-light and ev'ning - shade Shall be exchanged no more.

3. Then in the world a - bove His end - less prai - ses sing; While saints and an - gels speak his love, Th' e - ter - nal arch - es ring.

ST. THOMAS. S. M.

A. WILLIAMS.

1. The Lord, the sov'reign King, Hath fix'd his throne on high, O'er all the heav'n-ly world he rules, And all be - neath the sky.

2. Ye an - gels, great in might, And swift to do his will, Bless ye the Lord, whose voice ye hear, Whose plea - sure ye ful - fil.

3. Ye heav'nly hosts, who wait, The or - ders of your King, Who guard his churches when they pray, Oh join the praise we sing!

LISBON. S. M.

Altered from D. READ.

Moderato.

1. Welcome, sweet day of rest, That saw the Lord a - rise; Welcome to this re - viv - ing breast, And these re - joic - ing eyes!

2. Je - sus him - self comes near, And feasts his saints to - day; Here we may sit and see him here, And love, and praise, and pray.

3. One day a - mid the place Where God my Sa - viour's been, Is sweet - er than ten thousand days Of pleasure and of sin.

GERAR. S. M.

By permission.

1. Bless'd are the sons of peace, Whose hearts and hopes are one; Whose kind de - signs to serve and please Through all their ac - tions run.

2. Bless'd is the pi - ous house, Where zeal and friendship meet, Their songs of praise, their min - gled vows Make their com - mu - nion sweet.

3. Thus on the heav'nly hills The saints are bless'd a - bove, Where joy, like morn - ing dew, dis - tils, And all the air is love.

LOCKPORT. S. M.

1. Come, we who love the Lord, And let our joys be known; Join in a song with sweet ac - cord, And thus sur-round the throne.

2. The sorrows of the mind Be ban-ish'd from this place; Re - li - gion nev - er was de - sign'd To make our pleasures less.

3. Let those re - fuse to sing, Who nev - er knew our God; But chil - dren of the heav'n - ly King May speak their joys a-broad.

THATCHER. S. M.

1. To God, in whom I trust, I lift my heart and voice; Oh! let me not be put to shame, Nor let my foes re-joice.

2. Thy mer - cies and thy love, O Lord, re - call to mind; And gra - cious - ly con - tin - ue still, As thou wert ev - - er, kind.

BOYLSTON. S. M.

From "Carmina Sacra," by permission. L. MASON.

1. The pi - ty of the Lord, To those that fear his name, Is such as ten - der par - ents feel; He knows our fee - ble frame.

2. He knows we are but dust, Scatter'd with ev' - ry breath; His an - ger like a ris - ing wind, Can send us swift to death

3. Our days are as the grass, Or like the morn - ing flow'r; If one sharp blast sweep o'er the field, It with - ers in an hour

4. But thy com - pas - sions, Lord, To end - less years en - dure; And chil-dren's chil - dren ev - er find Thy words of prom ise sure

LOVELY VINE. S. M.

1. Be - hold a love - ly vine, Here in this des - ert ground; The blossoms shoot and prom - ise fruit, And ten - der grapes are found.

ALBION. S. M.

1. Come, we that love the Lord, And let our joys be known; Join in a song with sweet ac-cord, And thus surround the throne, And thus surround the throne.
2. The sorrows of the mind Be banish'd from the place; Re - li - gion never was design'd To make our pleasures less, To make our pleasures less.
3. Let those refuse to sing, Who nev-er knew our God; But children of the heav'n - ly King May speak their joys a - broad, May speak their joys abroad.
4. The hill of Zi - on yields A thousand sa - cred sweets, Be - fore we reach the heav'n - ly fields, Or walk the gold - en streets, Or walk the gold-en streets.
5. Then let our songs abound, And ev'-ry tear be dry; We're marching through Immanuel's ground, To fairer worlds on high, To fair-er worlds on high.

CHRISTIAN LOVE. S. M.

1. Blest be the tie that binds Our hearts in Christian love, The fel - low - ship of kin - dred minds Is like to that a - bove.

2. Be - fore our Fa - ther's throne We pour our ar - dent pray'rs: Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one. Our com-forts and our cares

3. We share our mu - tual woes, Our mu - tual bur - dens bear, And oft - en for each oth - er flows The sym - pa - thiz - ing tear.

HALL. S. M.

ENGLISH THEME.

1. How charming is the place Where my re-deem - er, God, Un - veils the beauties of his face, And sheds his love a-broad, And sheds his love a - broad.

2. Not the fair pal - a - ces, To which the great re - sort, Are once to be compar'd with this, Where Jesus holds his court, Where Jesus holds his court.

3. Here on the mer - cy-seat, With radiant glo - ry crown'd, Our joy-ful eyes be-hold him sit, And millions all a - round, And millions all a - round.

TILLOTSON. S. M.

GUIL. FRANK.

1. Je-sus, who knows full well The heart of ev'-ry saint, In-vites us all our grief to tell, To pray and nev-er faint, To pray and nev-er faint.

2. He lends his gracious ear; We nev-er plead in vain, Yet we must wait till he appears, And pray, and pray a-gain, And pray, and pray a-gain.

3. Tho' un-be-lief suggest, Why should we longer wait? He bids us nev-er give him rest, But be im-por-tu-nate, But be im-por-tu-nate.

EUPHRATES. S. M.

From the "Casket," by permission.

GEO. O. ROBINSON.

With confidence. *Cres.*

1. Your harps, ye trem-bling saints, Down from the wil-lows take, Loud to the praise of God our Lord, Bid ev'-ry string a-wake.

2. Tho' in a for-eign land, We are not far from home, And near-er to our home a-bove We ev'-ry mo-ment come.

3. His grace shall to the end Stronger and bright-er shine, Nor pres-ent things, nor things to come, Shall quench the spark di-vine.

OLIVE LEAF. S. M.

From the "Casket," by permission. GEO. O. ROBINSON.

Gentle.

1. Oh cease, my wand'ring soul, On rest-less wings to roam..... All this wide world, from ei-ther pole, Has not for thee a home.

2. Be - hold the ark of God! Be - hold the o - pen door!..... Oh, haste to gain that dear a-bode, And roam, my soul, no more.

3. There safe shalt thou a - bide, There sweet shall be thy rest,..... And ev'-ry long-ing sat-is - fied, With full sal-va - tion blest.

KELSO. S. M.

J. P. SCHMIDT.

With firmness.

1. My soul, re-peat his praise, Whose mercies are so great, Whose anger is so slow to rise, So ready to a - bate, So ready to a - bate.

2. His pow'r subdues our sins, And his for - giv - ing love, Far as the east is from the west, Doth all our guilt re-move, Doth all..... our guilt re - move.

mp *f* *Dim.* *f*

3. High as the heav'ns are raised A - bove the ground we tread, So far the richness of his grace Our highest thoughts exceeds, Our highest thoughts exceeds.

NEW YEAR. S. M.

P. M. ATCHLEY.

Second treble by WILLIAM WALKER.

E - ter - ni - ty draws nigh, Life's pe - ri - od rolls on, An - oth - er leaf of Time's thin scroll Is swift - ly rush - ing by.

SILVER STREET. S. M.

J. STREET.

1. Come, sound his name a - broad, And hymns of glo - ry sing; Je - ho - vah is our sov' - reign God, The u - ni - ver - sal King.

2. He form'd the deeps unknown, He gave the seas their bounds, The wat' - ry worlds are all his own, And all the sol - id grounds.

3. Come, worship at his throne, Come, bow be - fore the Lord; We are his works and not our own, He form'd us by his word.

4. To - day at - tend his voice, Nor dare pro-voke his rod; Come like the peo - ple of his choice, And own your gra-cious God.

MEDIATION. S. M.

Alto by WILLIAM WALKER, A. S. H.

1. Did Christ o'er sin - ners weep, And shall our cheeks be dry? Let floods of pen - i - ten - tial grief Burst forth from ev' - ry eye.

2. The Son of God in tears, An - gels with won - der see; Be thou as - ton - ish'd, O my soul, He shed those tears for thee.

3. He wept that we might weep, Each sin demands a tear; In heav'n a - lone no sin is found, And there's no weep - ing there.

ARDOR. S. M.

Bold and spirited.

N. W.

1. The Lord is ris'n in-deed, He lives to die no more; He lives the sinner's cause to plead, Whose curse and shame he bore, Whose curse and shame he bore.

2. The Lord is ris'n in - deed, Then hell has lost its prey, With him is ris'n the ransom'd seed, To reign in end - less day, To reign in end - less day.

3. The Lord is ris'n in-deed, At - tend-ing an-gels, hear; Up to the courts with speed they fly,..... The joy - ful ti - dings bear.

ROSALIE. S. M.

With animation.

1. The Lord my shep - herd is, I shall be well sup - plied; Since he is mine and I am his, What can I want be - side?

2. He leads me to the place Where heav'n-ly pas - tures grow, Where liv - ing wa - ters gen - tly pass, And full sal - va - tion flows.

3. If e'er I go a - stray, He doth my soul re - claim, And guide me in his own right way, In his most ho - ly name.

ARION. S. M.

C. C. LYMAN.

Slow.

1. While my Re - deem - er's near, My shepherd and my guide, I bid fare - well to ev' - ry fear, My wants are all sup - plied.

2. To ev - er fra - grant meads, Where rich a - bun - dance grows, His gracious hand in - dul - gent leads, And guards my sweet re - pose.

3. A - long the lone - ly scene, Cool wa - ters gen - tly roll, Trans - par - ent, sweet, and all se - rene, To cheer my faint - ing soul.

HONEYWEL. S. M.

1. My ma - ker and my king, To thee my all I owe, Thy sovereign boun-ty is the spring, Whence all my bles - sings flow.

2. The creature of thy hand, On thee a - lone I live; My God, thy ben - e - fits demand, More praise than life..... can give.

3. Shall I withold thy due, And shall my pas - sions rove; Lord, form this wretched heart a-new And fill it with..... thy love.

CAUTION. S. M.

With boldness.

1. My soul, be on thy guard, Ten thousand foes a - rise; The hosts of sin are press - ing hard, To draw thee from the skies.

2. Oh, watch and fight and pray, The bat - tle ne'er give o'er, Re - new it bold - ly ev' - ry day, And help di - vine im - plore.

3. Ne'er think the vic - t'ry won, And lay thy armour down; Thy ar - duous work will not be done, Till thou ob - tain thy crown.

MORNING SUN. S. M.

COL. D. H. SMITH.

Alto by WILLIAM WALKER.

1. See how the morning sun Pur - sues his shining way, And loud proclaims his Maker's praise With ev' - - - ry bright'ning ray.

2. Thus would my rising soul Its heav'nly parent sing, And to..... its great O - rig - i - nal The hum - ble trib - ute bring.

3. Se - rene I laid me down, Be - neath his guardian care, I slept..... and I a - woke and found My kind..... pre - serv - er near.

LUTHER. S. M.

Vigoroso.

1. Your harps, yo trem - bling saints, Down from the willows take, Loud to..... the praise of Christ, our Lord, Bid ev'-ry string a - wake, Bid ev' - - ry string a - wake.

2. Tho' in a for - eign land, We are not far from home; And near - - er to our home a - bove We ev' - ry moment come, We ev' - ry moment come.

soft. *loud.*

3. His grace shall to..... the end, Stronger and brighter shine; Nor pres - ent things..... nor things..... to come, Shall quench the spark divine, Shall quench the spark di - vine.

ILA. S. M.

1. Be - hold what wondrous grace The Fa - ther hath be - stow'd On sin - ners of a mor - tal race, To call them sons of God.

2. Nor doth it yet ap - pear, How great we must be made; But when we see our Sav - iour here, We shall be like our Head.

3. A hope so much di - vine, My tri - als well en - dure, May pu - ri - fy our souls from sin, As Christ the Lord is pure.

LOFTY SKY. S. M.

A. D. FILLMORE.

1. Be - hold the lof - ty sky De - clares its Mak - er God, And all the star - ry works on high Pro - claim his pow'r a - broad.

2. The dark - ness and the light Still keep their course the same, While night to day, and day to night, Di - vine - ly teach his name.

3. In ev' - ry diff' - rent land Their gen' - ral voice is known; They show the won - ders of his hand, And or - ders of his throne.

THE HILL OF ZION. S. M.

B. F. WHITE.

Alto by WILLIAM WALKER.

1. The hill of Zi - on yields A thousand sa - cred sweets, Be - fore we reach the heav'n - ly fields, Or walk the gold - en streets.

2. Then let our songs abound, And ev' - ry tear be dry; We're marching through Im-man - uel's ground, To fair - er worlds on high.

SWEET HOPE. S. M.

Not too fast.

1. Eternal truth hath said, 'Tis with the righteous well: What glorious, cheering words are these, Their sweetness who can tell? What glorious, cheering words are these, Their, &c.

2. 'Tis well when joys arise, 'Tis well when sorrows flow, 'Tis well when darkness veils the skies, And dreadful tempests blow, 'Tis well when darkness veils the skies, And, &c.

3. 'Tis well when Jesus calls Their sprits to the skies, To join the blest from ev'ry clime, The great, the good, the wise, To join the blest from ev'ry clime, The great, the good, &c.

SHIRLAND. S. M.

Morning Hymn.

1. Be - hold the morn-ing sun Be - gins his glo-rious way; His beams through all the na - tions run, And life and light con-vey.

2. But where the gos - pel comes, It spreads di - vin - er light, It calls dead sin - ners from their tombs, And gives the blind their sight.

3. How per-fect is thy word, And all thy judgments just! For ev - er sure thy prom - ise, Lord, And men se - cure - ly trust.

DARTMOUTH. S. M.

1. Oh bless the Lord, my soul; Let all with - in me join, And aid my tongue to bless his name, Whose fa - vors are di - vine.

2. Oh bless the Lord, my soul; Nor let his mer - cies lie For - got - ten in un - thank - ful - ness, And with - out prais - es die.

3. 'Tis he for - gives thy sins; 'Tis he re - lieves thy pain; 'Tis he that heals thy sick - ness - es, And makes thee young a - gain.

MOUNT HELICON. S. M.

Arranged by Dr. WM. HAUSER.

1. How beau - teous are their feet Who stand on Zi - on's hill, That bring sal - va - tion on their tongues, That

2. How charm - ing is their voice, How sweet their ti - dings are; Zi - on, be - hold thy Sa - viour King! Zi -

3. How hap - py are our ears, That hear the joy - ful sound Which kings and pro - phets wait - ed for, Which

bring sal - va - tion on their tongues, And words of peace re - veal.

on, be - hold thy Sa - viour King! He reigns and tri - umphs here.

kings and pro - phets wait - ed for, And sought but nev - er found.

4 How blessed are our eyes
That see the heav'nly light;
Prophets and kings desir'd it long,
But died without the sight.

5 The watchmen join their voice,
And tuneful notes employ;
Jerusalem rings forth in songs,
And deserts learn the joy.

6 The Lord makes bare his arm
Through all the earth abroad;
Let ev'ry nation now behold
Their Saviour and their God.

FOREVER WITH THE LORD. S. M. 8 lines.

1. For - ev - er with the Lord, A - men, so let it be, Life from the dead is in that word, 'Tis im - mor - tal - i - ty. Here in the bod - y pent,

2. My Father's house on high, Home of my soul, how near, At times to faith's as - pir - ing eye Thy gold-en gates ap - pear. Ah, then the spir - it faints

3. Yet doubts still in - ter-vene, And all my com-fort flies, Like Noah's dove I flit between Rough seas and stormy skies. And now the clouds de-part,

Ab - sent from Him I roam, Yet nightly I will pitch my tent, A day's march near-er home, near-er home, near-er home, A day's march near - er home.

To reach the land I love, The bright in - her - i-tance of saints, Je - ru - sa - lem a - bove, home a - bove, home above, Je - ru - sa - lem a - bove.

The winds and waters cease, While sweetly o'er my gladden'd heart Expands the bow of peace, bow of peace, bow of peace, Expands the bow of peace.

CRANBROOK. S. M.

TH. CLARK.

Grace! 'tis a charm - ing sound! Har-mo-nious to the ear! Heav'n with the echo shall resound, Heav'n with the echo shall resound,

Grace! 'tis a charm-ing sound! Har - mo - nious to the ear! Heav'n with the echo shall resound, Heav'n with the echo shall resound,

Grace! 'tis a charm-ing sound! Har - mo - nious to the ear! Heav'n with the echo shall resound, Heav'n with the echo shall resound,

Heav'n with the echo shall resound, Heav'n with the echo shall resound,

CODA.

To be sung or omitted at pleasure.

And all the earth shall hear, And all the earth shall hear, And all the earth shall hear. Hal-le-lu-jah! Hal-le-lu-jah! Hal-le-lu-jah! Praise ye the Lord.

And all the earth shall hear, And all the earth shall hear, And all the earth shall hear. Hal-le-lu-jah! Hal-le-lu-jah! Hal-le-lu-jah! Praise ye the Lord.

And all the earth shall hear, And all the earth shall hear, And all the earth..... shall hear. Hal-le-lu-jah! Hal-le-lu-jah! Hal-le-lu-jah! Praise ye the Lord.

And all the earth shall hear, And all the earth shall hear, And all the earth shall hear.

LONSDALE. S. M. 8 lines.

CORRELLI.

1. Come, we that love the Lord, And let our joys be known; Join in a song with sweet ac - cord, And thus sur - round the throne.

3. The hill of Zi - on yields A thousand sa - cred sweets, Be - fore we reach the heav'nly fields, Or walk the gold-en streets.

2. Let those re-fuse to sing, Who nev - er knew our God; But chil-dren of the heav'nly King May speak their joys a - broad.

Let those re - fuse to sing, Who never knew our God; But children of the heav'nly King May speak their joys a - broad.

4. Then let our songs a - bound, And ev' - ry tear be dry; We're marching thro' Immanuel's ground, To fair - er worlds on high.

Let those re-fuse to sing, Who nev-er knew our God; But children of the heav'nly King May speak their joys a - broad.

NEWBURG. S. M. 8 lines.

MUNSON.

1. Let ev' - ry crea - ture join To praise th' e - ter - nal God; Ye

Let ev' - ry crea - ture join To praise th' e - ter - nal God; Ye heav'n-ly hosts, the

Let ev' - ry crea - ture join To praise th' e - ter - nal God; Ye heav'n-ly hosts, the song be - gin, Ye

Ye heav'n-ly hosts, the song..... be - gin, Ye

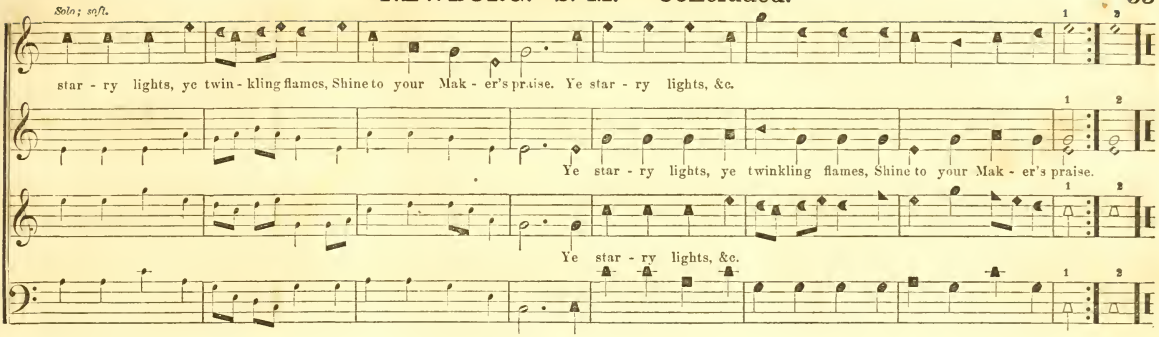
heav'n - ly hosts, the song be - gin, And sound his name a - broad. And moon with pa - ler rays, Ye

song..... be - gin, And sound his name a-broad. And moon with pa - ler rays,

heav'n - ly hosts, the song be - gin, And sound his name a - broad. And moon with pa - ler rays,

heav'n - ly hosts, &c. Thou sun with gold - en beams, And moon with pa - ler rays,

NEWBURG. S. M. Concluded.



2 He built those worlds above,
And fix'd their wondrous frame;
By his command they stand or move,
And ever speak his name.
Ye vapors, when ye rise,
Or fall in showers or snow,
The thunders murm'ring round the skies,
His power and glory show.

3 Wind, hail, and flashing fire,
Agree to praise the Lord,
When ye in dreadful storms conspire
To execute his word.
By all his works above
His honors be express;
But saints that taste his saving love
Should sing his praises best.

PAUSE I.

4 Let earth and ocean know
They owe their Maker praise;
Praise him, ye wat'ry worlds below,
And monsters of the seas.
From mountains near the sky
Let his high praise resound,
From humble shrubs and cedars high,
And vales and fields around.

5 Ye lions of the wood,
And tamer beasts that graze,
Ye live upon his daily food,
And he expects your praise.
Ye birds of lofty wing,
On high his praises bear;
Or sit on flowery boughs, and sing
Your Maker's glory there.

6 Ye creeping ants and worms,
His various wisdom show;
And flies, in all your shining swarms,
Praise him that dress'd you so.
By all the earth-born race
His honors be express:
But saints that know his heav'nly grace
Should learn to praise him best.

PAUSE II.

7 Monarchs of wide command,
Praise ye th' eternal King;
Judges, adore that sov'reign hand
Whence all your honors spring.
Let vigorous youth engage
To sound his praises high;
While growing babes, and withering age,
Their feebler voices try.

8 United zeal be shown
His wondrous fame to raise;
God is the Lord: his name alone
Deserves our endless praise.
Let nature join with art,
And all pronounce him blest;
But saints that dwell so near his heart
Should sing his praises best.

LITTLE MARLBOROUGH. S. M.

1. And must this bod - y die? This mor - tal frame de - cay? And must these ac - tive limbs of mine Lie mould'ring in the clay?

2. Cor-rup - tion, earth, and worms Shall but re - fine this flesh, Till my tri - um-phant spir - it comes To put it on a - fresh.

3. God, my Re - deem - er, lives, And oft - en, from the skies, Looks down and watch-es all my dust, Till he shall bid it rise.

NEWINGHAM. S. M.

W. BILLINGS.

1. Oh that I could re - pent, With all my i - dols part, And to thy gracious eye pre - sent An hum - ble, con - trite heart!

2. A heart with grief op- prest, For hav - ing grieved my God; A trou - bled heart, that can - not rest Till sprinkled with thy blood.

3. Je - sus, on me be-stow The pen - i - tent de-sire; With true sin-cer - i - ty of woe My ach - ing heart in-spire.

CAROLINA. S. M.

1. A charge to keep I have, A God to glo - ri - fy; A nev - er dy - ing soul to save, And fit it for the sky;

2. To serve the present age, My call-ing to ful - fil; Oh may it all my pow'rs en - gage, To do my Mas-ter's will!

3. Arm me with jeal - ous care, As in thy sight to live; And O thy ser - vant, Lord, pre - pare, A strict ac - count to give!

IDUMEA. S. M.

1. And am I born to die? To lay this bod - y down? And must my trembling spir - it fly In - to a world un - known?.....

2. A land of deep-est shade, Unpierc'd by hu - man thought; The dreary re - gions of the dead, Where all things are for - got!.....

3. Soon as from earth I go, What will be - come of me? E - ter - nal hap - pi - ness or woe Must then my por-tion be!.....

AMERICA. S. M.

WHITMORE.

1. My soul, repeat His praise, Whose mercies are so great, Whose anger is so slow to rise, So ready to a - bate.

Whose anger, &c.

Whose anger is so slow to rise, So ready to a - bate, So read - y to a - bate.

2. God will not always chide, And when his strokes are felt, His strokes are fewer than our crimes, And lighter than our guilt, And lighter than our guilt.

Whose anger is so slow to rise, Whose anger is so slow to rise, So ready to a - bate.

SING TO ME OF HEAVEN. S. M.

Arranged by Dr. WM. HAUSER.

1. O, sing to me of heav'n, When I am call'd to die; Sing songs of ho - ly ec - sta - sy, To waft my soul on high!

2. When cold and slug - g sh drops Roll off my mar - ble brow, Burst forth in strains of joy - ful - ness, Let heav'n be - gin be - low!

WEEPING SAVIOUR. S. M.

1. Did Christ o'er sin - ners weep, And shall our cheeks be dry? .... Let floods of pen - i - ten - tial grief Burst forth from ev'ry eye.

2. The Son of God in tears, An-gels with wonder see! .... Be thou as - ton-ish'd, O my soul, He shed those tears for thee!

3. He wept that we might weep, Each sin demands a tear! ..... In heav'n a - lone no sin is found, And there's no weeping there.

KAMBIA. S. M.

1. Lord, what a fee - ble piece Is this our mor - tal frame! Our life, how poor a tri - fle 'tis, That scarce de-serves the name!

2. A - las! 'twas brit - tle clay That built our bod - y first! And ev' - ry month and ev' - ry day 'Tis mould'ring back to dust.

3. Our mo - ments fly a - pace, Our fee - ble pow'rs de - cay; Swift as a flood our has - ty days Are sweep - ing us a - way.

LIVERPOOL. C. M.

M C. H. DAVIS.

1. Young peo - ple all, at - ten - tion give, And hear what I shall say; I wish your souls with Christ to live In ev - er - last - ing day.

2. Re - mem-ber, you are hast'n-ing on To death's dark gloomy shade: Your joys on earth will soon be gone, Your flesh in dust be laid.

3. Young peo - ple all, I pray then view The fountain o - pen'd wide, The spring of life o - pen for sin, Which flow'd from Jesus' side.

PRIMROSE. C. M.

CHAPIN.

1. Sal - va-tion! O, the joy - ful sound! 'Tis pleasure to our ears; A sov'reign balm for ev'-ry wound, A cordial for our fears.

2. Bur - ied in sor - row and in sin, At hell's dark door we lay; But we a - rise by grace di - vine To see a heav'n-ly day.

3. Sal - va-tion! let the e - cho fly The spa-cious earth a - round, While all the ar - mies of the sky Con - spire to raise the sound.

MEAR. C. M.

1. Let ev' - ry mor - tal ear at - tend, And ev' - ry heart re - joice; The trumpet of the gos - pel sounds With an in - vit - ing voice.

2. Ho! all ye hun - gry, starv - ing souls, That feed up - on the wind, And vain - ly strive with earth - ly toys To fill an emp - ty mind.

3. E - ter - nal Wis-dom hath prepared A soul - re - viv - ing feast, And bids your long-ing ap - pe - tites The rich pro - vi - sion taste.

DOVE OF PEACE. C. M.

Treble by WM. HAUSER.

1. O tell me where the Dove has flown To build her downy nest, And I will rove this world all o'er, To win her to my breast, To win her to my breast.

2. I sought her in the groves of love, I knew her tender heart; But she had flown—the Dove of Peace Had felt a traitor's dart, Had felt a traitor's dart.

3. I sought her on the flow'ry lawn, Where pleasure holds her train; But fancy flies from flow'r to flow'r, So there I sought in vain. So there I sought in vain.

DUNLAPS CREEK. C. M.

F. LEWIS.

1. My God, my por - tion, and my love, My ev - er - last - ing all, I've none but thee in heav'n a - bove, Or on this earth - ly ball.

2. What empty things are all the skies, And this in - fe - rior clod! There's nothing here deserves my joys, There's nothing like my God.

3. In vain the bright, the burning sun Scat - ters his fee - ble light; 'Tis thy sweet beams cre - ate my noon, If thou withdraw 'tis night.

CHINA. C. M.

The original parts about 1700.

SWAN.

1. Why should we mourn departing friends? Or shake at death's a-larms? 'Tis but the voice that Je - sus sends To call us to his arms.

2. Are we not tending up-ward too As fast as time can move? Nor should we wish the hours more slow To keep us from our love.

3. Why should we tremble to con-vey Their bod ies to the tomb? There the dear flesh of Je - sus lay, And left a long per - fume.

NORTH CAROLINA. C. M.

Arranged by Dr. WM. HAUSER.

1. Once more, my soul, the ris - ing day Sa-lutes thy wak - ing eyes; Once more, my voice, thy trib - ute pay, To him that rules the skies.

2. Night un - to night his name re - peats, The day re - news the sound; Wide as the heav'n on which he sits, To turn the sea - sons round.

3. 'Tis he sup - ports my mor-tal frame, My tongue shall speak his praise; My sins would rouse his wrath to flame, And yet his wrath de - lays.

GAINES. C. M.

Dr. WM. HAUSER.

1. Oh for a thousand tongues to sing My great Redeemer's praise! The glories of my God and King, The triumphs of his grace, The triumphs of his grace.

2. My gracious Master and my God, As - sist me to proclaim, To spread thro' all this earth a - broad The honors of thy name, The honors of thy name.

3. Jesus, the name that calms our fears, That bids our sorrows cease, 'Tis music in the sinner's ears, 'Tis life, and health, and peace, 'Tis life, and health, and peace.

SWEET HOPE. C. M.

DR. WM. HAUSER.

Moderato.

1. O joyful sound of gospel grace! Christ shall in me appear; I, e - ven I, shall see his face; I shall be ho-ly here, I shall be ho - ly here.

2. The glorious crown of righteousness To me reach'd out I view; Conq'ror thro' him, I soon shall seize, And wear it as my due, And wear it as my due.

3. The promis'd land of Pisgah's top I now ex-ult to see: My hope is full (O glorious hope!) Of im-mortal-i - ty. Of im - mortal - i - ty.

JOY TO THE WORLD. C. M.

Alto by WM. WALKER.

1. Joy to the world—the Lord is come! Let earth re - ceive her King; Let ev' - ry heart prepare him room, And heav'n and na-ture sing.

2. Joy to the earth— the Sa - viour reigns! Let men their songs em-ploy; While fields and floods, rocks, hills, and plains, Repeat the sounding joy.

3. No more let sins and sor - rows grow, Nor thorns in - fest the ground; He comes to make his bless-ings flow, Far as the curse is found.

CONDESCENSION. C. M.

1. How con-de-scending and how kind Was God's e-ter-nal Son! Our mis'-ry reach'd his heav'n-ly mind, And pi-ty brought him down.

2. When Justice, by our sins provok'd, Drew forth its dreadful sword, He gave his soul up to the stroke, With-out a murm'ring word.

3. He sank beneath our heavy woes, To raise us to his throne, There's ne'er a gift his hand be-stows, But cost his heart a groan.

AZMON. C. M.

CODA. Do not sing the Coda to 1st and 3d verses.

1. Plung'd in a gulf of dark despair, We wretched sinners lay, Without one cheering beam of hope, Or spark of glimm'ring day.

2. With pitying eyes the Prince of Peace Be-held our helpless grief, He saw, and O, a-mazing love! He ran to our re-lief. Halle-lujah! hal-le-lujah! halle-lu-jah!

3. Down from the shining seats above With joyful haste he fled, Enter'd the grave in mortal flesh, And dwelt among the dead.

THE PENITENT'S PRAYER. C. M.

SCOTTISH.

1. Oh! thou, whose ten-der mer - cy hears Con - tri - tion's hum - ble sigh; Whose hand in - dul - gent wipes the tears From sor - row's weep-ing eye;

2. See, low be - fore thy throne of grace, A wretched wand'rer mourn, Hast thou not bid me seek thy face? Hast thou not said—re - turn?

3. And shall my guil - ty fears pre - vail To drive me from thy feet? Oh! let not this dear re - fuge fail, This on - ly safe re - treat.

HOWARD. C. M.

1. Lord, hear the voice of my com-plaint; Ac-cept my se - cret pray'r; To thee a - lone, my King, my God, Will I for help re - pair.

2. Thou in the morn my voice shalt hear, And with the dawning day To thee de - vout - ly I'll look up, To thee de - vout - ly pray.

3. Let all the saints who trust in thee, With shouts their joy proclaim; By thee preserv'd, let them re - joice, And mag - ni - fy thy name.

COLCHESTER. C. M.

1. Oh 'twas a joy - ful sound to hear Our tribes de - vout - ly say, "Up, Is - rael, to the tem - ple haste, And keep your fes - tal day!"

2. At Sa - lem's courts we must ap - pear, With our as-sem - bled pow'rs, In strong and beauteous or - der ranged, Like her u - ni - ted tow'rs.

WARWICK. C. M.

STANLEY.

1. Lord, in the morn-ing thou shalt hear My voice as - cend - ing high; To thee will I di - rect my pray'r, To thee lift up mine eye.

2. Up to the hills where Christ is gone To plead for all his saints, Present - ing at his Father's throne Our songs and our complaints.

3. Thou art a God be - fore whose sight The wicked shall not stand: Sin - ners shall ne'er be thy de - light, Nor dwell at thy right hand.

BALERMA. C. M.

Moderate.

1. Oh hap - py is the man who hears In - struc-tion's warning voice, And who ce - les - tial wis - dom makes His ear - ly, on - ly choice.

2. For she has treasures great - er far Than east or west un-fold; More pre - cious are her bright re-wards Than gems or stars of gold.

3. Her right hand of - fers to the just Im - mor - tal, hap - py days; Her left, im - per - ish - a - ble wealth And heav'n-ly crowns dis-plays.

FRIEND. C. M.

C. LEWIS.

1. My Saviour, my almighty Friend, When I begin thy praise, When I begin thy praise, Where will the growing numbers end, The numbers of thy grace? The numbers, &c.

2. Thou art my everlasting trust; Thy goodness I adore, Thy goodness I adore; Send down thy grace, O blessed Lord, That I may love thee more, That I may love, &c.

3. My feet shall travel all the length Of the celestial road, Of the celestial road; And march with courage in thy strength, To see the Lord my God, To see the Lord, &c.

PETERBORO. C. M.

1. Once more, my soul, the ris - ing day Sa - lutes my wak - ing eyes; Once more, my voice, thy trib - ute pay To him who rules the skies.

2. 'Tis he sup-ports my mortal frame; My tongue shall speak his praise; My sins would rouse his wrath to flame, And yet his wrath de - lays.

3. How man-y wretched souls are fled Since the last set - ting sun! And yet thou length'nest out my thread, And yet my mo - ments run.

DUNDEE. C. M.

1. Let not despair nor fell re-venge Be to my bos - om known; Oh give me tears for oth - ers' woes, And pa - tience for my own!

2. Feed me, O Lord, with need - ful food: I ask not wealth, nor fame; But give me eyes to view thy works, A heart to praise thy name.

3. Oh may my days ob - scure - ly pass, Without remorse or care! And let me for my part - ing hour From day to day pre-pare.

Brisk

BARBY. C. M.

1. "The promise of my Fa - ther's love Shall stand for ev - er good," He said—and gave his soul to death, And seal'd the grace with blood.

2. To this dear cov'-nant of thy word I set my worth - less name; I seal th'engagement to my Lord, And make my hum - ble claim.

3. The light, the strength, and pard'ning grace, And glo - ry shall be mine: My life and soul—my heart and flesh, And all my pow'rs are thine.

ARLINGTON. C. M.

Dr. ARNE.

1. This is the day the Lord hath made; He calls the hours his own; Let heav'n re - joice, let earth be glad, And praise surround his throne.

2. To - day he rose and left the dead, And Sa-tan's em - pire fell; To - day the saints his triumphs spread, And all his wonders tell.

3. Ho-sanna - na to th' a - noint - ed King, To Da-vid's ho - ly Son! Help us, O Lord, de - scend and bring Sal - va - tion from thy throne.

NAZARETH. C. M.

1. See Is - rael's gen - tle Shepherd stand, With all en - gag - ing charms; Hark, how he calls the ten - der lambs, And folds them in his arms!

2. "Permit them to approach," he cries, "Nor scorn their hum - ble name; For 'twas to bless such souls as these The Lord of an - gels came."

3. We bring them, Lord, in thank-ful hands, And yield them up to thee; Joy - ful that we ourselves are thine, Thine let our off - spring be.

HENRY. C. M.

S. B. POND.

1. 'Tis by thy strength the mountains stand, God of e - ter - nal pow'r; The sea grows calm at thy com-mand, And tem - pests cease to roar.

2. Thy morning light and ev'ning shade Successive com - forts bring; Thy plen - teous fruits make har - vest glad, Thy flow'rs a - dorn the spring.

3. Seasons and times, and moons and hours, Heav'n, earth, and air are thine; When clouds distil in fruit - ful show'rs, The au - thor is di - vine.

FRAGRANCE. C. M.

GEO. O. ROBINSON.
From "Casket," by permission.

Ardent.

1. Thou dear Redeem - er, dy-ing Lamb, We love to hear of thee; No mu-sic's like thy charming name, Nor half so sweet can be.

2. Our Sa-viour shall be still our theme, While here on earth we stay; We'll sing our Je - sus' love-ly name, While all things else de - cay.

3. When we ap-pear in yon - der cloud, With all thy fa - vor'd throng, Then will we sing more sweet, more loud, And Christ shall be our song.

BROWN. C. M.

W. B. BRADBURY.

Slow.

1. I love to steal a-while a - way From ev' - ry cumb'ring care, And spend the hours of set - ting day In hum - ble grate - ful pray'r

2. I love in sol - i - tude to shed The pen - i - ten - tial tear; And all his prom - is - es to plead, Where none but God can hear.

3. I love to think on mer - cies past, And fu - ture good im-plore; And all my cares and sor - rows cast On Him whom I a - dore.

EDWARDS. C. M.

1. How shall the young se - cure their hearts, And guard their lives from sin? Thy word the choic - est rule imparts, To keep the conscience clean.

2. When once it en - ters to the mind, It spreads such light a - broad, The meanest souls in-struction find, And raise their thoughts to God.

3. 'Tis, like the sun, a heav'nly light, That guides us through the day, And through the dan - gers of the night, A lamp to lead our way.

HEBER. C. M.

KINGSLEY.

1. Come ye that love the Saviour's name, And joy to make him known, The sov'reign of your hearts proclaim, And bow be-fore his throne.

2. Be - hold your King, your Saviour crown'd, With glories all di - vine, And tell all wand' - ring na - tions round How bright these glo - ries shine.

3. In - fi - nite pow'r and boundless grace In him u - nite their rays; Ye that have e'er be-held his face, Can ye pro - claim his praise?

JORDAN. C. M. (New.)

A. JONES.

1. On Jor - dan's stor-my banks I stand, And cast a wish - ful eye To Canaan's fair and hap - py land, Where my pos - ses - sions lie.

2. O! the trans-porting raptu - rous scene, That ris - es to my sight: Sweet fields ar-ray'd in liv - ing green, And riv - ers of de - light!

3. There gen'rous fruits that nev - er fail, On trees im - mor - tal grow; There rocks, and hills, and brooks, and vales, With milk and hon - ey flow.

JOYFUL NEWS. C. M.

1. That Je - sus hears when chil-dren pray, Is joy - ful news to me: I'll seek his face with-out de - lay, And cry, "Re - mem-ber me!"

2. Dear Sa - viour, look up - on a child Who fain would wor-ship thee; By na - ture I am all de - fil'd, But oh! re - mem-ber me!

3. Through all the dang'rous paths of youth Do thou my lead - er be; Teach me to walk the way of truth—Dear Lord, re - mem-ber me!

ELLA'S SONG. C. M.

Lively and cheerful.

1. Now may the Lord re - veal his face, And teach our stamm'ring tongues To make his glorious reign of grace The sub - ject of our songs.

2. No sweeter sub - ject can in - vite A sin-ner's heart to sing, Or more dis-play the sov'reign right Of our ex - alt - ed King.

3. This sub-ject fills the star - ry plains With wonder, joy, and love, And fur-nish - es the noblest strains For all the harps a - bove.

DOWNS. C. M.

1. Thou art my por - tion, O my God; Soon as I know thy way, My heart makes haste t' obey thy word, And suf - fers no de - lay.

2. I choose the path of heav'nly truth, And glo - ry in my choice; Not all the rich - es of the earth Could make me so re - joice.

3. Thy pre-cepts and thy heav'nly grace I set be-fore my eyes; Thence I de - rive my dai - ly strength, And there my com - fort lies.

ZANESVILLE. C. M.

Resurrection of Christ.

Firm and steady.

1. A - gain the Lord of life and light Awakes the kin - dling ray, Dis - pels the darkness of the night, And pours in - creasing day.

2. Oh, what a night was that, which wrapt A sinful world in gloom! Oh, what a sun, which broke, this day, Tri - um - phant from the tomb!

3. The pow'rs of darkness league in vain, To bind our Lord in death; He shook their hindrance, when he fell, By his ex - pir - ing breath.

4. And now his conq'ring char-iot wheels As-cend the lof - ty skies; Bro - ken beneath his pow'r - ful cross, Death's i - ron sceptre lies.

CHIMES. C. M.

Moderato.

1. With joy we hail the sa - cred day Which God has called his own, With joy the summons we o - bey, To wor - ship at his throne.

2. Thy chosen temple, Lord, how fair, Where will - ing votaries throng, To breathe the humble, fervent prayer, And pour the chor - al song.

SPRAGUE. C. M.

Arranged from F. SMITH.

Gentle.

1. Give me the wings of faith, to rise With - in the veil, and see The saints a - bove, how great their joys, How bright their glories be.

2. Once they were mourning here be - low, And bath'd their couch with tears; They wrestled hard, as we do now, With sins, and doubts, and fears.

3. I ask them whence their vict'ry came; They, with u - ni - ted breath, Ascribe their con-quest to the Lamb, Their triumph to his death.

UNION VALE. C. M.

1. Come, Ho - ly Spir - it, heav'nly Dove, With all thy quick'ning pow'rs, Kindle a flame of sa - cred love In these cold hearts of ours.

2. Look how we grov - el here be - low, Fond of these try - fling toys; Our souls can nei - ther fly nor go, To reach e - ter - nal joys.

3. In vain we tune our for - mal songs, In vain we strive to rise; Ho - san - nas lan-guish on our tongues, And our de - vo - tion dies.

BRAINERD. C. M.

D. E. F

Slow and gentle.

1. Fa - ther, I stretch my hands to thee, No oth - er help I know; If thou withdraw thy - self from me, Ah! whith - er shall I go?

2. What did thine on - ly Son en - dure, Be - fore I drew my breath! What pain, what la - bor, to se - cure My soul from end - less death!

3. O Je - sus, could I this be - lieve, I now should feel thy pow'r! Now my poor soul thou wouldst re - trieve, Nor let me wait one hour.

NIGHT. C. M.

Slowly, gently.

1. In mer - cy, Lord, re - mem - ber me, Thro' all the hours of night; And grant to me most gra - cious - ly The safe-guard of thy might.

2. With cheerful heart I close my eyes, Since thou wilt not re - move: Oh, in the morn - ing let me rise, Re - joic - ing in thy love.

3. Or, if this night should prove the last, And end my transient days, Oh! take me to thy prom - is'd rest, Where I may sing thy praise.

Alto by WM. WALKER.

ROCKINGHAM. C. M.

A very old tune.
Parts as arranged by B. F. WHITE, in ed. 1850.

Slow.

1. O for a thou - sand tongues to sing My dear Re-deem - er's praise! The glo - ries of my God and King, The triumphs of his grace!

2. My dear Re - deem - er and my God, As - sist me to pro-claim, To spread through all this earth a - broad The honors of thy name.

3. Je - sus, the name that calms our fears, That bids our sor - rows cease; 'Tis mu - sic in the sin - ner's ears, 'Tis life, and health, and peace.

CAMBRIDGE. C. M.

DR. RANDALL.

1. What shall I render to my God For all his kindness shown? My feet shall visit thine abode, My songs address thy throne, My songs address thy throne, My songs, &c.

2. Among the saints who fill thy house, My off'ring shall be paid: There shall my zeal perform the vows My soul in anguish made, My soul in anguish made, My soul. &c.

3. How much is mercy thy delight, Thou ever blessed God! How dear thy servants in thy sight! How precious is their blood, How precious is their blood, How precious. &c.

FOUNTAIN. C. M.

Words by COWPER.

1. There is a fountain fill'd with blood, Drawn from Immanuel's veins; And sinners, plung'd beneath that flood, Lose all their guilty stains, Lose all their guilty stains.

2. The dy-ing thief rejoiced to see That fountain in his day; O may I there, though vile as he, Wash all my sins away, Wash all my sins a-way.

3. Thou dying Lamb, thy precious blood Shall never lose its pow'r, Till all the ransom'd church of God Are sav'd, to sin no more, Are sav'd, to sin no more.

NEW BRITAIN. C. M.

1. A - maz - ing grace! (how sweet the sound) That sav'd a wretch like me! I once was lost, but now am found, Was blind, but now I see.

2. 'Twas grace that taught my heart to fear, And grace my fears re - liev'd: How precious did that grace ap - pear, The hour I first be-liev'd!

3. Through many dan - gers, toils, and snares, I have al - rea - dy come; 'Tis grace has brought me safe thus far, And grace will lead me home.

SEYMOUR. C. M.

Slowly and firm, with strong accent.

1. There is a fountain fill'd with blood, Drawn from Im - man - uel's veins; And sin - ners plung'd be - neath that flood, Lose all their guil - ty stains.

2. The dy - ing thief re-joic'd to see This foun-tain in his day; And here may I, though vile as he, Wash all my sins a - way.

3. Dear dy - ing Lamb, thy pre-cious blood Shall nev - er lose its pow'r, Till all the ran - som'd church of God Be sav'd, to sin no more.

REPENT. C. M.

Firm and impressive.

1. "Re-pent!" the voice ce - les - tial cries, Nor lon - ger dare de - lay; The wretch that scorns the mandate dies, And meets a fie - ry day.

2. No more the sov'reign eye of God O'erlooks the crimes of men; His heralds are despatch'd a-broad To warn the world of sin.

3. The summons reach - es through the earth; Let earth at - tend and fear; Listen, ye men of roy - al birth, And let your vas - sals hear.

CADDO. C. M.

Allegretto, cheerful.

1. My God, the spring of all my joys, The life of my delights, The glory of my bright - est days, And comfort of my nights!

2. In darkest shades if thou ap - pear, My dawning is begun; Thou art my soul's bright morn-ing star, And thou my ris - ing sun.

*BOSWELL. C. M.

Smooth and gentle.

Arranged from GLUCK.

1. 'Twas in the watches of the night I thought upon thy pow'r; I kept thy love - ly face in sight, A - mid the dark-est hour.

2. While I lay resting on my bed, My soul a - rose on high; My God, my life, my hope, I said, Bring thy sal - va - tion nigh.

3. I strive to mount thy ho - ly hill; I walk the heav'nly road; Thy glo - ries all my spir - it fill, While I com-mune with God.

* This tune is taken from *Cantica Laudis*, by Dr. Lowell Mason and George James Webb, in which they say, it is a beautiful specimen of maturity of judgment, cultivation of taste, and simplicity and elegance of diction.

MAITLAND. C. M.

Slow and smooth.

1. Must Je - sus bear the cross a - lone, And all the world go free? No, there's a cross for ev' - ry one, And there's a cross for me.

2. How hap - py are the saints a-bove, Who once wept sorrowing here; But now they taste un - min-gled love, And joy with - out a tear.

3. The con - se-crat - ed cross I'll bear Till death shall set me free; And then go home my crown to wear— For there's a crown for me.

WHITNEY. C. M.

DR. L. MASON. From the "Hallelujah."

Slow and soft.

1. There is a land, a hap-py land, Where tears are wiped away From ev'-ry eye by God's own hand, And night is turn'd to day, And night is turn'd to day.

2. There is a home, a hap-py home, Where way-worn trav'llers rest, Where toil and languor never come, And ev'ry man is blest, And ev'ry man is blest.

3. There is a crown, a dazzling crown, Bedeck'd with jewels fair, And priests and kings of high renown, That crown of glory wear, That crown of glory wear.

COVENTRY. C. M.

Moderato.

1. Oh, could our thoughts our wish - es fly A - bove these gloom-y shades, To those bright worlds a-bove the sky, Which sor - row ne'er invades.

2. There joys un - seen by mor - tal eyes, Or rea - son's fee - ble ray, In ev - er blooming prospect rise, Expos'd to no de - cay.

3. Lord, send a beam of light di - vine, To guide our upward aim; With one reviving look of thine Our languid hearts inflame!

NIGHTINGALE. C. M.

From the "Pioneer."

Gentle and flowing.

1. Yes, I will bless thee, O my God, Thro' all my fleeting days, And to e-ter - ni - ty prolong Thy vast, thy boundless praise, Thy vast, thy boundless praise.

2. Nor shall my tongue alone proclaim The honors of my God; My life with all its active pow'rs Shall spread thy praise abroad, Shall spread thy praise abroad.

3. For thou didst freely give thy Son, To suffer, bleed, and die, And bid him as a wretch undone, For all on him re - ly, For all on him re - ly.

BENEDICTION. C. M.

From HANDEL.

1. Hear, gracious God, my hum - ble moan, To thee I breathe my sighs; When will the mournful night be gone? When shall my joys a - rise?

2. Yet though my soul in dark-ness mourns, Thy promise is my stay; Here would I rest till light returns,—Thy presence makes my day.

3. Come, Lord, and with ce - les - tial peace, Re-lieve my aching heart; Oh smile and bid my sorrows cease, And all their gloom de - part.

EXCHANGE. C. M.

SWAN.

1. Al - migh - ty God, E - ter - nal Lord, Thy gra - cious pow'r make known, Touch, by the pow - er of thy word, And melt the heart of stone.

2. Speak with a voice that wakes the dead, And bid the sleep - er rise, And let his guilt - y conscience dread The death that never dies.

3. Let us re - ceive the word we hear, Each in an hon - est heart; Lay up the pre - cious treas-ure there, And nev - er with it part.

Glowing.

TAPPAN. C. M. or 8, 6, 8, 8, 6.

Common Metre, by omitting the strain of music next to the last.

1. There is an hour of peaceful rest To mourning wand'rers given; There is a joy for souls distrest, A balm for ev'ry wounded breast: 'Tis found alone in heav'n.

2. There is a home for weary souls, By sins and sorrows driven, When toss'd on life's tempestuous shoals, Where storms arise, and ocean rolls, And all is drear—'tis heav'n.

3. There faith lifts up the tearless eye, The heart no longer riven, And views the tempest passing by, Sees evening shadows quickly fly, And all serene in heav'n.

RYLAND. C. M.

WILLIAM L. MONTAGUE.

1. O for a clos - er walk with God! A calm and heav'nly frame! A light to shine up - on the road That leads me to the Lamb!

2. Where is the bless - ed-ness I knew When first I saw the Lord? Where is the soul - re - fresh - ing view Of Je - sus and his word?

3. What peaceful hours I then enjoyed! How sweet their mem'ry still! But now I find an ach-ing void The world can nev - er fill.

Double verse by omitting the large slur.

PARDONING LOVE. C. M.

WILLIAM WALKER.

D. C.

1. In ev - il long I took de - light, Unaw'd by shame or fear,
Till a new ob - ject struck my sight, And stopt my wild ca - reer,
D. C. Till a new ob - ject struck my sight, And stopt my wild ca - reer.

And stopt my wild ca - reer,..... And stopt my wild ca - reer.

D. C.

NAOMI. C. M.

Andante. Sotto voce.

CODA.

1. Father, whate'er of earthly bliss Thy sov'reign will de-nies, Accepted at thy throne of grace, Let this pe-ti - tion rise: Hal-le - lujah, Halle - lu-jah!

2. Give me a calm, a thankful heart, From ev'ry murmur free; The blessings of thy grace impart, And make me live to thee. Hal-le - lujah, Halle - lu-jah!

3. Oh, let the hope that thou art mine, My life and death attend; Thy presence thro' my journey shine, And crown my journey's end. Halle - lujah, Halle - lu-jah!

ORTONVILLE. C. M.

New treble by WM. WALKER.

1. How sweet the name of Jesus sounds In a be - liev - er's ear! It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds, And drives away his fear, And drives away his fear.

2. It makes the wounded spir-it whole, And calms the troubled breast; 'Tis manna to the hungry soul, And to the wea-ry rest, And to the wea-ry rest.

3. By him my pray'rs acceptance gain, Although with sin de - fil'd; Sa - tan ac - cu - ses me in vain, And I am own'd a child, And I am own'd a child.

4. Weak is the ef-fort of my heart, And cold my warmest thought; But when I see thee as thou art, I'll praise thee as I ought, I'll praise thee as I ought.

5. Till then I would thy love proclaim With ev' - ry fleeting breath; And may the music of thy name Refresh my soul in death, Refresh my soul in death.

1 Do not I love thee, O my Lord?
Behold my heart, and see:
And turn each cursed idol out,
That dares to rival thee.

2 Do not I love thee from my soul?
Then let me nothing love;
Dead be my heart to ev'ry joy,
When Jesus cannot move.

3 Is not thy name melodious still
To mine attentive ear?
Doth not each pulse with pleasure bound,
My Saviour's voice to hear?

4 Hast thou a lamb in all thy flock
I would disdain to feed?
Hast thou a foe before whose face
I fear thy cause to plead?

5 Would not my ardent spirit vie
With angels round thy throne,
To execute thy sacred will,
And make thy glory known?

6 Would not my heart pour forth its blood
In honor of thy name,
And challenge the cold hand of death
To damp th' immortal flame?

Allegro, vigoroso.

p *f*

1. To us a child of hope is born, To us a Son is giv'n: Him shall the tribes of earth o - bey, Him, all the hosts of heav'n,

p *f*

2. His name shall be the Prince of Peace, For ev - er - more a - dored, The Won - der-ful, the Coun - sel - lor, The great and might-y Lord,

ff

Him shall the tribes of earth o - bey, Him, all the hosts of heav'n.

ff

The Won - der - ful, the Coun-sel - lor, The great and might - y Lord .....

3 His pow'r, increasing, still shall spread;
His reign no end shall know;
Justice shall guard his throne above,
And peace abound below.

4 To us a child of hope is born,
To us a Son is given —
The Wonderful, the Counsellor,
The mighty Lord of heav'n.

PISGAH. C. M.

1. And let this fee-ble bod-y fail, And let it droop or die;..... My soul shall quit the mournful vale, And soar to worlds on high, And

2. Shall join the dis-em-bod-ied saints, And find its long-sought rest,..... That on-ly bliss for which it pants, In my Re-deem-er's breast, In

3. In hope of that im-mor-tal crown, I now the cross sus-tain,..... And glad-ly wander up and down, And smile at toil and pain, And

soar to worlds on high,..... And soar to worlds on high;..... My soul shall quit the mournful vale, And soar to worlds on high:

my Re-deem-er's breast,..... In my Re-deem-er's breast;..... That on-ly bliss for which it pants, In my Re-deem-er's breast.

smile at toil and pain,..... And smile at toil and pain;..... And glad-ly wan-der up and down, And smile at toil and pain.

BRIGHTEST DAYS, or ELEVATION. C. M.

Cheerful and lively.

1. My God, the spring of all my joys, The life of my de - lights, The glo - ry of my bright - est days,

SECOND TREBLE.

2. In dark-est shades if thou ap - pear, My dawn-ing is be - gun; Thou art my soul's bright morn - ing star,

FINE. D. S.

And com - fort of my nights! And com - fort of my nights! And com - fort of my nights!

FINE. D. S.

And thou my ris - ing sun, And thou my ris - ing sun, And thou my ris - ing sun.

3 The op'ning heav'ns around me shine
With beams of sacred bliss,
If Jesus show his mercy mine
And whisper I am his.

4 My soul would leave this heavy clay,
At that transporting word,
Run up with joy the shining way,
To see and praise my Lord.

5 Fearless of hell and ghastly death,
I'd break through ev'ry foe;
The wings of love and arms of faith
Would bear me conqu'ror through.

CHARMING NAME. C. M.

Arranged by WM. WALKER.

1. Je - sus, I love thy charm - ing name, 'Tis mu - sic to my ear; Fain would I sound it out so

2. Yes, thou art pre - cious to my soul, My trans - port and my trust; Jew - els, to thee, are gau - dy

loud, That earth and heav'n should hear, That earth and heav'n should hear.

toys, And gold is sor - did dust, And gold is sor - did dust.

3 All my capacious pow'rs can wish,
In thee doth richly meet;
Nor to mine eyes is light so dear,
Nor friendship half so sweet.

4 Thy grace still dwells upon my heart,
And sheds its fragrance there;
The noblest balm of all its wounds,
The cordial of its care.

5 I'll speak the honors of thy name
With my last lab'ring breath;
Then speechless clasp thee in mine arms,
The antidote of death

LET ME RISE. C. M. Peculiar.

Melody arranged by WM. D. LOGAN.
Parts by WM. WALKER.

Slow.

1. Now let me rise, Now let me rise, Now let me rise and join your song, And be an an - gel too;

1. Now let me rise, Now let me rise, Now let me rise and join your song, And be an an - gel too;

1. Now let me rise, Now let me rise, Now let me rise And join your song, And be an an - gel too;

My heart, my hand, my ear, my tongue, My heart, my hand, my ear, my tongue, Here 's joy - ful work for you.

My heart, my hand, my ear, my tongue, My heart, my hand, my ear, my tongue, Here 's joy - ful work for you.

My heart, my hand, my ear, my tongue, My heart, my hand, my ear, my tongue, Here 's joy - ful work for you.

PROMISED DAY. C. M.

L. M. RAYFORD.

1. Come, let us join our friends a-bove, That have obtain'd the prize; And on the ea - gle wings of love, To joys ce - les - tial rise.

2. Let all the saints ter - res - trial sing, With those to glo - ry gone; For all the ser - vants of our King, In earth and heav'n, are one.

3. One fam - i - ly, we dwell in Him, One church a - bove, beneath; Though now di - vid - ed by the stream—The nar - row stream of death.

CHORUS.

O bring the prom-is'd day! Fly swift - er round, ye wheels of time, And bring the prom-is'd day.

O bring the prom-is'd day! Fly swift - er round, ye wheels of time, And bring the prom-is'd day.

O bring the prom-is'd day! Fly swift - er round, ye wheels of time, And bring the prom-is'd day.

4 One army of the living God,
To his command we bow;
Part of his host have cross'd the flood,
And part are crossing now.

5 Ten thousand to their endless home,
This solemn moment fly;
And we are to the margin come—
And we expect to die.

6 His militant, embodied host,
With wishful looks we stand,
And long to see that happy coast,
And reach the heav'nly land.

7 Our old companions in distress,
We haste again to see;
And eager long for our release
And full felicity.

SOMETHING NEW C. M.

Alto by WM. WALKER.

1. Since man, by sin, has lost his God, He seeks cre - a - tion through, And vain - ly strives for sol - id bliss In try - ing something new, In try - ing some-thing new, And vain - ly strives for sol - id bliss, In try - ing something new.

2. The new, pos - sess'd, like fad - ing flow'rs, Soon los - es its gay hue; The bub - ble now no long - er stays, The soul wants something new, The soul wants some-thing new, The bub - ble now no long - er stays, The soul wants something new.

3. Now, could we call all Eu - rope ours, With In - dia and Pe - ru, The mind would feel an ach - ing void, And still want something new, And still want some-thing new, The mind would feel an ach - ing void, And still want something new.

PLENARY. C. M.

A. CLARK.
Or eight lines by omitting the slur and using the small notes.

1. When all thy mercies, O my God, My rising soul surveys, Transported with the view, I'm lost In wonder, love, and praise! Oh, how can words with

2. Thy prov-i-dence my life sustain'd, And all my wants redrest, While in the silent womb I lay, And hung upon the breast. To all my weak com-

3. Unnumber'd comforts on my soul Thy tender care bestow'd, Before my infant heart conceiv'd From whom those comforts flow'd. When in the slipp'ry

e-qual warmth The grati - tude de-clare That glows within my ravish'd heart? But thou canst read it there!

plaints and cries Thy mercy lent an ear, Ere yet my feeble thoughts had learn'd To form themselves in pray'r.

paths of youth With heedless steps I ran, Thine arm, unseen, convey'd me safe, And led me up to man.

4 Through hidden dangers, toils, and deaths,
It gently clear'd my way;
And through the pleasing snares of vice,—
More to be fear'd than they.
When worn with sickness, oft hast thou
With health renew'd my face;
And when in sins and sorrows sunk,
Revived my soul with grace.

5 Thy bounteous hand with worldly bliss
Has made my cup run o'er;
And in a kind and faithful friend
Hast doubled all my store.
Ten thousand thousand precious gifts
My daily thanks employ:
Nor is the least a cheerful heart,
That tastes those gifts with joy

THE TRUMPETERS. C. M. 8 lines.

Melody as sung by Rev. Mr. McCLOUD.
Parts by WILLIAM WALKER.

1. Hark! lis - ten to the trum-pet - ers! They sound for vol - un - teers!
On Zi - on's bright and flow' - ry mount Be - hold the of - fi - cers:
Their horses white, their garments bright, With crown and bow they stand.

2. It sets my heart all in a flame; A sol - dier I will be;
I will en - list, gird on my arms, And fight for lib - er - ty.
They want no cowards in their band, (They will their col-ors fly.)

En - list - ing sol - diers for their King, To march for Ca - naan's land.

But call for valiant - heart - ed men, Who're not a - fraid to die.

3 The armies now are in parade,
How martial they appear!
All arm'd and dress'd in uniform
They look like men of war:
They follow their great General,
The great Eternal Lamb,
His garments stain'd with his own blood,
King Jesus is his name.

4 The trumpet sounds, the armies shout,
And drive the hosts of hell;
How dreadful is our God in arms!
The great Immanuel!—
Sinners, enlist with Jesus Christ,
Th' eternal Son of God,
And march with us to Canaan's land,
Beyond the swelling flood.

DUNGENESS. C. M. 8 lines.

Arranged from MOZART.

1. While beauty clothes the fer - tile vale, And blos - soms on the spray, And fragrance breathes in ev' - ry gale, How sweet the ver - nal day!

Hark, how the feather'd warblers sing! 'Tis na - ture's cheerful voice; Soft mu - sic hails the love - ly spring, And woods and fields re - joice.

MIGHTY LOVE. C. M. 8 lines.

Words by G. W. TREADWAY. Music by WM. COLE.

In grand and sublime style.

1. What wondrous migh-ty work is this, Un-fold - ed by our Lord?
It gives our souls a taste of bliss To read his Ho - ly Word. } 'Twas born in Heav'n's im-mor - tal bow'rs, In God's high courts a-

2. We have re - ceiv'd by this bright theme A hope of last - ing life,
Be-yond the shore of death's dark stream, Beyond this world of strife. } 'Tis far be - yond the stars and sun, That bliss - ful heav'n a-

bove; It gives us strength in lone-ly hours, And is the work of love.

bove: There we can dwell when Time is done, By serv - ing God in love.

3 Thus from that realm of grace divine
Did Jesus come to die;
As God is love, let it combine
To aid us home on high.
O'er all our race may it prevail,
As it prevails above;
And they at death will not bewail,
For they have lived in love.

4 'Tis love unites God's Church on earth,
As it unites in heav'n;
Then may we live to own his worth,
And love the law he 's given.
Let ev'ry breast maintain its joy,
Till Jesus, from above,
Calls us where pain will ne'er annoy
Where all is peace and love.

Alto by WM. WALKER.

CHRISTIAN SOLDIER. C. M. 8 lines.

F. PRICE.

1. Am I a sol - dier of the cross, A fol - low'r of the Lamb?
And shall I fear to own his cause, Or blush to speak his name?
Must I be car - ried to the skies On

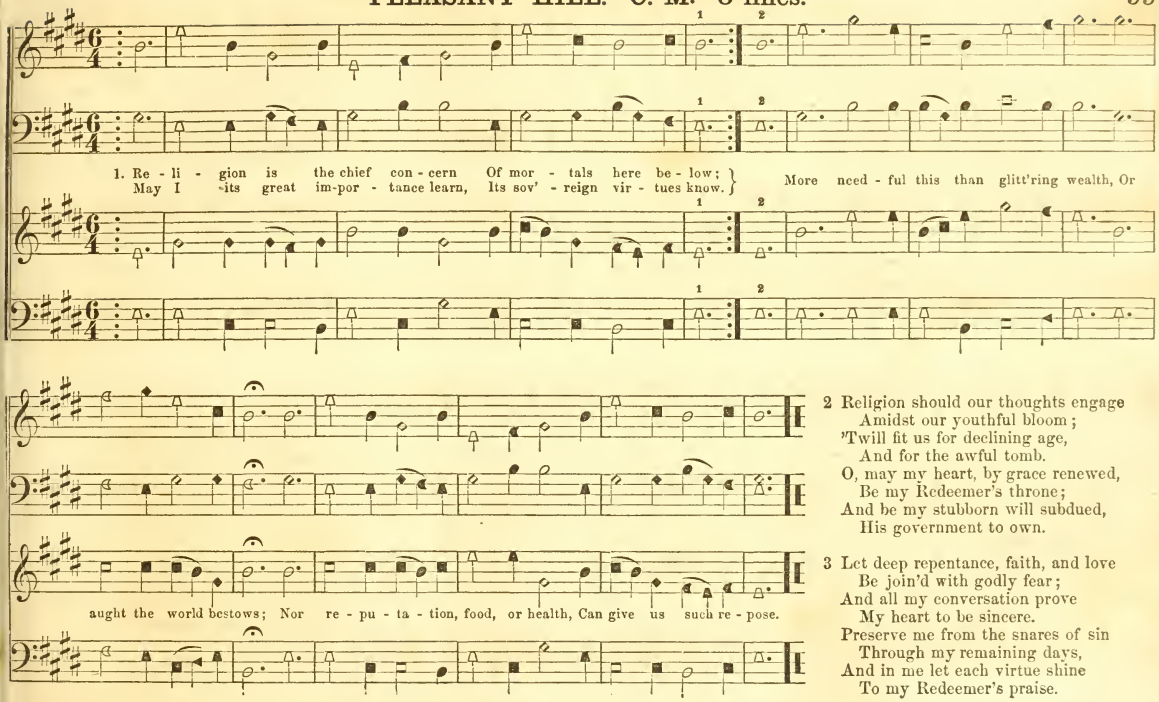
2. Are there no foes for me to face? Must I not stem the flood?
Is this vile world a friend to grace, To help me on to God?
Sure I must fight, if I would reign; In-

flow' - ry beds of ease, While oth - ers fought to win the prize, And sail'd thro' blood-y seas?

crease my courage, Lord; I'll bear the toil, en-dure the pain, Sup-port - ed by thy word.

3 Thy saints in all this glorious war
Shall conquer though they die;
They see the triumph from afar,
And seize it with their eye.
When that illustrious day shall rise,
And all thy armies shine
In rol-es of vict'ry through the skies,
The glory shall be thine.

PLEASANT HILL. C. M. 8 lines.



2 Religion should our thoughts engage
Amidst our youthful bloom;
'Twill fit us for declining age,
And for the awful tomb.
O, may my heart, by grace renewed,
Be my Redeemer's throne;
And be my stubborn will subdued,
His government to own.

3 Let deep repentance, faith, and love
Be join'd with godly fear;
And all my conversation prove
My heart to be sincere.
Preserve me from the snares of sin
Through my remaining days,
And in me let each virtue shine
To my Redeemer's praise.

TENNESSEE. C. M. 8 lines.

1. Af - flic - tions, tho' they seem se - vere, Are oft in mer - cy sent;
They stopp'd the prod - i - gal's ca - reer, And caus'd him to re - pent.
Al - though he no re - lent - ing felt, Till he had

2. "What have I gain'd by sin," he said, "But hun - ger, shame, and fear?
My fa - ther's house a-bounds with bread, Whilst I am starv - ing here:
I'll go and tell him all I've done, Fall down be -

spent his store, His stub - born heart be-gan to melt When fam - ine pinch'd him sore.

fore his face: Un - wor - thy to be call'd his son, I'll ask a ser - vant's place."

3 He saw his son returning back,
He look'd, he ran, he smiled,
And threw his arms around the neck
Of his rebellious child.
"Father, I've sinn'd, but O forgive!"
And thus the father said:
"Rejoice, my house! my son's alive,
For whom I mourn'd as dead.

4 "Now let the fatted calf be slain;
Go spread the news around:
My son was dead, but lives again,
Was lost, but now is found."
'Tis thus the Lord himself reveals,
To call poor sinners home;
More than the father's love he feels,
And bids the sinner come.

With earnest expression.

1. I sing a song which doth be - long to all the hu - man race,
Con - cern - ing death, which steals the breath, and blasts the come - ly face;
Come lis - ten all un - to my call, which I do make to-

day, ... For you must die as well as I, And pass from hence a - way.

2 No human power can stop the hour wherein a mortal dies;
A Cæsar may be great to-day, yet death will close his eyes:
Though some do strive and do arrive to riches and renown,
Enjoying health and swim in wealth, yet death will bring them down.

3 Though beauty grace your comely face, with roses white and red,
A dying fall will spoil it all, for Absalom is dead:
Though you acquire the best attire, appearing fine and fair,
Yet death will come into the room, and strip you naked there.

4 The princes high and beggars die, and mingle with the dust,
The rich, the brave, the negro slave, the wicked and the just:
Therefore prepare to meet thy God, before it be too late,
Or else you'll weep, lament and cry, lost in a ruin'd state

MISSIONARY'S ADIEU. C. M. 8 lines.

Slow and smooth.

1. My dear - est, love - ly, na - tive land, Where peace and plea - sure grow,
Where joy, with fair - est, soft - est hand, Wipes off the tear of woe;
Thy Sab - bath's laws, and hap - py shores,
And names I love them well, And look - ing o'er those rich - est stores, How can I say fare-well?

2 Kindred, and friends, and native land,
How shall we say, "Farewell"?
How,—when our swelling souls expand,—
How will our bosoms swell!
Yes, nature, all thy soft delights
And tender ties we know;
But love more strong than death unites
To Him that bids us go.

3 Thus when, our ev'ry passion moved,
The gushing tear-drop starts,
The cause of Jesus, more beloved,
Shall glow within our hearts.
The sighs we breathe for precious souls,
Where he is yet unknown,
Might waft us to the distant poles,
Or to the burning zone.

DERRICK. C. M. 8 lines.

1. Hark! the glad sound, the Sa - viour comes, The Sa - viour prom - is'd long! } On him the Spir - it large - ly pour'd, Ex - erts his sa - cred fire;
Let ev' - ry heart pre-pare a throne, And ev' - ry voice a song. }

Wis - dom and might, and zeal and love, His ho - ly breast in - spire.

2 He comes, the pris'ners to release,
In Satan's bondage held;
The gates of brass before him burst,
The iron fetters yield.
He comes, from thickest films of vice
To clear the mental ray,
And on the eyes oppress'd with night
To pour celestial day.

3 He comes, the broken heart to bind,
The bleeding soul to cure,
And with the treasures of his grace
T' enrich the humble poor.
Our glad hosannas, Prince of peace,
Thy welcome shall proclaim,
And heav'n's eternal arches ring
With thy beloved name.

EVERLASTING SONG (or Communion.) C. M. 8 lines.

J. ROBERTSON.

1. Earth has en - gross'd my love too long, 'Tis time I lift mine eyes Up-ward, dear Fa - ther, to thy throne, And to my na - tive skies. } There the blest man, my Sa - viour, sits; The God! how

2. Seraphs, with el - e - vat - ed strains, Cir - cle the throne a - round; And move and charm the star - ry plains With an im - mor - tal sound. } Je - sus, the Lord, their harps em - ploys: Je - sus, my

bright he shines!..... And scatters in - fi - nite de - lights On all the hap-py minds.

love, they sing!..... Je - sus, the life of both our joys, Sounds sweet from ev' - ry string.

3 Hark! how beyond the narrow bounds
Of time and space they run,
And echo in majestic sounds
The Godhead of the Son!
And now they sink the lofty tune,
And gentler notes they play;
And bring the Father's Equal down
To dwell in humble clay.

4 O sacred beauties of the man!
(The God resides within:)
His flesh all pure, without a stain,
His soul without a sin.
But when to Calvary they turn,
Silent their harps abide:
Suspended songs, a moment, mourn
The God that loved and died.

TENDER CARE. C. M. 8 lines.

1. When all thy mer - cies, O my God, My ris - ing soul sur - veys,
Trans - port-ed with the view, I'm lost In won - der, love, and praise!
D. C. That glows with - in my ravish'd heart? But thou canst read it there.

O how can words with e-qual warmth The grat-i-tude de-clare

D. C.

RESIGNATION. C. M. 8 lines.

1. My Shepherd will supply my need; Je - ho - vah is his name;
In pastures fresh he makes me feed, Be - side the liv - ing stream.
D. C. And leads me, for his mer - cy's sake, In paths of truth and grace.

He brings my wand'ring spir - it back When I for - sake his ways,

D. C.

SWEET RIVERS. C. M. 8 lines.

MOORE.

1. Sweet riv - ers of re - decm - ing love Lie just be - fore mine eyes;
Had I the pin - ions of a dove, I'd to those riv - ers rise: } I'd rise su - pe - rior to my pain, With joy out-

2. While I'm im pris - on'd here be - low, In an - guish, pain, and smart,
Oft-times my trou-bles I fore - go, While love sur - rounds my heart: } In dark - est shad - ows of the night, Faith mounts the

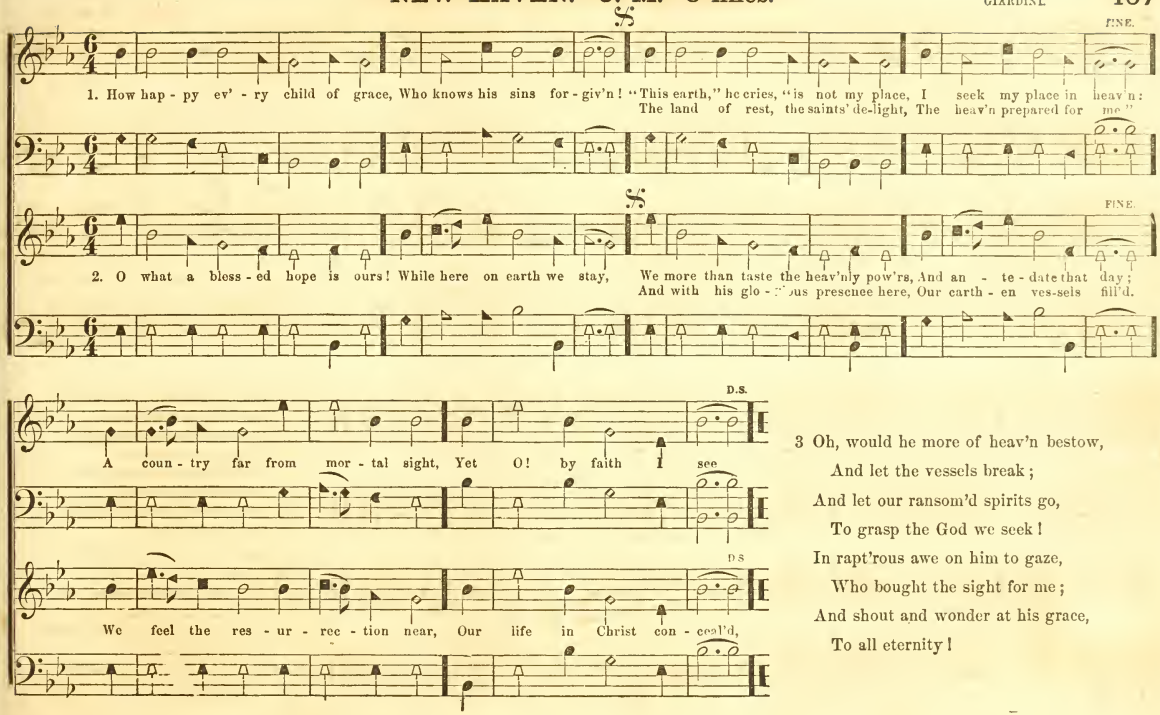
strip the wind, And cross bold Jor - dan's storm-y main, And leave the world be - hind.....

up - per sky; I then be-hold my heart's de - light, And could re - joice to die.....

3 I view the monster, Death, and smile,
For he has lost his sting;
And Satan trembles all the while,
Triumphant I can sing:
I hold my Saviour in my arms,
And will not let him go;
I'm so delighted with his charms,
No other good I know.

4 A few more days, or years, at most,
My troubles will be o'er,
And I shall join the heav'nly host
On Canaan's peaceful shore:
My happy soul shall drink and feast
On love's unbounded sea:
The glorious hope of endless rest
Is pleasing news to me.

NEW HAVEN. C. M. 8 lines.



3 Oh, would he more of heav'n bestow,
And let the vessels break;
And let our ransom'd spirits go,
To grasp the God we seek!
In rapt'rous awe on him to gaze,
Who bought the sight for me;
And shout and wonder at his grace,
To all eternity!

REDEEMING LOVE. C. M. 8 lines.

Original parts by
WM. CALDWELL, of Tennessee, 1835.

1. Sweet riv ers of re - deem - ing love Lie just be - fore mine eyes;
Had I the pin - ions of a dove, I'd to those riv - ers rise: } I'd rise su - pe - rior to my pain, With

2. While I'm im - pris-on'd here be - low, In an - guish, pain, and smart,
Oft - times my trou-bles I fore - go, While love sur - rounds my heart: } In dark - est shad - ows of the night, Faith

joy out - strip the wind, And cross bold Jordan's storm - y main, And leave the world be - hind.

mounts the up - per sky; I then be - hold my heart's de - light, And could re - joice to die.

3 I view the monster, Death, and smile,
For he has lost his sting;
And Satan trembles all the while,
Triumphant I can sing:
I hold my Saviour in my arms,
And will not let him go;
I'm so delighted with his charms,
No other good I know.

4 A few more days, or years, at most,
My troubles will be o'er,
And I shall join the heav'nly host
On Canaan's peaceful shore:
My happy soul shall drink and feast
On love's unbounded sea:
The glorious hope of endless rest
Is pleasing news to me.

SHENLEY. C. M. 8 lines.

Strong and joyful.

1. Oh 'twas a joy - ful sound to hear Our tribes de - vout - ly say,
"Up, Is - rael, to the tem - ple haste, And keep your fes - tal day!" } At Sa - lem's courts we must ap - pear,

With our as - sem - bled pow'rs, In strong and beauteous order ranged, Like her u - nit - ed tow'rs.

2 Oh pray we then for Salem's peace,
For they shall prosp'rous be,
Thou holy city of our God,
Who bear true love to thee.
May peace within thy sacred walls,
A constant guest be found;
With plenty and prosperity
Thy palaces be crown'd.

VOLUNTEERS. C. M. 8 lines.

WM. BRADSHAW.

Bold and animated.

1. Hark! lis - ten to the trum - pet-ers! They sound for vol - un - teers!
On Zi - on's bright and flow' - ry mount Be - hold the of - fi - cers—
Their horses white, their gar-ments bright With crown and bow they

stand, En - list - ing sol - diers for their King, To march for Canaan's land.

2 It sets my heart all in a flame;
A soldier I will be;
I will enlist, gird on my arms,
And fight for liberty.
They want no cowards in their band,
(They will their colors fly,)
But call for valiant-hearted men,
Who're not afraid to die.

3 The armies now are in parade,
How martial they appear!
All arm'd and dress'd in uniform,
They look like men of war:
They follow their great General,
The great Eternal Lamb,
His garments stain'd with his own blood,
King Jesus is his name.

1. Dear friends, fare-well, I do you tell, Since you and I must part;
I go a - way, and here you stay, But still we're join'd in heart.
Your love to me has been most free.

2. Yet do I find my heart in - clin'd To do my work be - low:
When Christ doth call, I trust I shall Be rea - dy then to go.
I leave you all, both great and small,

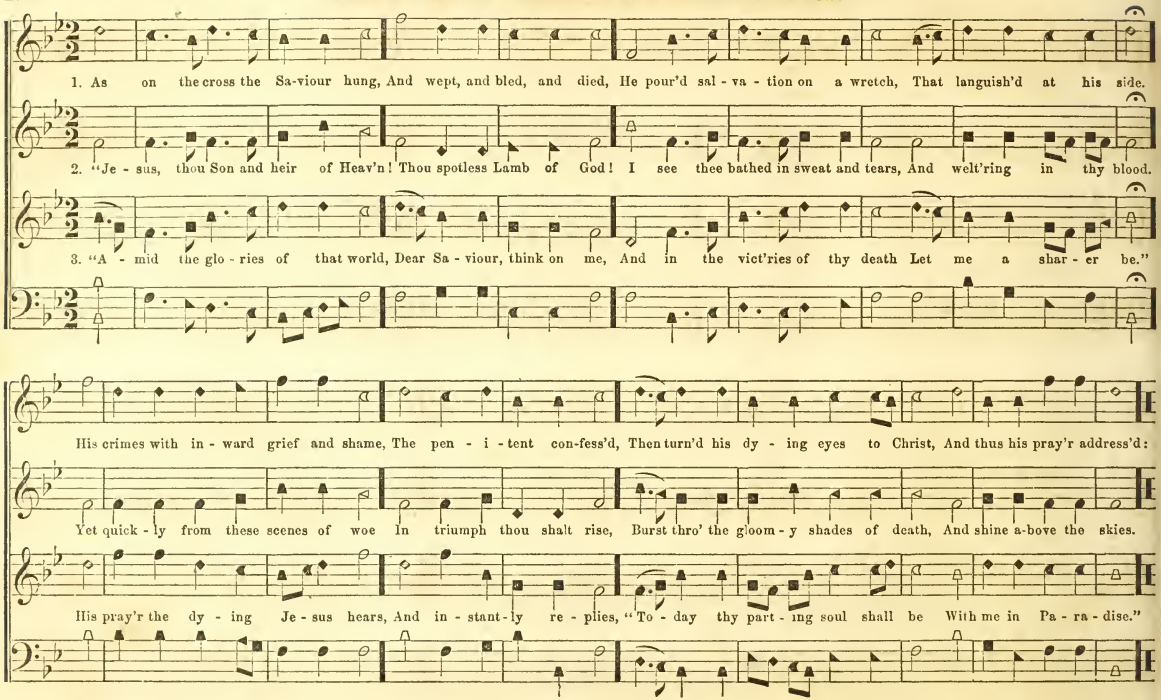
Your con-ver - sa - tion sweet; How can I bear to journey where With you I can-not meet.

In Christ's encircling arms, Who can you save from the cold grave, And shield you from all harm.

3 I trust you'll pray, both night and day,
And keep your garments white,
For you and me, that we may be
The children of the light.
If you die first, anon you must,
The will of God be done;
I hope the Lord will you reward,
With an immortal crown.

4 If I'm call'd home whilst I am gone,
Indulge no tears for me;
I hope to sing and praise my King,
To all eternity.
Millions of years over the spheres
Shall pass in sweet repose,
While beauty bright unto my sight
Thy sacred sweets disclose

THE DYING PENITENT. C. M. 8 lines.



THE CONVERTED THIEF. C. M. 8 lines.

Slow, humble, and tender.

1. As on the cross the Sa - viour hung, And wept, and bled, and died, He poured sal - va - tion on a wretch, That languish'd at his side.

2. "Je-sus, thou Son and heir of Heav'n! Thou spot-less Lamb of God! I see thee bathed in sweat and tears, And welt'ring in thy blood.

3. "A-mid the glo - ries of that world, Dear Sa - viour, think on me, And in the vict'ries of thy death Let me a shar - er be."

His crimes with in - ward grief and shame, The pen - i - tent con-fess'd, Then turn'd his dy - ing eyes to Christ, And thus his pray'r address'd:

Yet quick - ly from these scenes of woe In triumph thou shalt rise, Burst thro' the gloom - y shades of death, And shine a - bove the skies.

His pray'r the dy - ing Je - sus hears, And in - stant - ly re - plies, "To-day thy part - ing soul shall be With me in Pa - ra - dise."

THAT GLORIOUS DAY. C. M. 8 lines.

WM. WALKER, 1830.*

Animated and firm.

1. That glo - rious day is draw-ing nigh, When Zi - on's light shall come;
She shall a - rise and shine on high, Bright as the ris - ing sun:
The north and south their sons re - sign, And earth's foun-

2. The King who wears that glorious crown, The a - zure flam - ing bow,
The ho - ly ci - ty shall bring down, To bless the church be - low:
When Zi - on's bleed - ing, conqu'ring King Shall sin and

da-tions bend,..... When, like a bride, Je - ru - sa - lem All glo-rious shall de - scend.

death de - stroy,..... The morn-ing stars will t'gether sing, And Zi - on shout for joy.

3 This holy, bright, musician band,
Who hold the harps of God,
On Zion's holy mountain stand,
In garments tinged with blood;
Descending, with most melting strains,
Jehovah they'll adore;
Such shouts thro' earth's extensive plains
Were never heard before.

4 Let Satan rage, and boast no more,
Nor think his reign is long;
Though saints are feeble, weak, and poor
Their great Redeemer 's strong;
He is their shield and hiding-place,
A covert from the wind;
A stream of life from Christ, the rock,
Runs through this weary land.

* The melody as I learned it from my dear mother when I was only five years old. — W. W.

MILLENNIUM. C. M. 8 lines.

1. That glorious day is draw-ing nigh, When Zi - on's light shall come;
She shall a - rise and shine on high, Bright as the ris - ing sun: } The north and south their sons re - sign, And earth's foun-da-tions bend,

2. The King who wears that glorious crown, The a - zure flam-ing bow,
The ho - ly ci - ty shall bring down, To bless the church be - low: } When Zi - on's bleeding, conqu'ring King Shall sin and death de-stroy,

When, like a bride, Je - ru - sa - lem All glo - rious shall de - scend.

The morn-ing stars will t'geth - er sing, And Zi - on shout for joy.

3 This holy, bright, musician band,
Who hold the harps of God,
On Zion's holy mountain stand,
In garments tinged with blood;
Descending, with most melting strains,
Jehovah they'll adore;
Such shouts thro' earth's extensive plains
Were never heard before.

4 Let Satan rage, and boast no more,
Nor think his reign is long;
Though saints are feeble, weak, and poor,
Their great Redeemer 's strong;
He is their shield and hiding-place,
A covert from the wind;
A stream of life from Christ, the rock,
Runs through this weary land.

THE FINEST FLOWER. C. M. 8 lines.

DAVID WALKER.

1. The fin - est flow'r that e'er was known, O - pen'd on Cal - v'ry's tree,
When Christ the Lord was pierced and torn, For love of worthless me. } Its deep - est hue, its rich-est smell, no mor - tal

sense can bear; Nor can the tongue of an - gels tell How bright its col - ors are.

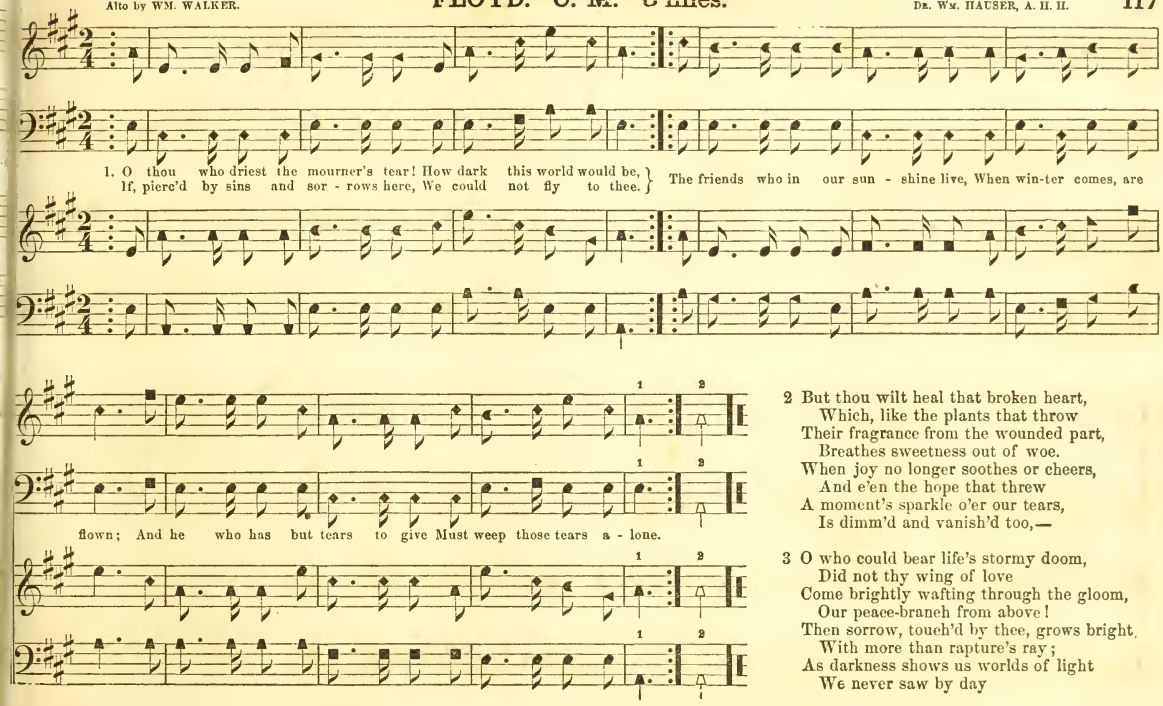
2 Earth could not hold so rich a flow'r,
Nor half its beauties show;
Nor could the world and Satan's pow'r
Confine it here below.
On Canaan's banks supremely fair,
This flower of wonder blooms,
Transplanted to its native air,
And all the shores perfumes.

3 But not to Canaan's shores confined,
The seeds which from it blow
Take root within the human mind,
And scent the church below.
Love is the sweetest bud that blows,
Its beauty never dies;
On earth among the saints it grows,
And ripens in the skies

Alto by WM. WALKER.

FLOYD. C. M. 8 lines.

DR. WM. HAUSER, A. H. H.



2 But thou wilt heal that broken heart,
Which, like the plants that throw
Their fragrance from the wounded part,
Breathes sweetness out of woe.
When joy no longer soothes or cheers,
And e'en the hope that threw
A moment's sparkle o'er our tears,
Is dimm'd and vanish'd too,—

3 O who could bear life's stormy doom,
Did not thy wing of love
Come brightly wafting through the gloom,
Our peace-branch from above!
Then sorrow, touch'd by thee, grows bright,
With more than rapture's ray;
As darkness shows us worlds of light
We never saw by day

CAMPBELL. C. M. 8 lines

DR. WM. HAUSER, A. H. H.

Not too fast.

1. Lift up your hearts to things a - bove, Ye follow'rs of the Lamb,
And join with us to praise his love, And glo - ri - fy his name.
To Je - sus' name give thanks and sing, Whose mercies nev - er

end; Re-joice! re - joice! the Lord is King; The King is now our friend.

2 We for his sake count all things loss,
On earthly good look down;
And joyfully sustain the cross,
Till we receive the crown.
O let us stir each other up,
Our faith by works t' approve,
By holy purifying hope,
And the sweet task of love

3 Let all who for the promise wait,
The Holy Ghost receive,
And, raised to our unsinning state,
With God in Eden live.
Live, till the Lord in glory come,
And wait his heav'n to share;
He now is fitting up your home;
Go on, we'll meet you there!

* WEARY SOULS. C. M. 8 lines.

1. Ye wea - ry, heav - y - la - den souls, Who are op - press - ed sore;
Ye trav'l - lers through this wil - der - ness, To Ca - naan's peace - ful shore;
Through chilling winds and beat - ing rains, An l
wa - ters deep and cold, And en - e - mies sur-round-ing you,— Take cour - age and be bold.

2 Though storms and hurricanes arise,
The desert all around,
And fiery serpents oft appear
In this enchanted ground;
Dark nights and clouds, and gloomy fears
And dragons often roar;
Yet, in the great Redeemer's strength,
We'll press to Canaan's shore.

3 We're often like the lonesome dove,
That mourns her absent mate;
From hill to hill, from grove to grove,
Her woes she doth relate;
But Canaan just before us lies,
Sweet spring is coming on;
A few more beating winds and rains,
And winter will be gone.

* This tune, *Lonesome Dove* and *Redeeming Love*, seem to have sprung from the same theme; but I have no doubt that the latter, by William Caldwell, of Tennessee, is the original tune.—W. W

THE LONESOME DOVE. C. M. 8 lines.

3. We're oft - en like the lone - some dove, That mourns her ab - sent mate;
From hill to hill, from grove to grove, Her woes she doth re - late;
But Ca - naan just be - fore us lies, Sweet

spring is coming on; A few more beat - ing winds and rains, And win - ter will be gone.

1 Ye weary, heavy-laden souls,
Who are oppressed sore;
Ye trav'llers through this wilderness,
To Canaan's peaceful shore;
Through chilling winds and beating rains,
And waters deep and cold,
And enemies surrounding you,—
Take courage and be bold.

2 Though storms and hurricanes arise,
The desert all around,
And fiery serpents oft appear
In this enchanted ground;
Dark nights and clouds, and gloomy fears,
And dragons often roar;
Yet, in the great Redeemer's strength,
We'll press to Canaan's shore.

PROSPERITY. C. M. 8 lines.

Rev. E. Sosebee.

1. Oh for a breeze of heav'n-ly love, To waft my soul a - way
To that ce - les - tial world a - bove, Where pleas-ures ne'er de-cay.
D. C. To steer thro' life's tem-pest - uous seas, Where storm-y winds do blow.

E - ter - nal Spir - it, deign to be My pi - lot here be-low,

D. C.

GREENSBOROUGH. C. M.

Col. JOHN MERCER.

1. There is a land of pure delight, Where saints immortal reign; In - finite day excludes the night, And pleasures banish pain, And pleasures banish pain.

2. There everlasting spring abides, And never-with'ring flow'rs; Death, like a narrow sea, divides This heav'nly land from ours, This heav'nly land from ours.

* THE DYING BOY. C. M. 8 lines.

H. S. REES.

Soft, gentle, and calm.

1. I'm dy - ing, moth - er, dy - ing now, Please raise my ach - ing head,
And fan my heat - ed, burn-ing brow, Your boy will soon be dead.
Turn o'er my pil - low once a - gain, And kiss my fever'd cheek,

3. Now light the lamps, my moth-er dear, The sun has passed a - way;
I soon must go, but do not fear, I'll live in end - less day.
A band of an - gels beckon me,..... I can no long-er stay;

I'll soon be freed from all the pain, For now I am so weak.

Hark! how they sing, "We wel - come thee, Dear broth - er, haste a - way!"

5 Their flowing robes in brightness shine,
A crown is on each head;
Say, mother, will not such be mine
When I am with the dead?

6 I'm sinking fast, my mother dear,
I can no longer dwell;
Yet I'll be with you — do not fear,—
But now, oh now, farewell!

7 Yet do not weep, sweet mother, now,
'T would break this body's spell;
Those burning tears fall on my brow;
Farewell, O fare thee well!

* First published in the "Organ," Hamilton, Ga.

Alto by WM. HAUSER, M. D.

RAPTUROUS SCENE. C. M. 8 lines.

M. F. BRYAN,
of Alexander County, N. C.

1. Wrapt in the si - lence of the night, Lay all the east-ern world,
When, burst-ing glo - rious heav'nly light, The wondrous scene un - furl'd.
Hark, how che - ru - bic ar - mies shout, And glo - ry leads the
song! Good - will and peace are heard throughout Th' har-mo-nious heav'n - ly throng.

1 With songs and honors sounding loud,
Address the Lord on high;
O'er all the heav'ns he spreads his cloud,
And waters veil the sky.
He sends his showers of blessings down,
To cheer the plains below;
He makes the grass the mountains crown,
And corn in valleys grow.

2 His steady counsels change the face
Of each declining year;
He bids the sun cut short his race,
And wintry days appear.
On us his providence has shone
With gentle, smiling rays;
O, may our lips and lives make known
His goodness and his praise.

PILGRIM'S TRIUMPH. C. M. 8 lines.

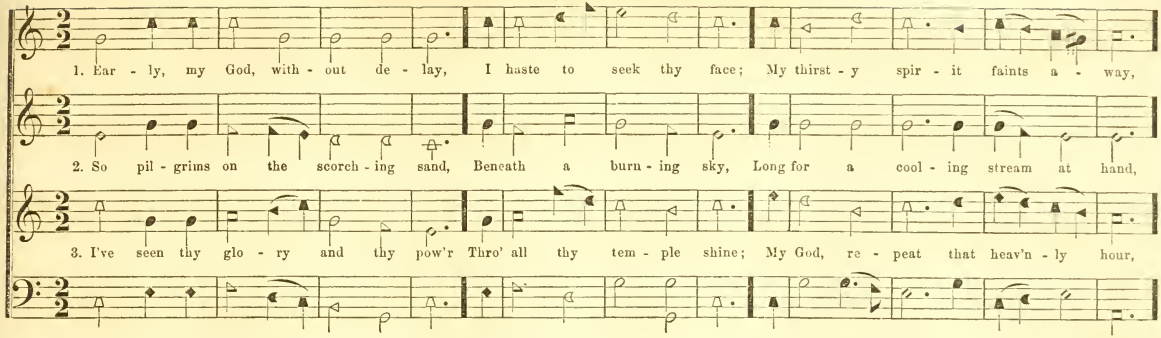
Arranged by WM. HAUSER.

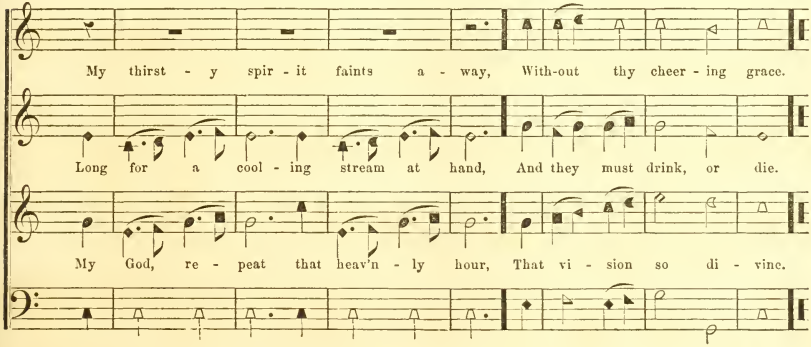
1. To see a pil - grim as he dies, With glo - ry in his view;
To heav'n he lifts his long - ing eyes, And bids the world a - dieu:
While friends are weep - ing all a - round,

2. O Christians, are you read - y now, To cross the roll - ing flood;
On Ca-naan's hap - py shore to stand, And see your smil - ing God?
The dazzling charms of that bright world,

And loath to let him go:..... He shouts with his ex - pir - ing breath, And leaves them all be - low.

At - tract my soul a - bove;— My tongue shall shout re - deem - ing grace, When per - fect - ed in love.





4 Not all the blessings of a feast
Can please my soul so well,
As when thy richer grace I taste,
And in thy presence dwell.

5 Not life itself, with all its joys,
Can my best passions move,
Or raise so high my cheerful voice,
As thy forgiving love.

6 Thus, till my last expiring day
I'll bless my God and King;
Thus will I lift my hands to pray
And tune my lips and sing.

MUSICAL SOCIETY. C. M. 8 lines.

Lively.

1. Well met my lov - ing friends of art, In con - cert let us sing; Each bear with me his vo - cal part, And tune - ful voi - ces ring.

2. Let all who on the ten - or sound In strains me - lo - dious-ly, While gra - ver notes the bass do ground, To make swect har - mo - ny.

3. With-in the tem - ple, Sol - o - mon, Where mu - sic rose so high; And voi - ces had to join as one Two hundred eigh - ty eight.

4. Re - mem - ber ho - ly Da - vid well In mu - sic's art was vers'd, His voice and harp could spir - its quell, For Saul he dis-pos-sess'd.

Each join with me his well-tuned harp, In con - cert sweet - ly so; We'll set our key on flat or sharp, And sing sole, law, see, doe.

While sweet-er notes the tre - ble swells In chords that sweet - ly play; And al - to too, all parts com-plete, We'll sing sole, law, sole, doe.

Then may we al - so take de-light In mu - sic's art al-way; And we'll u - nite, both day and night, To sing sole, doe, rae, me.

Each join with me his well-tuned harp, In con - cert sweet - ly so; We'll set our key on flat or sharp, And sing sole, me, rae, doe

☞ In singing this tune by line, the singers on the parts will sing the last three notes as they stand, taking the highest notes in each part respectively, except the bass, which takes the lowest.

SINGING SCHOOL. C. M. 5,7,5,7,7,6,12

J. H. MOSS, 1855.

Cheerful.

1. O tell me, young friends, While the morning fair and cold,
O where, tell me where Shall I find your sing-ing-school.
You'll find it in a large church, A - mid the sha - dy grove,
You'll find half a hun - dred A - sing - ing faw, rae, doc.

2 O, yes, I have found them;
How glad I am to see
So many young people
A-singing with such glee.
And while they sing so sweetly,
O, yes, I think I see,
Some hearts are a-swelling,
O Lord, with praise to thee.

3 O may these young people
All meet in heav'n above,
To join with the angels,
To praise the God of love.
O God, we humbly pray thee,
We all may faithful prove,
And all meet in heaven
To praise thee, God of love.

NINETY-FIFTH. C. M.

COLTON.

1. When I can read my ti - tle clear To man-sions in the skies, I bid fare - well to

1. When I can read my ti - tle clear To man-sions in the skies, I

* I bid fare - well, I'll bid fare - well to

1. When I can read my ti - tle clear To man-sions in the skies, I bid fare - well to ev' - ry fear, I bid fare - well to

ev' - ry fear, And wipe my weep - ing eyes.....

bid fare - well to ev' - ry fear, And wipe my weep - ing eyes.....

ev' - ry fear, And wipe my weep - ing eyes.....

2 Should earth against my soul engage,
And fiery darts be hurl'd,
Then I can smile at Satan's rage,
And face a frowning world.

3 Let cares like a wild deluge come,
Let storms of sorrow fall,
So I but safely reach my home,
My God, my heav'n, my all.

4 There I shall bathe my weary soul
In seas of heav'nly rest,
And not a wave of trouble roll
Across my peaceful breast

* When using the small notes, sing the third line of each stanza twice in all the parts.

1. All hail the pow'r of Je - sus' name! Let an - gels pros - trate fall; Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And crown him

2. Crown him, ye mar - tyrs of our God, Who from his al - tar call; Ex - tol the stem of Jes - se's rod, And crown him

3. Ye chos - en seed of Is - rael's race, Ye ransom'd from the fall— Hail him who saves you by his grace, And crown him

Lord of all, Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And crown him Lord of all.

Lord of all, Ex - tol the stem of Jes - se's rod, And crown him Lord of all.

Lord of all, Hail him who saves you by his grace, And crown him Lord of all.

4 Ye Gentile sinners, ne'er forget
The wormwood and the gall;
Go spread your trophies at his feet,
And crown him Lord of all,
Go spread your trophies at his feet,
And crown him Lord of all.

5 Let ev'ry kindred, ev'ry tribe
On this terrestrial ball,
To him all majesty ascribe,
And crown him Lord of all,
To him all majesty ascribe,
And crown him Lord of all.

6 Oh that with yonder sacred throng
We at his feet may fall;
We'll join the everlasting song,
And crown him Lord of all,
We'll join the everlasting song,
And crown him Lord of all.

BROOMSGROVE. C M.

1. Oh ren - der thanks, and bless the Lord, In - voke his sa - cred name; Acquaint the na - tions with his deeds,

2. Sing to his praise in lof - ty hymns, His won - drous works rehearse; Make them the theme of your dis - course,

3. Re - joice in his al - migh - ty name, A - lone to be a-dor'd; And let their hearts o'er - flow with joy,

His match - less deeds pro - claim, His match - less deeds pro - claim.

And sub - ject of your verse, And sub - ject of your verse.

That hum - bly seek the Lord, That hum - bly seek the Lord.

4 Seek ye the Lord, his saving strength
Devoutly still implore;
And where he's ever present, seek
His face for evermore,
His face for evermore.

5 The wonders that his hands have wrought,
Keep thankfully in mind;
The righteous statutes of his mouth,
And laws to us assign'd,
And laws to us assign'd.

REVELATION. C. M.

Slow and solemn.

1. Hear what the voice from heav'n pro - claims For all the pi - ous dead, For all the pi - ous dead: Sweet is the Sav - iour

2. They die in Je - sus, and are bless'd; How kind their slum - bers are! How kind their slum - bers are! From suff'rings and from

3. "Far from this world of toil and strife, They're pres-ent with the Lord, They're pres-ent with the Lord; The la - bors of their

of their names, And soft their sleep - ing bed, And soft, and soft, And soft their sleep - ing bed.

sins re - leased, And freed from ev' - ry snare, And freed, and freed, And freed from ev' - ry snare.

mor - tal life End in a large re - ward, End in, end in, End in a large re - ward."

DAMASCUS. C. M.

THAD. SHOEL.

1. The coun - sels of re - deem - ing grace The sa - cred leaves un - fold: And here the Sav - iour's love - ly

2. Here light, de - scend - ing from a - bove, Di - rects our doubt-ful fect; Here prom - is - es of heav'n - ly

face Our rap - tur'd eyes be - hold.

love Our ar - dent wish - es meet, Our ar - dent wish - es meet.

3 Our num'rous griefs are here redress'd,
And all our wants supplied:
Naught we can ask to make us bless'd
Is in this book denied.

4 For these inestimable gains,
That so enrich the mind,
Oh may we search with eager pains,
Assur'd that we shall find!

1. Je - sus, I love thy charm - ing name, 'Tis mu - sic to my ear; Fain would I sound it 'Tis mu - sic to my ear.

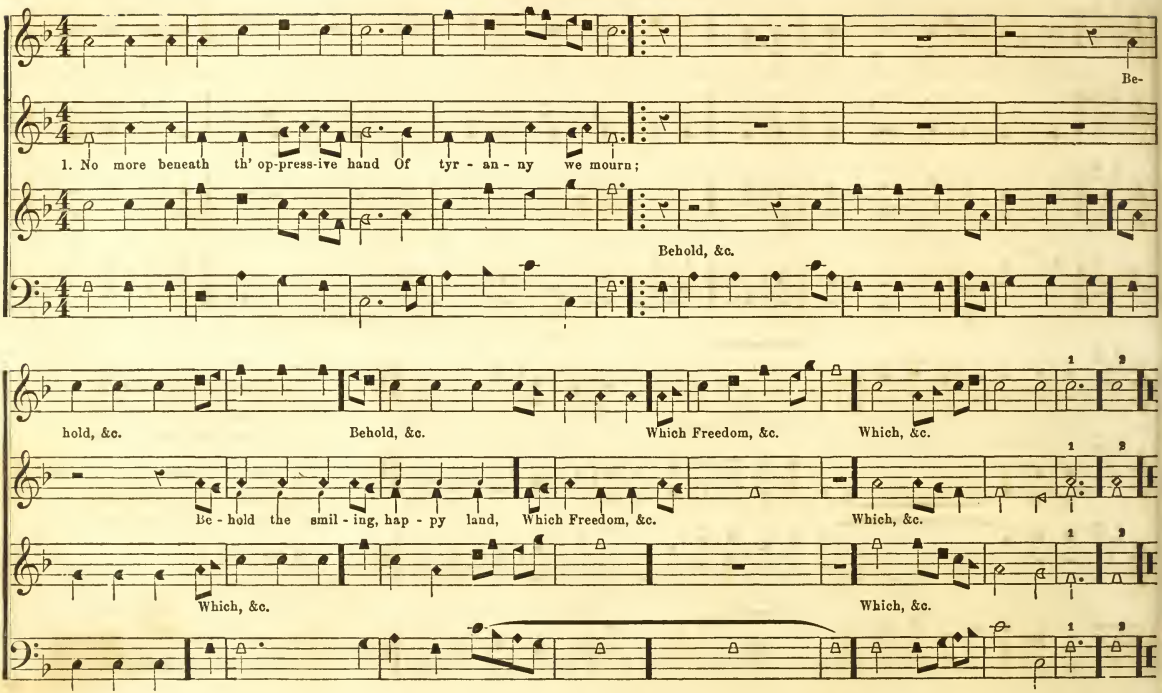
2. Yes, thou art pre - cious to my soul, My trans - port and my trust: My transport and my trust: Jew-els, to thee, are out so loud That earth and heav'n might hear, ... That earth and heav'n might hear. gau - dy toys, ... And gold is sor - did dust, And gold is sor - did dust.

3 All my capacious pow'rs can wish
In thee doth richly meet;
Nor to my eyes is light so dear,
Nor friendship half so sweet.

4 Thy grace shall dwell upon my heart,
And shed its fragrance there,—
The noblest balm of all its wounds,
The cordial of its care.

5 I'll speak the honors of thy name
With my last, lab'ring breath,
And, dying, clasp thee in my arms,
The antidote of death.

LIBERTY. C. M.


Be-
1. No more beneath th' op-press-ive hand Of tyr - an - ny we mourn;
Behold, &c.
hold, &c.
Behold, &c.
Which Freedom, &c.
Which, &c.
Be - hold the smil - ing, hap - py land, Which Freedom, &c.
Which, &c.
Which, &c.
Which, &c.

RAYMOND. C. M.

1. My soul, come, me - di - tate the day, And think how near it stands, When thou must quit this house of clay, And

My soul, come, me - di - tate the day, And think how near it stands, When thou must quit this

My soul, come, me - di - tate the day, And think how near it stands, When thou must quit this house of clay, And fly to

When thou must quit this house of clay, And fly to unknown la -

fly to unknown lands,..... And fly to unknown lands. When thou must quit this house of clay, And fly to unknown lands.

house of clay, And fly to unknown lands, And fly to unknown lands. When thou must quit this house of clay, And fly to unknown lands.

unknown lands, And fly, &c. When thou must quit this house of clay, And fly to unknown lands.

- - nds, And fly to unknown lands.....

SHERBURNE. C. M.

REED.

This is one of the best specimens of the old style Fuged Tunes.

Grand and firm.

The angel of the Lord came down, And

1. While shepherds watch'd their flocks by night, All seated on the ground, The an - gel of the Lord came down, And glo - ry

The an - gel of the Lord came down, And glo - - - ry shone around, And

The an-gel of the Lord came down, And glo - - - - ry shone around, And

glo - - - ry shone around, And glo - - ry shone around, The angel of the Lord came down, And glory shone around.

shone around, And glo - - - - - - - ry shone around, The an - gel of the Lord came down, And glory shone around.

glo - - - ry shone around, The an - gel of the Lord came down, And glo - ry shone around, And glory shone around.

glo - - - - - ry shone around.

ANTIOCH. C. M.

By permission. Arranged from HANDEL.

Very brisk.

1. Joy to the world, the Lord is come! Let earth re - ceive her King! Let ev' - ry heart pre-pare him room, And

And heav'n and nature sing,..... And heav'n and na-ture sing.

heav'n and na-ture sing, And heav'n and nature sing, And heav'n, And heav'n and na-ture sing.

heav'n and na-ture sing, And heav'n and nature sing, And heav'n, And heav'n and na-ture sing.

And heav'n and nature sing, And heav'n and nature sing, And heav'n and na-ture sing.

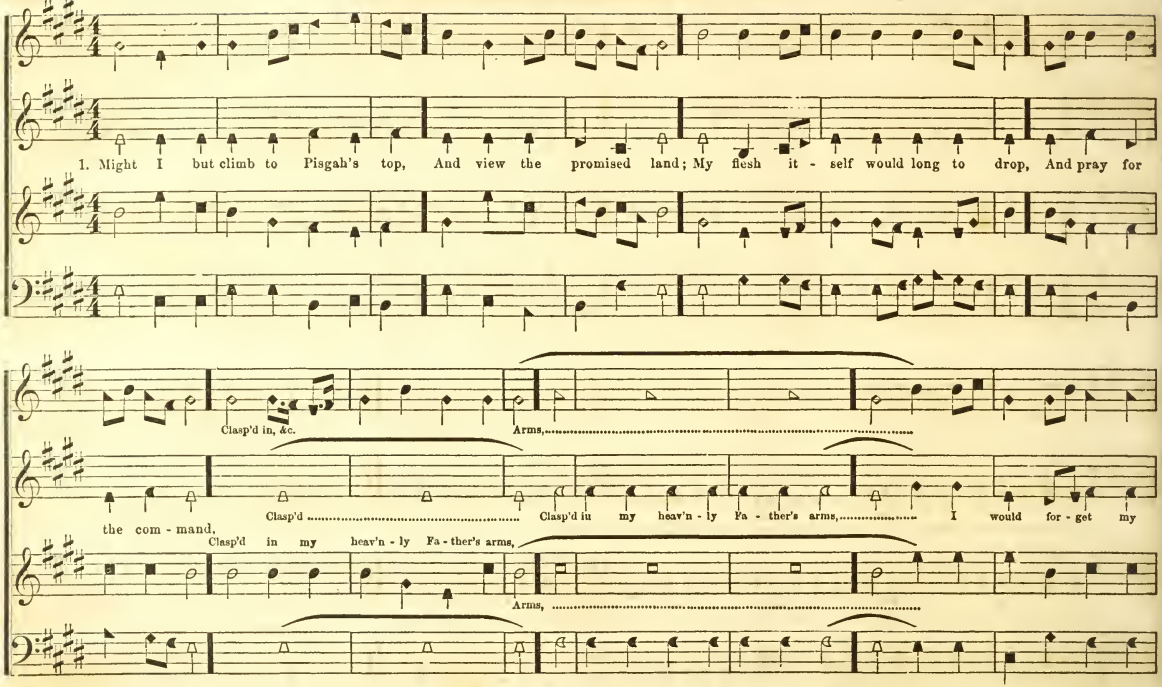
2 Joy to the world! the Saviour reigns,
Let men their songs employ:
While fields and floods—rocks, hills, and plains,
Repeat the sounding joy.

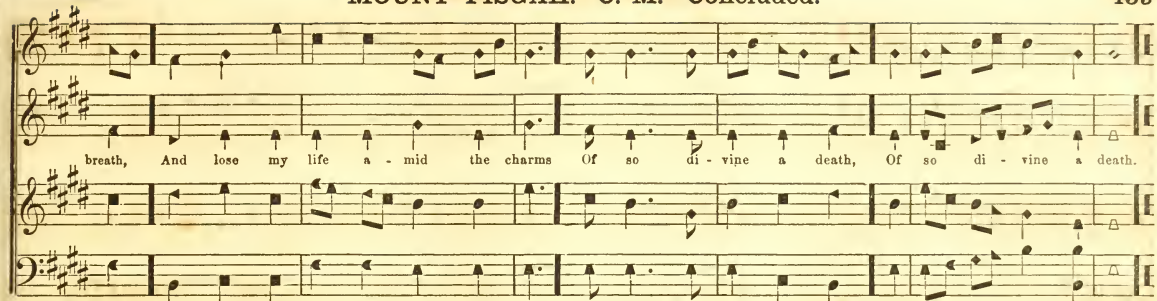
3 No more let sin and sorrow grow,
Nor thorns infest the ground;
He comes to make his blessings flow
Far as the curse is found.

4 He rules the world with truth and grace,
And makes the nations prove
The glories of his righteousness
And wonders of his love

MOUNT PISGAH. C. M. 8 lines.

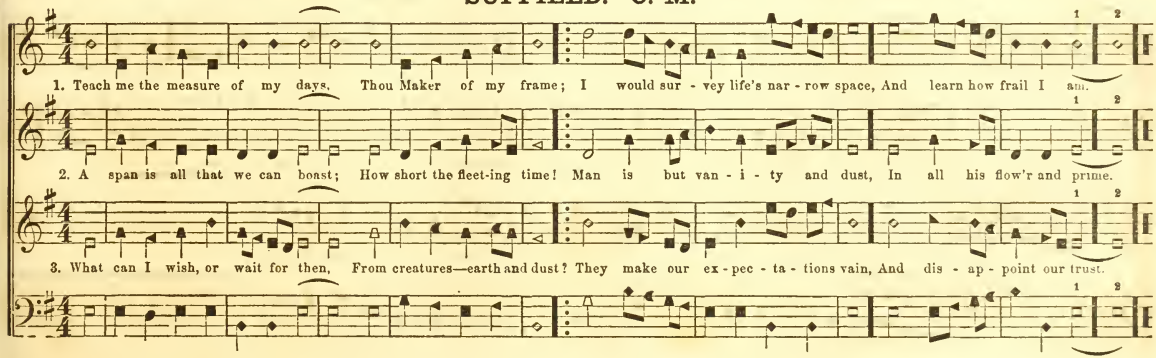
M. F. BRYAN,
of Alexander County, N. C.*



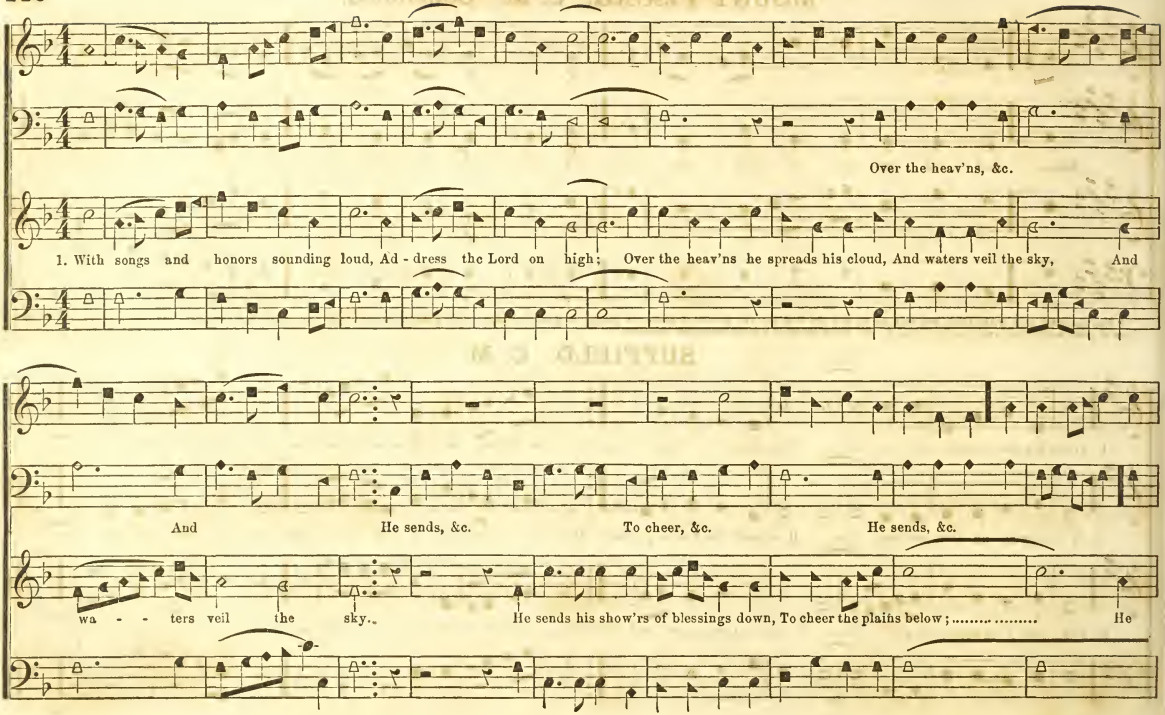


* This beautiful tune, with others, was sent me by Rev. Dr. Wm. HAUSER, author of *Hesperian Harp.* In a note he says: "Mr. Brayant is one of the best composers that ever lived in the South, but, like many others of great worth, has never been appreciated. His tunes are all of a truly devotional character."

SUFFIELD. C. M.



EDOM. C. M. 8 lines.



EDOM. C. M. Concluded.

To cheer, &c.

makes the grass the mountains crown, He makes the grass the mountains crown, And corn in val - leys grow, And corn in val - leys grow.

DETROIT. C. M.

WM. BRADSHAW.

1. Do not I love thee, O my Lord? Be-hold my heart and see, And turn each curs - ed i - dol out That dares to ri - val thee.

2. Do I not love thee from my soul? Then let me nothing love; Dead be my heart to ev - ry joy, When Je - sus can - not move.

3. Is not thy name me - lo - dious still To mine at - ten - tive ear? Doth not each pulse with pleasure bound, My Saviour's voice to hear

COSMER. C. M. 8 lines.

1. A - wake, ye saints, to praise your King, Your sweet-est ac - cents raise,
Your pi - ous pleas - ure, while you sing, In - creas-ing with the praise.
Great is the Lord, and works un - known Are

2. Heav'n, earth, and sea con - fess his hand; He bids the va - pors rise,
Light - ning and storm, at his com-mand, Sweep thro' the sounding skies.
All pow'r that gods or kings have claim'd Is

his di - vine em - ploy; But still his saints are near his throne,..... His treas-ure and..... his joy.

His treas - - - - ure and his joy.

found with him a - lone, But hea-then gods shall ne'er be found Where our..... Je - ho - vah's known.

Where our Je - ho - - vah's known.

COLESHILL. C. M.

Very slow.

1. Thee we a-dore, E - ter - nal Name, And hum-bly own to thee How fee - ble is our mor - tal frame, What dy - ing worms are we.

2. The year rolls round, and steals a - way The breath that first it gave; Whate'er we do, wher-e'er we be, We're trav'lling to the grave.

3. Dangers stand thick thro' all the ground, To push us to the tomb; And fierce dis - eas - es wait a - round, To hur - ry mor - tals home.

BURFORD. C. M.

This tune may be sung in three-four or triple time.

HENRY PURCELL, 1700.

Very slow.

1. Dark was the night, and cold the ground On which the Lord was laid; His sweat, like drops of blood, ran down; In a - go - ny he pray'd,—

2. "Father, remove this bit - ter cup, If such thy sa - cred will; If not, con-tent to drink it up, Thy pleasure I ful - fil."

3. Go to the gar - den, sin - ner; see Those pre - cious drops that flow; The heav - y load he bore for thee; For thee he lies so low.

TRIBULATION. C. M.

1. Death! 'tis a mel - an-chol - y day To those who have no God; When the poor soul is forced a - way, To seek her last a - bode.

2. In vain to heav'n she lifts her eyes; But guilt, a heav-y chain, Still drags her downwards from the skies, To darkness, fire, and pain.

3. A - wake, and mourn, ye heirs of hell! Let stubborn sin-ners fear; You must be driv'n from earth, and dwell A long for - ev - er there.

WALK WITH GOD. C. M.

WM. WALKER.

1. Oh, for a closer walk with God, A calm and heav'nly frame; A light to shine up - on the road That leads me to the Lamb.

2. Where is the bless-ed - ness I knew When first I saw the Lord? Where is the soul-re - freshing view Of Je - sus and his Word?

3. What peaceful hours I once en - joy'd! How sweet their mem'ry still! But they have left an aching void The world can nev-er fill.

MILLEDGEVILLE. C. M.

Original parts by Rev. ANDREW GRAMBLING, of Spartanburg, S. C.

1. Far from the world, O Lord, I flee, From strife and tu - mult far; From scenes where Sa-tan wa - ges still His most suc - cess - ful war.

2. The calm re-treat, the si - lent shade, With pray'r and praise a-gree, And seem by thy sweet boun-ty made For those who follow thee.

3. There, if thy spir-it touch the soul, And grace her mean a - bode, Oh, with what peace, and joy, and love, She com - munes with her God!

CONSOLATION. C. M.

DEAN.
Alto by G. B. SAUNDERS.

1. Once more, my soul, the ris - ing day Sa - lutes thy waking eyes; Once more, my voice, thy trib - ute pay To him that rules the skies.

2. Night un - to night his name re - peats, The day re-news the sound,— Wide as the heav'ns on which he sits, To turn the sea - sons round.

3. 'Tis he supports my mortal frame; My tongue shall speak his praise; My sins might rouse his wrath to flame, But yet his wrath de - lays.

SOLEMN WARNING. C. M. 8 lines.

E. P. BOROUGHS.

D. C.

1. Attend, young friends, while I relate The dang-ers you are in,
The tri - als that doth you a - wait While you re - main in sin: } Although you flour-ish like the rose, While on its branch-es green,
D.ᶜC. Your sparkling eyes in death must close, And nev-er more be seen.

D. C.

BANGOR. C. M.

With solemnity.

RAVENSCROFT.

1. Hark! from the tombs a dole-ful sound! My ears at - tend the cry,—"Ye liv - ing men, come view the ground Where you must shortly lie.

2. "Princes, this clay must be your bed, In spite of all your tow'rs; The tall, the wise, the rev'rend head, Must lie as low as ours."

3. Great God, is this our cer - tain doom? And are we still se-cure, Still walking downward to the tomb, And yet pre - pare no more?

1. Come, hum-ble sin-ner, in whose breast A thousand thoughts re-volve, Come, with your guilt and fear op-prest, And make this last re-solve,

2. I'll go to Je-sus, though my sin Hath like a mountain rose; I know his courts, I'll en-ter in, What-ev-er may op-pose,

3. Pros-trate I'll lie be-fore his throne, And there my guilt con-fess; I'll tell him I'm a wretch un-done, With-out his sov'-reign grace,

Come, with your guilt and fear op-prest, And make this last re-solve:

I know his courts, I'll en-ter in, What-ev-er may op-pose.

I'll tell him I'm a wretch un-done, With-out his sov'-reign grace.

4 I'll to the gracious King approach,
Whose sceptre pardon gives;
Perhaps he will command my touch,
And then the suppliant lives.

5 Perhaps he will admit my plea,
Perhaps will hear my pray'r;
But if I perish, I will pray,
And perish only there.

6 I can but perish, if I go;
I am resolved to try;
For if I stay away, I know
I must forever die

LEANDER. C. M. 8 lines.

In a smooth, flowing style.

1. Am I a sol - dier of the cross, A fol - low'r of the lamb? And shall I fear to own his cause, Or blush to speak his name?

3. Are there no foes for me to face? Must I not stem the flood? Is this vile world a friend to grace, To help me on to God?

5. Thy saints in all this glo - rious war Shall con - quer, though they die; They see the triumph from a - far, By faith they bring it nigh.

2. Must I be car - ried to the skies On flow' - ry beds of ease, While oth - ers fought to win the prize, And sail'd through bloody seas?

4. Sure I must fight, if I would reign; Increase my cour-age, Lord: I'll bear the toil, en-dure the pain, Sup - port - ed by thy word.

6. When that il - lus-trious day shall rise, And all thy ar - mies shine In robes of vict' - ry through the skies, The glo - ry shall be thine.

FIDUCIA. C. M. 8 lines.

J. ROBERTSON.

Slow and with solemnity.

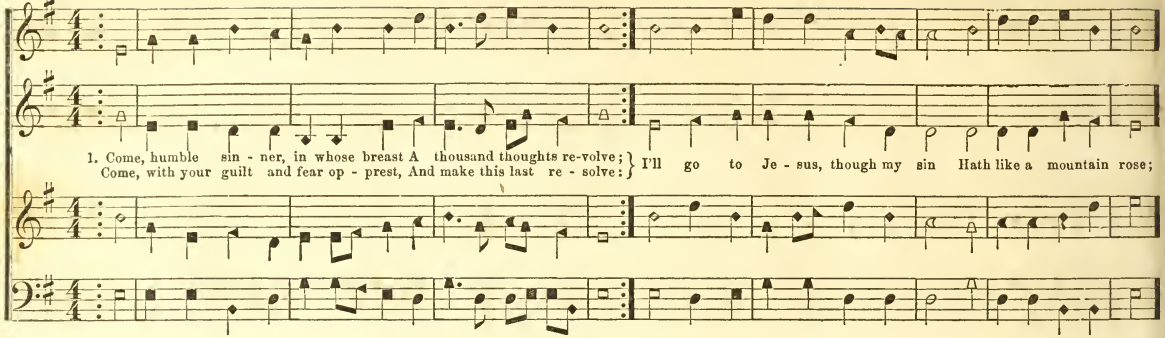
1. Hark! from the tombs a dole - ful sound, My ears, at - tend the cry: } "Prin-ces, this clay must be your bed, In spite of
"Ye liv - ing men, come view the ground Where you must short - ly lie. }

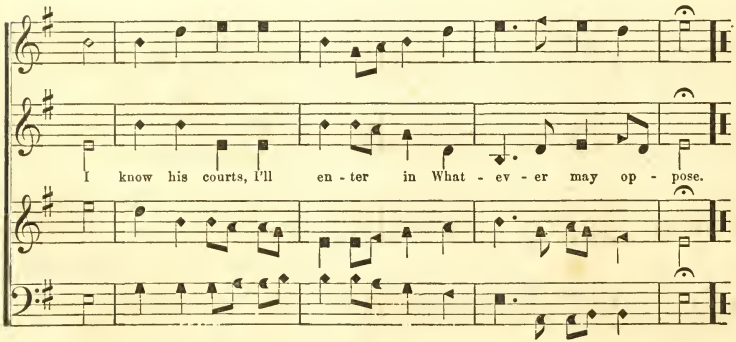
all your tow'rs; The tall, the wise, the rev'rend head, Must lie as low as ours."

3 Great God! is this our certain doom?
And are we still secure?
Still walking downward to the tomb,
And yet prepared no more?

4 Grant us the pow'r of quick'ning grace,
To fit our souls to fly;
Then, when we drop this dying flesh
We'll rise above the sky.

SALVATION. C. M. 8 lines.



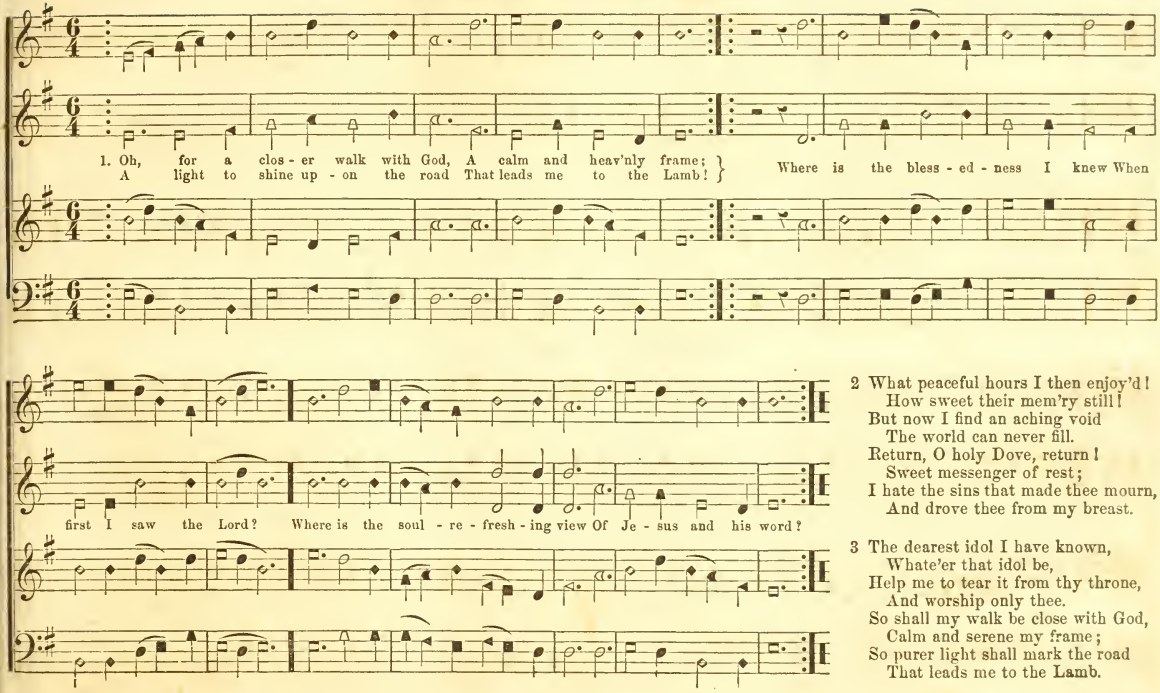


2 Prostrate I'll lie before his throne,
And there my guilt confess;
I'll tell him I'm a wretch undone,
Without his sov'reign grace:
I'll to the gracious King approach,
Whose sceptre pardon gives;
Perhaps he may command my touch,
And then the suppliant lives.

3 Perhaps he may admit my plea,
Perhaps will hear my pray'r;
But if I perish, I will pray,
And perish only there.
I can but perish if I go;
I am resolved to try;
For if I stay away, I know
I must forever die

SWEET PROSPECT. C. M. 8 lines.

WM. WALKER.



2 What peaceful hours I then enjoy'd!
How sweet their mem'ry still!
But now I find an aching void
The world can never fill.
Return, O holy Dove, return!
Sweet messenger of rest;
I hate the sins that made thee mourn,
And drove thee from my breast.

3 The dearest idol I have known,
Whate'er that idol be,
Help me to tear it from thy throne,
And worship only thee.
So shall my walk be close with God,
Calm and serene my frame;
So purer light shall mark the road
That leads me to the Lamb.

CROSS OF CHRIST. C. M. 8 lines.

L. P. BREEDLOVE.
Alto by WM. WALKER.

1. The cross of Christ in - spires my heart, To sing re - deeming grace;
A- wake, my soul, and bear a part In my Re - deemer's praise!
D. C. This is my dear de - light-ful theme, That Je - sus died for me.

} Oh, who can be compared to him, Who died up - on the tree?

MESSIAH. C. M. 8 lines.

Slow and solemn.

CARRELL.

1. He comes! he comos! to judge the world, Aloud th' archan - gel cries;
While thunders roll from pole to pole, And lightnings cleave the skies.
D. C. The slumb'ring tenants of the ground In liv - ing ar-mies rise.

} Th' affrighted na-tions hear the sound, And upward lift their eyes;.....

COLUMBUS. C. M. 8 lines.

Alto by WM. WALKER.

Soft and smooth.

1. Oh, once I had a glo - rious view Of my Re - deem - ing Lord;
He said, "I'll be a God to you," And I be - lieved his word. } But now I have

2. Oh, what im - mor - tal joys I felt, On that ce - les - tial day,
When my hard heart be - gan to melt, By love dis - solv'd a - - way! } But my com - plaint

a deep - er stroke Than all my groan - ings are; My God has me of late for - sook,— He 's gone, I know not where.

is bit - ter now, For all my joys are gone; I've stray'd! I'm left!— I know not how; The light 's from me with - drawn.

HAPPY TIME. C. M. 8 lines.

WM. WALKER.

FINE.

1 Oh, hap - py time, long wait - ed for! The comfort of my heart, Since I have met the saints once more, Oh, may we nev - er part!
D. S. When I with you my love re - new, Oh, what a heav'n have I!

FINE.

2. My sor-rows pass'd, and I at last Have heav'nly com-forts found; My heart to Je - sus I have giv'n. And I'm for Ca-naan bound;
D. S. What heav'n-ly com - forts shall we know When round his throne we meet!

D. S.

Temp - ta - tions cease to break my peace, And all my sor - row's die.

D. S.

If fel - low - ship with saints be - low Is to our souls so sweet.

3 While here we sit and sing his love
In rapture so divine,
With patience more like those above,
While in these songs we join;
Our hearts are fill'd with holy zeal,
We long to see the King;
We long to reach those heav'nly fields
Where saints and angels sing.

4 Sinners, come try, you that stand by,
You may be happy too;
Christ died for all who on him call —
Sinners, he died for you;
If I could know which of you 'd go,
I'd take you by the hand,
And lead you on the way Christ 's gone,
Toward the heav'nly land.

SOLEMN CALL. C. M. 8 lines.

WM. WALKER.
(First original piece, in 1827.)

1. I sing a song which doth be - long..... To all the hu - man race,
Con - cern - ing death, which steals the breath,..... And blasts the come - ly face.
For you must die as well as I,..... And pass from hence a - way.

Come

Come lis - ten all un-

Come lis - ten all un - to my call, Which I do make to - day, Which I do make to - day.

lis - ten all un - to my call,..... Which I do make to - day, Which I do make to - day.

- to my call,..... Which I do make to - day, Which I do make to - day.

REPENTANCE. C. M. 8 lines.

PECR.

Oh, if my soul were form'd for woe, How would I vent my sighs! Re - pent - ance should, like riv - ers,

flow From both my streaming eyes. 'Twas for my sins my dearest Lord Hung on the curs-ed tree,

'Twas for my sins my dear-est Lord Hung on the curs-ed tree, Hung on the cursed tree,

flow From both my streaming eyes. 'Twas for my sins my dearest Lord..... Hung on the cursed tree,

'Twas for my sins my dearest Lord..... Hung, &c. And

REPENTANCE. C. M. Concluded.

And groan'd a - way his dy - ing life For thee, my soul, for thee, For thee, my soul, for thee.

And groan'd a - way his dy-ing life..... For thee, my soul, for thee, For thee, my soul, for thee.

groan'd a - way his dy - ing life..... For thee, &c.

NOTE.—In singing last part of chorus, omit slur over the first two notes.

HALLELUJAH. C. M.

WM. WALKER.

And let this fee - ble bod - y fail, And let it faint and die; My soul shall quit this mournful vale, And soar to worlds on high. } CHORUS. And I'll sing hal - le - lu - jah! And you'll sing hal-le - lu - jah!

D. C. And we'll all sing hal - le - lu - jah! When we ar - rive at home.

THE LAND OF REST. C. M.

As arranged by JAMES G. DOUTHIT and WM. WALKER.

1. There is a land of pure de-light, Where saints im-mor-tal reign, In - fi - nite day ex - cludes the night, And pleasures banish pain.

2. There ev - er - last-ing spring a-bides, And nev - er-with'ring flow'rs; Death, like a nar-row sea, divides This heav'nly land from ours.

3. Sweet fields, beyond the swelling flood, Stand dress'd in liv-ing green; So to the Jews old Canaan stood, While Jordan roll'd between.

4. Oh, could we make our doubts remove, These gloomy doubts that rise, And see the Ca - naan that we love, With un - be - clouded eyes.

Slow and soft.

CHORUS. O, heaven, sweet heaven! Home of the blest! How I long to be there, In its glo - ries to share, And to lean on my Saviour's breast.

THE SAINT'S DELIGHT. C. M.

F. PRICE.

1. When I can read my ti - tle clear To man-sions in the skies,
I'll bid fare - well to ev' - ry fear, And wipe my weep-ing eyes.

CHORUS.

I feel like, I feel like I'm on my jour - ney home, I feel like, I feel like I'm on my journey home.

2 Should earth against my soul engage,
And fiery darts be hurl'd,
Then I can smile at Satan's rage,
And face a frowning world.
I feel like, &c.

3 Let cares like a wild deluge come,
Let storms of sorrow fall,
So I but safely reach my home,
My God, my heav'n, my all.
I feel like, &c.

4 There I shall bathe my weary soul
In seas of heav'nly rest;
And not a wave of trouble roll
Across my peaceful breast.
I feel like, &c.

AWAKE, JERUSALEM. L. M.

Arranged by WM. HAUSER, A. H. H.

1. A - wake, Je - ru - sa-lem, a-wake! No longer in thy sins lie down; The garment of sal - va - tion take, Thy beau-ty and thy strength put on.

2. Shake off the dust that blinds thy sight, And hides the promise from thine eyes; Arise and struggle in - to light—Thy great De-liv' - rer calls, a - rise!

3. Shake off the bands of sad despair; Si - on, as - sert thy lib - er - ty: Look up—thy broken heart pre-pare, And God shall set the cap - tive free.

An Evening Hymn.

HEBRON. L. M.

DR. L. MASON.

1. Thus far the Lord has led me on, Thus far his pow'r pro-longs my days, And ev' - ry evening shall make known Some fresh memorial of his grace.

2. Much of my time has run to waste, And I, perhaps, am near my home; But he forgives my fol - lies past, He gives me strength for days to come.

3. I lay my bod - y down to sleep, Peace is the pil - low for my head, While well-ap-point-ed an - gels keep Their watchful stations round my bed.

WELLS. L. M.

1. Ye na-tions round the earth, re-joice Be-fore the Lord, your sov'reign King, Serve him with cheerful heart and voice; With all your tongues his glory sing.

2. The Lord is God; 'tis he a - lone Doth life, and breath, and being give; We are his work, and not our own. The sheep that on his pastures live.

3. En-ter his gates with songs of joy: With praises to his courts repair; And make it your di-vine em - ploy To pay your thanks and honors there.

* DE BEZA. L. M.

Composed about 1543.

1. Shout to Je-ho - vah, all the earth, With joy-ful-ness the Lord serve ye: Be-fore his pres-ence come with mirth, Know that Je - ho - vah, God is he.

2. It's he that made us, and not we, His folk, his pas-ture, sheep al-so; In - to his gates with thanks come ye; With praises to his court-yards go.

3. Give thanks to him, bless ye his name, Because Je - ho - vah he is good; His mer-cy ev - er is the same, His truth throughout all ages stood.

* This melody is taken almost literally from Clement Marot and Theodore De Beza's French translation of the Psalms, first published at Geneva, in 1543. The words are from the "New England Version" of the Psalms, first published at Cambridge, Mass., in 1640. See "Hood's History of Music in New England."

HEAVENLY LIGHT, or EDEN. L. M.

L. MASON.

1. Zi-on, a-wake! thy strength re-new, Put on thy robes of beau-teous hue; Church of our God, a-rise, and shine, Bright with the beams of truth di-vine.

2. Soon shall thy radiance beam a-far, Wide as the hea-then na-tions are; Gen-tiles and kings thy light shall view, All shall admire and love thee too.

3. Their streaming eyes to-geth-er flow, For hu-man guilt and hu-man woe; Their ar-dent pray'rs to-geth-er rise, Like mingling flames in sac-ri-fice.

4. Nor shall the sacred flames ex-pire When na-ture drops her warning fire; Then shall they meet in realms a-bove, A heaven of joy be-cause of love.

WAKEFIELD. L. M.

WM. CALDWELL.

1. Come, weary souls, with sin distress'd, Come, and accept the promised rest; The Sa-viour's gracious call o-bey, And cast your gloom-y fears a-way.

2. Oppress't with sin, a painful load, O, come and spread your woes abroad: Di-vine com-pas-sion, mighty love, Will all the pain-ful load re-move.

3. Here mercy's boundless ocean flows, To cleanse your guilt and heal your woes; Pardon, and life, and endless peace; How rich the gift! how free the grace!

HOLLIS. L. M.

By Miss M. CHALMERS and Rev. E. SOSEBEE, of Ga.
Alto by WM. WALKER.

Earnest and smooth.

1. God of my life, to thee I call, Af-flict-ed at thy feet I fall; Oh, while the swelling floods prevail, Leave not my trembling heart to fail.

2. Friend of the friendless and the faint, Where shall I lodge my deep complaint; Where but with thee, whose o-pen door In-vites the helpless and the poor.

3. Did ev-er mourner plead with thee, And thou refuse the humble plea? Does not the word still fix'd remain, That none shall seek thy face in vain?

BURROUGHS. L. M.

Rev. J. R. HAMLIN, 1860.
Alto by WM. WALKER.

1. Farewell, farewell to all below, My Saviour calls, and I must go; I launch my bark up-on the sea, This land is not the land for me.

CONVICT. L. M.

J. H. D. THOMSON.

1. I come, I come to thee, my God! I am so guilty I'm asham'd;
But I will come, with heart and hand, And own how guilty, Lord, I am.

Cho. O Lord! O Lord! do hear my cry, Be with me now, or I must die;
I come to thee with heart and hand, I am, I am a sinful man.

THE PILGRIM'S SONG. L. M.

WM. WALKER.

1. I am a stranger here be - low, And what I am, 'tis hard to know: I am so vile, so prone to sin, I fear that I'm not born a - gain.

2. When I ex - perience call to mind, My un - der - standing is so blind, All feel-ing sense seems to be gone, Which makes me think that I am wrong.

3. I find my - self out of the way, My thoughts are of-ten gone a-stray; Like one a - lone, I seem to be, Or is there an - y one like me.

NEW LEBANON. L. M.

REV. JOS. P. CARROLL.

1. Come, sinners, to the gospel feast; Let ev' - ry soul be Je - sus' guest: Ye need not one be left be-hind, For God hath bidden all mankind.

2. Sent by my Lord, on you I call; The in - vi - ta - tion is to all: Come, all the world! come, sinner, thou! All things in Christ are ready now.

3. Come, all ye souls by sin opprest, Ye restless wand'rers aft - er rest, Ye poor, and maim'd, and halt, and blind, In Christ a hearty welcome find.

ROCKBRIDGE. L. M.

CHAPIN.

1. Life is the time to serve the Lord, The time t' in-sure the great reward; And while the lamp holds out to burn, The vil-est sin - ner may re-turn.

2. Life is the hour that God has giv'n To 'scape from hell, and fly to heav'n; The day of grace, and mortals may Se - cure the blessings of the day.

3. The liv - ing know that they must die, But all the dead for-got - ten lie; Their mem'ry and their sense is gone, A - like un-know-ing and unknown.

BLENDEN. L. M.

Strong and dignified.

GIARDINI, 1760.

1. Great is the Lord! what tongue can frame An hon-or e-qual to his name? How awful are his glorious ways; The Lord is dread - ful in his praise!

2. Great are thy works, al-might-y Lord, All na - ture rests up - on thy word, And clouds, and storms, and fire obey, Thy wise and all-con-troll-ing sway.

ENDOR. L. M.

Bold.

Arranged from W. GILL.

1. Now for a tune of lofty praise To great Je - ho-vah's equal Son; Awake, my voice, in heav'nly lays, And tell the wonders he hath done.

2. Sing how he left the worlds of light, And those bright robes he wore above: How swift and joyful was his flight, On wings of ev-er-last-ing love.

3. Deep in the shades of gloomy death, Th' almighty Captive prisoner lay;—Th' almighty Captive left the earth, And rose to ev-er-last-ing day.

WARE. L. M.

1. O for a sight, a pleasing sight, Of our al-might-y Father's throne! There sits our Saviour, crowned with light, Clothed with a body like our own.

2. A-dor-ing saints around Him stand, And thrones and pow'rs before him fall; The God shines gracious through the man, And sheds bright glories on them all.

3. O, what a-maz-ing joys they feel, While to their golden harps they sing, And e-cho, from each heav'nly hill, The glo-rious triumphs of their King!

EVENING CHANT. L. M.

J. B. W.

In chanting style.

1. How sweet the hour of closing day, When all is peaceful and se-rene, And when the sun, with cloudless ray, Sheds mellow lus-tre o'er the scene!

2. Such is the Christian's parting hour; So peace-ful-ly he sinks to rest; When faith, endued from heav'n with pow'r, Sustains and cheers his languid breast.

3. Mark but that radiance of his eye, That smile upon his wasted cheek: They tell us of his glo-ry nigh, In language that no tongue can speak.

ROLLAND. L. M.

WM. B. BRADBURY.
From "The Psalmodist," by permission.

1. How pleasant, how di - vine-ly fair, O Lord of hosts, thy dwellings are! With long desire my spirit faints To meet th' assemblies of thy saints, To meet th' assem - blies of thy saints

2. My flesh would rest in thine a-bode, My panting heart cries out to God: My God, my King, why should I be So far from all my joys and thee? So far from all my joys and thee?

3. Cheerful they walk, with growing strength, Till all shall meet in heav'n at length; Till all before thy face appear, And join in nobler worship there, And join in no - bler worship there.

REST. L. M.

W. B. BRADBURY.
From "The Psalmodist," by permission.

Tenderly.

1. A - sleep in Je-sus! blessed sleep! From which none ever wakes to weep; A calm and un - dis - turb'd repose, Un-broken by the last of foes.

2. A - sleep in Je-sus! peaceful rest! Whose waking is supreme-ly blest! No fear, no woe shall dim that hour That man-i - fests the Saviour's pow'r.

3. A - sleep in Je-sus! oh for me May such a blissful refuge be! Se-cure - ly shall my ash-es lie, Waiting the summons from on high.

* ALL-SAINTS. L. M.

WM. KNAPP.

Slow and steady.

1. Who shall ascend thy heav'nly place, Great God, and dwell be - fore thy face? The man who loves re-ligion now, And humbly walks with God be - low.

2. Whose hands are pure, whose heart is clean; Whose lips still speak the thing they mean; No slanders dwell upon his tongue, He hates to do his neighbor wrong.

* "All-Saints" is one of the best examples of a smooth, flowing melody in triple time. It has long been a favorite tune.

DEVOTION. L. M.

1. Show pi - ty, Lord, O Lord, for-give, Let a re - pent-ing re - bel live; Are not thy mercies large and free? May not a sinner trust in thee?

2. My crimes are great, but don't surpass The pow'r and glory of thy grace: Great God, thy nature hath no bound, So let thy pard'ning love be found.

3. Oh wash my soul from ev' - ry sin! And make my guil-ty conscience clean! Here on my heart the burden lies, And past of - fences pain mine eyes.

REFUGE. L. M.

Arranged by C. LEWIS.

1. God is the refuge of his saints, When storms of sharp distress invade; Ere we can of - fer our complaints, Behold him present with his aid.

2. Loud may the troubled o - cean roar—In sacred peace our souls a-bide; While ev' - ry na - tion, ev' - ry shore, Trembles, and dreads the swelling tide.

3. There is a stream, whose gentle flow Supplies the ci - ty of our God; Life, love, and joy, still gliding through, And wat'ring our di - vine a - bode.

BOHEMIA. L. M.

Melody by JOHN HUSS, burnt as a Martyr, 1415.

CHORAL.—*Slow and firm.*

1. High in the heav'ns, e-ter-nal God, Thy goodness in full glo - ry shines; Thy truth shall break through ev'ry cloud That veils and darkens thy designs.

2. For ev - er firm thy justice stands, As mountains their foun - da-tions keep; Wise are the wonders of thy hands; Thy judgments are a mighty deep.

3. Thy prov-i-dence is kind and large, Both man and beast thy bounty share; The whole cre-a - tion is thy charge, But saints are thy pe - cu - liar care.

SESSIONS. L. M.

L. O. EMERSON.

1. Sinner, oh why so thoughtless grown? Why in such dreadful haste to die? Daring to leap to worlds unknown, Heedless a - gainst thy God to fly?

2. Wilt thou despise e - ter - nal fate, Urg'd on by sin's de-lu-sive dreams? Madly at-tempt th' infer-nal gate, And force thy pas - sage to the flames?

3. Stay, sinner, on the gos-pel plains, And hear the Lord of life un - fold The glo-ry of his dy-ing pains, For-ev - er tell - ing, yet un - told.

GRATITUDE. L. M.

BOST.

Gentle and smooth, and in exact time.

1. My God, how endless is thy love! Thy gifts are ev' - ry ev'ning new; And morning mer-cies from a - bove, Gently dis-til like ear - ly dew.

2. Thou spread'st the curtains of the night, Great Guardian of my sleeping hours; Thy sov'reign word restores the light, And quickens all my drowsy pow'rs.

3. I yield myself to thy command; To thee devote my nights and days: Perpetual blessings from thy hand Demand per-petual songs of praise

LYNN. L. M.

Gentle and calm.

L. MASON.

1. A-sleep in Jesus! blessed sleep, From which none ev-er wakes to weep: A calm and undisturb'd re - pose, Un-bro - ken by the last of foes.
2. A-sleep in Jesus! O how sweet To be for such a slumber meet! With ho - ly con-fidence to sing That death has lost his venomed sting!
3. A-sleep in Jesus! peaceful rest, Whose waking is su - preme-ly blest: No fear, no woe, shall dim that hour That man - i - fests the Saviour's pow'r.
4. A-sleep in Jesus! oh, for me May such a bliss-ful re - fuge be: Se - cure - ly shall my ashes lie, And wait the summons from on high.
5. A-sleep in Jesus! time nor space Af-fects this pre-cious hid - ing place: On In-dian plains or Lapland snows, Be - liev - ers find the same re - pose.

* LOTHA. L. M.

JOHN HERMANN SCHEIN,
Music Director, died at Leipzic, 1631.

1. Blest is the man whose tender care Relieves the poor in their distress, Whose pity wipes the widow's tear, Whose hand supports the father-less.
2. Blest are the men whose mercies move To acts of kindness and of love; From Christ, the Lord, they shall obtain Like sym-pa - thy and love a - gain.

* This is an excellent congregational tune, and those who have travelled in Germany say it is very popular there, and universally sung in the churches

ANVERN. L. M.

Slow, and in steady time. *Ritard.*

1. Triumphant Zi - on! lift thy head From dust, and darkness, and the dead! Tho' humbled long, awake at length, And gird thee with thy Saviour's strength, And gird thee with thy Saviour's strength.

2. Put all thy beauteous garments on, And let thy ex-cellence be known: Deck'd in the robes of righteousness, Thy glories shall the world con - fess, Thy glories shall the world con - fess.

3. No more shall foes unclean in-vade, And fill thy hallowed walls with dread; No more shall hell's in-sult-ing host Their vict'ry and their sorrows boast, Their vict ry and their sorrows boast.

REFORMATION. L. M.

Tune of the Reformation.
Composed by MARTIN LUTHER, 1530.

Firm and manly.

1. Great is the Lord! what tongue can frame An honor e - qual to his name? How awful are his glorious ways; The Lord is dreadful in his praise! The Lord is dreadful in his praise!

2. The world's foundations by his hand Were laid, and shall for-ev - er stand; The swelling billows know their bound, While to his praise they roll around, While to his praise they roll a - round.

3. Vast are thy works, almighty Lord, All nature rests up-on thy word, And clouds, and storms, and fire obey Thy wise and all-con-troll-ing sway, Thy wise and all-con - troll-ing sway.

Alto by WM. WALKER.

PROSPECT. L. M.

GRAHAM.

1. Why should we start, and fear to die? What timorous worms we mortals are! Death is the gate of end-less joy, And yet we dread to en-ter there.

2. The pains, the groans, and dy-ing strife, Fright our approaching souls a-way; Still we shrink back a - gain to life, Fond of our pris-on and our clay.

3. O, if my Lord would come and meet, My soul should stretch her wings in haste, Fly, fearless, through death's iron gate, Nor feel the terrors as she passed.

UPTON. L. M.

1. Bless, O my soul, the living God; Call home thy thoughts, that rove abroad; Let all the pow'rs within me join In work and worship so di - vine.

2. Bless, O my soul, the God of grace; His favors claim thy highest praise; Let not the wonders he hath wrought Be lost in si-lence, and for - got.

3. 'Tis he, my soul, that sent his Son To die for crimes which thou hast done: He owns the ran-som, and forgives The hour-ly fol-lies of our lives.

*BREAKER. L. M.

WM. WALKER.

Gentle, soft, and smooth.

1. Stay, thou in - sult-ed Spir-it! stay! Tho' I have done thee such despite; Nor cast the sinner quite a - way, Nor take thine ever - lasting flight.

2. Tho' I have steel'd my stubborn heart, And still shook off my guil-ty fears; And vex'd, and urged thee to de-part, For many long re - bellious years;—

3. Tho' I have most un - faithful been, Of all who e'er thy grace receiv'd; Ten thousand times thy goodness seen, Ten thousand times thy goodness grieved:

4. Yet O! the chief of sin-ners spare, In hon-or of my great High-Priest; Nor in thy righteous anger swear T' exclude me from thy people's rest.

* The composition of this tune was prompted by a sermon preached by Rev. J. M. C. Breaker, Pastor of the Baptist church at Spartanburg, S. C., on Sunday, March 25th, 1866, from the words, viz.: "Quench not the spirit." — 1 Thess. v. 19.

THE MERCY-SEAT. L. M.

WM. WALKER, April 11th, 1866.

1. From ev'-ry stormy wind that blows, From ev'ry swelling tide of woes, There is a calm, a sure retreat: 'Tis found before the mercy-seat, 'Tis found before the mercy - seat.

Alto by G. B. SAUNDERS.

WELTON. L. M.

Theme by Rev. O. MALON.

1. Thou great Instructor, lest I stray, Oh! teach my err - ing feet thy way: Thy truth, with ev-er fresh de-light, Shall guide my doubtful steps a-right.

2. How oft my heart's affections yield, And wander o'er the world's wide field, My roving passions, Lord, reclaim, U-nite them all to fear thy name.

3. Then, to my God, my heart and tongue, With all their pow'rs, shall raise the song: On earth thy glories I'll declare, Till heav'n th' immortal notes shall hear.

ELPARAN. L. M.

Arranged from P. A. SHULTZ.

1. An - oth - er six days' work is done, An - oth-er Sabbath is be - gun; Re-turn, my soul, en-joy thy rest, Improve the day that God hath blest.

2. O that our thoughts and thanks may rise, As grateful incense, to the skies, And draw from heav'n that sweet repose Which none but he that feels it knows!

3. A heav'nly calm pervades the breast, The ear-nest of that glorious rest Which for the church of God re-mains, The end of cares, the end of pains.

UXBRIDGE. L. M.

From "Boston Academy," by permission.

1. The heav'ns declare thy glory, Lord; In ev' - ry star thy wisdom shines; But when our eyes be-hold thy word, We read thy name in fair - er lines.

2. The rolling sun, the changing light, And nights and days thy power confess; But the blest volume thou hast writ Re-veals thy justice and thy grace.

3. Sun, moon, and stars convey thy praise Round the whole earth, and never stand; So when thy truth began its race, It touched and glanced on ev'-ry land.

MENDON. L. M.

Spirited.

1. Oh praise the Lord in that blest place From whence his goodness largely flows, Praise him in heav'n, where he his face, Unvail'd, in per - fect glo - ry shows.

2. Praise him for all the mighty acts Which he in our be-half hath done; His kindness this re - turn ex - acts, With which our praise should equal run.

3. Let all, who vi - tal breath en-joy, The breath to them he doth af - ford, In just re-turns of praise em-ploy; Let ev' - ry crea - ture praise the Lord.

PILESGROVE. L. M.

N. MITCHELL.
Or 6 lines, by repeating the first two strains of the music.

1 Oh render thanks to God a-bove, The fountain of e - ter - nal love; Whose mer-cy firm, through ages past, Has stood, and shall for - ev-er last.

2. Who can his mighty deeds express, Not on - ly vast but num - ber-less? What mortal el-o-quence can raise His trib - ute of im - mor-tal praise?

3. Hap-py are they, and on - ly they, Who from thy judgments nev - er stray; Who know what's right; nor only so, But al - ways prac - tise what they know.

DUKE STREET. L. M.

J. HATTON.

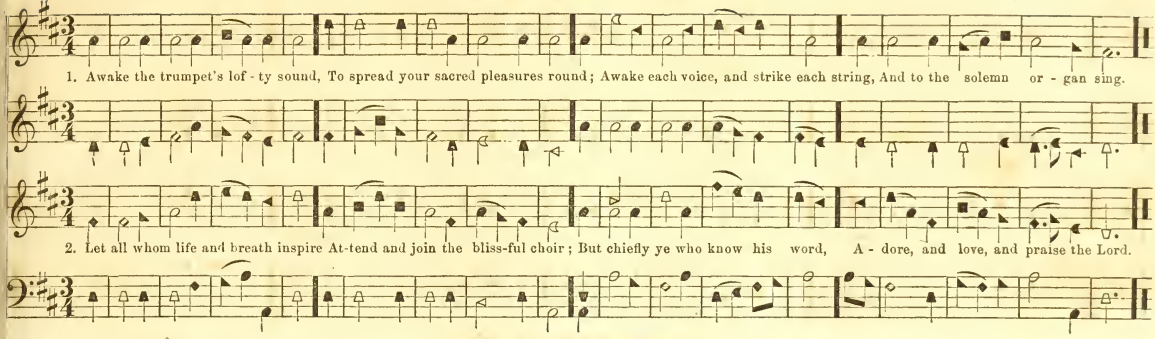
1. Lord, when thou didst ascend on high, Ten thousand angels fill'd the sky; Those heav'nly guards around thee wait, Like chariots that at-tend by state.

2. Not Sinai's mountain could ap-pear More glorious, when the Lord was there, While he pronounced his dread-ful law, And struck the chosen tribes with awe.

3. Raised by his Father to the throne, He sent his promis'd Spir - it down, With gifts and grace for reb - el men, That God might dwell on earth again.

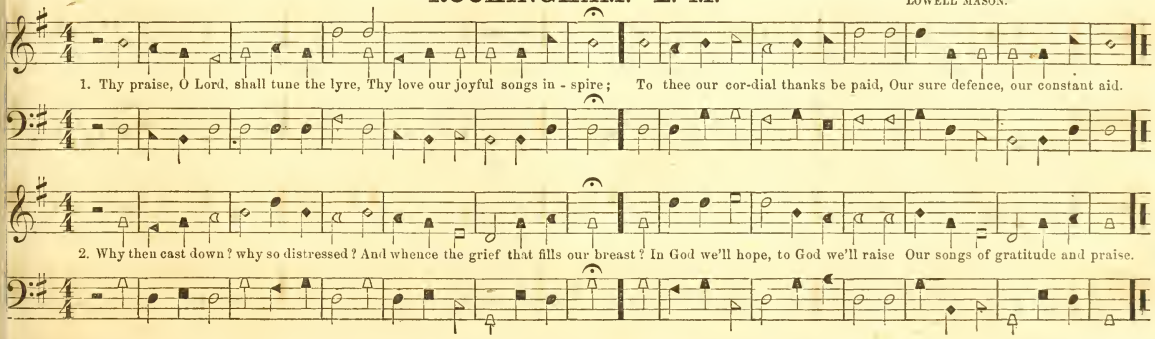
LAURELL. L. M.

From a Russian melody.



ROCKINGHAM. L. M.

LOWELL MASON.



HESPERIA. L. M.

W. L. MONTAGUE.

With earnestness.

1. Stay, thou in - sult-ed Spir - it, stay, Though I have done thee such despite; Cast not a sin - ner quite a - way, Nor take thine ev - er - last-ing flight.

2. Though I have most un-faith - ful been Of all who e'er thy grace received,—Ten thousand times thy goodness seen, Ten thousand times thy goodness griev'd,—

3. Yet, oh, the chief of sin - ners spare, In hon-or of my great High Priest; Nor, in thy righteous an - ger, swear I shall not see thy people's rest.

SUNSET. L. M.

W. L. MONTAGUE.
Written expressly for the "Christian Harmony," 1866.

Dolce.

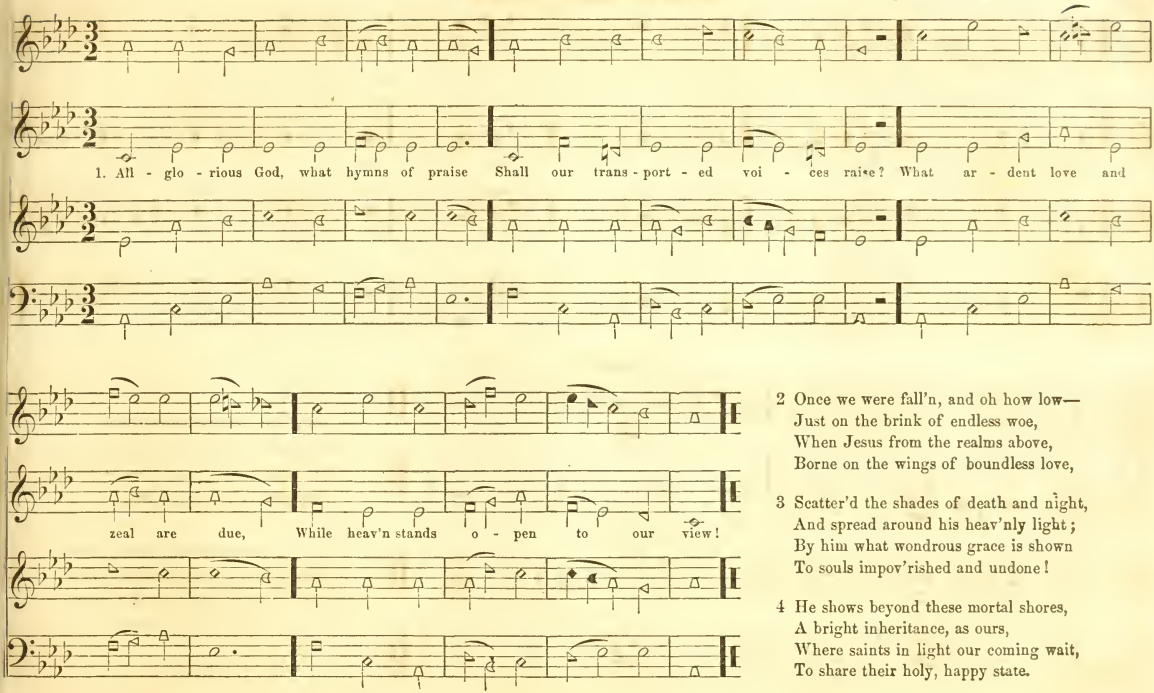
1. Why should we start, and fear to die? What timorous worms we mortals are! Death is the gate of end - less joy, And yet we dread to en - ter there.

3. O, if my Lord would come and meet, My soul should stretch her wings in haste, Fly, fearless, through death's iron gate, Nor feel the terrors as she passed.

4. Je - sus can make a dy - ing bed Feel soft as downy pil - lows are, While on his breast I lean my head, And breathe my life out sweet - ly there.

BARTHOLDAY. L. M.

Arranged from MENDELSSOHN.



2 Once we were fall'n, and oh how low—
Just on the brink of endless woe,
When Jesus from the realms above,
Borne on the wings of boundless love,

3 Scatter'd the shades of death and night,
And spread around his heav'nly light;
By him what wondrous grace is shown
To souls impov'rished and undone!

4 He shows beyond these mortal shores,
A bright inheritance, as ours,
Where saints in light our coming wait,
To share their holy, happy state.

ROTHWELL. L. M.

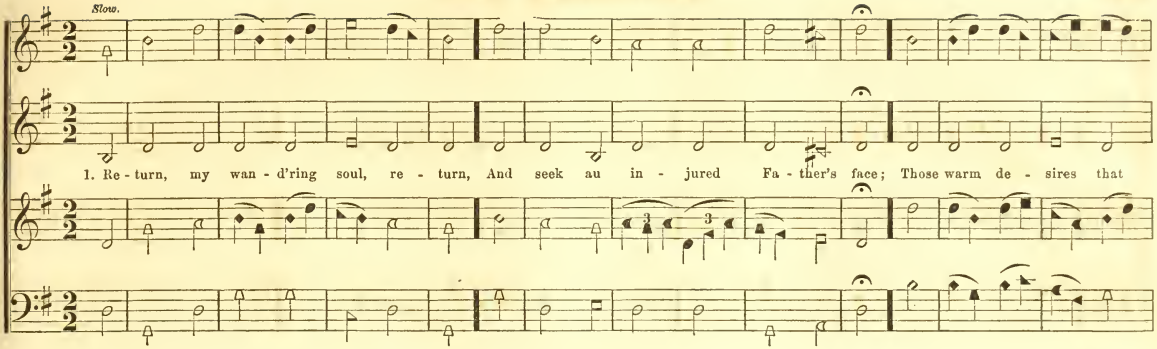
1. Praise ye the Lord, let praise em - ploy, In his own courts, your songs of joy; The spa - cious fir - ma - ment a - round

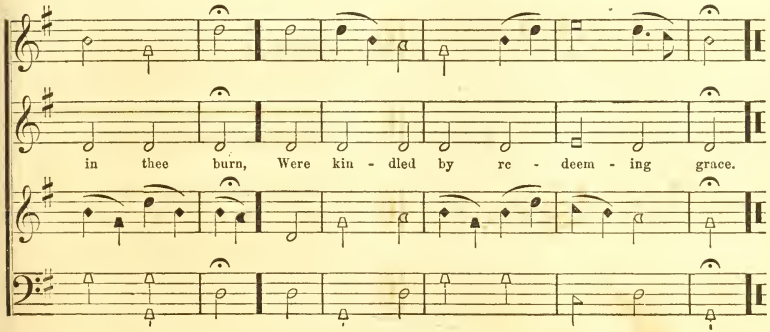
Shall e - cho back the joy - ful sound, Shall e - cho back the joy - ful sound.

2 Awake the trumpet's lofty sound,
To spread your sacred pleasures round;
Awake each voice, and strike each string,
And to the solemn organ sing.

3 Let all, whom life and breath inspire,
Attend, and join the blissful choir;
But chiefly ye, who know his word,
Adore, and love, and praise the Lord.

PORTUGAL. L. M.





2 Return, my wand'ring soul, return,
And seek a Father's melting heart;
His pitying eyes thy grief discern,
His heav'nly balm shall heal thy smart.

3 Return, my wand'ring soul, return,
Thy dying Saviour bids thee live;
Go, view his bleeding side, and learn
How freely Jesus can forgive.

4 Return, my wand'ring soul, return,
And wipe away the falling tear;
'Tis God who says, "No longer mourn;"
'Tis mercy's voice invites thee near.

EFFINGHAM. L. M.

Or 6 lines, by repeating the first two strains of the music.

1. The Lord pro - claims his pow'r a - loud Through ev' - ry o - cean, ev' - ry land; His voice di - vides the wa - t'ry cloud, And light - nings blaze at his com - mand.

2 The Lord sits sov'reign on the flood,
O'er earth he reigns for ever King;
But makes his church his blest abode,
Where we his awful glories sing.

3 In gentler language, there the Lord
The counsel of his grace imparts:
Amid the raging storm, his word
Speaks peace and comfort to our hearts.

PARK STREET. L. M.

1. Wake, O my soul, and hail the morn, For un - to us a Sa - viour's born; See how the an - gels wing their way,

To ush - er in the glo - rious day! To ush - er in the glo - rious day!

2 Hark! what sweet music, what a song,
Sounds from the bright celestial throng?
Sweet song, whose melting sounds impart
Joy to each raptured, listening heart.

3 Come, join the angels in the sky,
Glory to God, who reigns on high;
Let peace and love on earth abound,
While time revolves and years roll round.

BRENTFORD. L. M.

Or 6 lines, by repeating the first two strains of the music.

1. Lord, when my thoughts de - light - ed rove A - mid the won - ders of thy love, Sweet hope re - vives my droop - - ing heart, And bids in - trud - ing fears de - part.

2 Repentant sorrow fills my heart,
But mingling joy allays the smart;
Oh! may my future life declare
The sorrow and the joy sincere.

3 Be all my heart, and all my days
Devoted to my Saviour's praise;
And let my glad obedience prove
How much I owe, how much I love.

TRIUMPH. L. M.

Strong, majestic, grand, and not too slow.

1. Arm of the Lord, a - wake, a - wake! Thine own im - mor - tal strength put on! With ter - ror clothed, hell's king - dom shake,

2. As in the an - cient days ap - pear! Tho sa - cred an - nals speak thy fame; Be now om - nip - o - tent - ly near,

And cast thy foes with fu - ry down.

And cast thy foes with fu - ry down, And cast thy foes with fu - ry down.

To end - less a - ges still the same, To end - less a - ges still the same.

3 By death and hell pursued in vain,
To thee the ransom'd seed shall come;
Shouting, their heav'nly Sion gain,
And pass through death triumphant home

4 The pain of life shall then be o'er,
The anguish and distracting care;
There sighing grief shall weep no more,
And sin shall never enter there.

5 Where pure, essential joy is found,
The Lord's redeem'd their heads shall raise,
With everlasting gladness crown'd,
And fill'd with love, and lost in praise

SALINEVILLE. L. M.

ALEXANDER CLARK.

1. Up to the fields, where angels lie, And liv - ing wa - ters gen - tly roll, Fain would my thoughts leap out and fly, But sin hangs heavy

2. Thy wondrous blood, dear dy - ing Christ, Can make this world of guilt remove; And thou can'st bear me where thou fly'st, On thy kind wings, ce-

on my soul..... But sin hangs heav - y on my soul.

les - tial Dove!..... On thy kind wings, ce - les - tial Dove!

3 Oh might I once mount up and see
The glories of th' eternal skies;
What little things these worlds would be,
How despicable to my eyes!

4 Had I a glance of thee, my God,
Kingdoms and men would vanish soon;
Vanish as though I saw them not,—
As a dim candle dies at noon.

5 Then they might fight, and rage, and rave,
I should perceive the noise no more
Than we can hear a shaking leaf,
While rattling thunders round us roar.

6 Great ALL IN ALL, Eternal King,
Let me but view thy lovely face;
And all my pow'rs shall bow, and sing
Thine endless grandeur and thy grace.

HOLDEN. L. M.

1. God of our lives, thy con - stant care With bless - ings crowns each open - ing year; These lives so frail thy

2. Great God, we sing that migh - ty hand, By which sup - port - ed still we stand: The open - ing year thy

3. By day, by night, at home, a - broad, Still we are guard - ed by our God; By his in - ces - sant

love pro - longs, And wakes, &c., And wakes a - new our an - nual songs.

mer - cy shows; Let mer - cy crown us till it close.

boun - ty fed, By his un - err - - - ing coun - sel led.

4 With grateful hearts the past we own;
The future, all to us unknown,
We to thy guardian care commit,
And peaceful leave before thy feet.

5 In scenes exalted or deprest,
Be thou our joy, and thou our rest;
Thy goodness all our hopes shall raise,
Adored through all our changing days.

6 When death shall close our earthly songs,
And seal in silence mortal tongues,
Our helper, God, in whom we trust,
In brighter worlds our souls shall boast.

GRAY. L. M.

Bold and energetic.

Arranged from an English tune.

f

1. O praise the Lord in that blest place From whence his goodness largely flows; Praise him in heav'n, where he his face Un-veil'd in per-fect glo - - - - - - - ry shows, Un-veil'd in per - fect glo - - ry shows.

f

Un-veil'd, &c.

2 Praise him for all the mighty acts
Which he in our behalf hath done;
His kindness this return exacts,
With which our praise should equal run

3 Let all, who vital breath enjoy,
The breath to them he doth afford
In just returns of praise employ;
Let ev'ry creature praise the Lord.

BURROUGHS. (New.) L. M.

D. P. ALDEN.

Slow, and in gentle style.

1. Come, gra - cious Spir - it, heav'n - ly Dove, With light and com - fort from a - bove: Be thou our guar - dian, thou our guide; O'er ev' - ry thought and step pre - side.

2 The light of truth to us display,
And make us know and choose thy way;
Plant holy fear in ev'ry heart,
That we from God may not depart.

3 Lead us to holiness,—the road
That we must take to dwell with God;
Lead us to Christ, the living way,
Nor let us from his precepts stray.

4 Lead us to God, our final rest,
In his enjoyment to be blest;
Lead us to heav'n, the seat of bliss,
Where pleasure in perfection is.

OLIVET. L. M.

With great gentleness and delicacy

1. How blest the sa - cred tie that binds, In sweet com - mun - ion, kin - dred minds! How swift the heav'n - ly course they run, Whose hearts, whose faith, whose hopes, are one!

2 To each the soul of each how dear!
What tender love, what holy fear!
How doth the generous flame within
Refine from earth, and cleanse from sin

3 Nor shall the glowing flame expire,
When dimly burns frail nature's fire;
Then shall they meet in realms above,
A heaven of joy, a heaven of love.

QUITO. L. M.

Arranged from HORSLEY.

1. Yes, 'tis a rough and thor - ny road, That leads us to the saints' a - bode; But when our Fa - ther's house we gain,

'Twill make amends for all our pain, 'Twill make a - mends for all our pain.

2 And what is all we suffer now,
Or all we can endure below,
To that bright day when Christ shall come,
And take his weary pilgrims home?

3 Then let us walk without complaint,
The thorny road, and never faint:
Though now by weariness oppress,
The end is everlasting rest.

CHESTER. L. M.

BILLINGS.

1. God of e - ter - ni - ty, from thee Did in - fant Time his be - ing draw; Mo - ments, and days,..... and

2. Si - lent and slow they glide a - way; Stea - dy and strong..... the cur - rent flows, Lost in e - ter - ni -

months,.... and years, Re - volve by thine un - - - va - - ried law.

ty's..... wide sea — The bound - less gulf..... from whence.... it rose.

3 With it the thoughtless sons of men
Upon the rapid streams are borne
Swift on to their eternal home,
Whence not one soul can e'er return.

4 Yet, while the shore, on either side,
Presents a gaudy, flattering show,
We gaze, in fond amazement lost,
Nor think to what a world we go.

5 Great Source of wisdom, teach my heart
To know the price of ev'ry hour.
That time may bear me on to joys
Beyond its measure and its pow'r.

HINGHAM. L. M.

Or six lines by repeating the first two lines.

Moderato.

1. Sweet is the work, my God, my King, To praise thy name, give thanks, and sing, To show thy love by morn - ing light,

2. Sweet is the day of sa - cred rest; No mor - tal care shall fill my breast; O, may my heart in tune be found,

And talk of all thy truth..... at night, And talk of all thy truth at night.

Like Da - vid's harp, of sol - - emn sound, Like Da - vid's harp, of sol - emn sound.

3 My heart shall triumph in the Lord,
And bless his works, and bless his word:
His works of grace, how bright they shine!
How deep his counsels, how divine!

4 And I shall share a glorious part,
When grace hath well refined my heart,
And fresh supplies of joy are shed,
Like holy oil, to cheer my head.

5 Then shall I see, and hear, and know,
All I desired or wished below,
And ev'ry pow'r find sweet employ
In that eternal world of joy.

LOVING-KINDNESS. L. M.

The arrangement of this tune as published here, is the best I have seen.—W. W.

1. A - wake, my soul, in joy - ful lays, And sing thy great Re - deem - er's praise; He just - ly claims a song from thee—

2. He saw me ru - ined in the fall, Yet loved me, not - with-stand - ing all; He saved me from my lost es - tate—

3. Tho' num'rous hosts of migh - ty foes, Tho' earth and hell my way op - pose, He safe - ly leads my soul a - long—

His lov - ing - kind - ness, O! how free! His lov - ing-kind-ness, lov - ing-kind - ness! His lov - ing-kind - ness, O! how free!

His lov - ing - kind - ness, O! how great! His lov - ing-kind - ness, lov - ing-kind - ness! His lov - ing-kind - ness, O! how great!

His lov - ing - kind - ness, O! how strong! His lov - ing-kind - ness, lov - ing-kind - ness! His lov - ing-kind - ness, O! how strong!

With dignity and cheerfulness.

1. I'll praise my Ma - ker with my breath; And when my voice is lost in death, Praise shall em-ploy my no - bler pow'rs: My days of

mf *cres.* *dim.* *cres.* *mf*

praise shall ne'er be past, While life, and thought, and being last, Or im-mor - tal - i - ty endures.

mp *cres.*

2 How blest the man whose hopes rely
On Israel's God! he made the sky,
And earth and seas, with all their train:
His truth forever stands secure,
He saves th' oppressed, he feeds the poor,
And none shall find his promise vain.

3 I'll praise him while he lends me breath;
And when my voice is lost in death,
Praise shall employ my nobler pow'rs:
My days of praise shall ne'er be past,
While life, and thought, and being last,
Or immortality endures.

CREATION. L. M. 6 lines

From HAYDN'S "CREATION."

1. From all that dwell be - low the skies, Let the Cre - a - tor's praise a - rise; Let the Re - deem - er's name be sung,

2. E - ter - nal are thy mer - cies, Lord; E - ter - nal truth at - tends thy word; Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore,

Through ev' - ry land, by ev' - ry tongue, Let the Re-deem - er's name be sung, Through ev' - ry land, by ev' - ry tongue,

Till suns shall rise and set no more. Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore, Till suns shall rise and set no more.

NASHVILLE. L. M. 6 lines.

Moderate. From a Gregorian chant.

1. I love the volume of thy word; What life and joy those leaves afford To souls be - night - ed and distrest: { Thy precepts guide my doubtful way; / Thy fear forbids my feet to stray. } Thy promise leads my soul to rest.

VERNON. L. M. 6 lines.

REV. CHAS. WESLEY. CHAPIN.

1. Come, O thou travel - ler unknown, Whom still I hold, but cannot see; / My company be - fore has gone, And I am left a - lone with thee. } With thee all night I mean to stay, And wrestle till the break of day.

2. I need not tell thee who I am, My mise - ry and sin de - clare; / Thyself hast called me by my name, Look on thy hands and read it there. } But who, I ask thee, who art thou? Tell me thy name, and tell me now

RAMESIS. L. M. 8 lines.

D. C.

1. A-way, my un - be - liev-ing fear! Fear shall in me no more have place;
My Sa-viour doth not yet appear, He hides the brightness of his face:
D. C. No, in the strength of Je-sus, no, I nev-er will give up my shield.

But shall I therefore let him go, And basely to the tempt - er yield?

D. C.

* Sing upper notes in D. C.

PARTING HAND. L. M. 8 lines.

WM. WALKER.

D. C.

1. My Christian friends, in bonds of love, Whose hearts in sweetest u - nion join,
Your friendship's like a drawing band, Yet we must take the part- ing hand.
D. C. Yet when I see that we must part, You draw like cords around my heart.

2. Your company's sweet, your union dear, Your words delightful to my ear,

D. C.

Alto by WM. WALKER.

MISSION. L. M. 8 lines.

REV. A. GRAMBLING, of Spartanburg, S.C.

1. Young peo - ple all, at - ten - tion give, While I ad-dress you in God's name; } I've sought for bliss in glitt'ring toys, And ranged the
You who in sin and fol - ly live, Come hear the coun - sel of a friend. }

2. He spake at once my sins forgiv'n, And washed my load of guilt a - way; } And now with trembling sense I view The bil - lows
He gave me glo - ry, peace, and heav'n, And thus I found the heav'nly way. }

lur-ing scenes of vice; But nev - er knew sub-stan-tial joys, Un - til I heard my Saviour's voice.

roll be - neath your feet; For death e - ter - nal waits for you, Who slight the force of gospel truth.

3 Youth, like the spring, will soon be gone
By fleeting time or conquering death,
Your morning sun may set at noon,
And leave you ever in the dark.
Your sparkling eyes and blooming cheeks
Must wither like the blasted rose;
The coffin, earth, and winding-sheet
Will soon your active limbs enclose.

4 Ye heedless ones that wildly stroll,
The grave will soon become your bed,
Where silence reigns, and vapors roll
In solemn darkness round your head.
Your friends will pass the lonesome place,
And with a sigh move slow along;
Still gazing on the spires of grass
With which your graves are overgrown

IMMENSITY. L. M. 8 lines.

WM. CALDWELL.

1. There is a world we have not seen, That time shall nev - er dare de - stroy,
Where mor - tal foot- step hath not been, Nor ear hath caught its sounds of joy: } There is a re - gion love-lier far Than an-gels tell or

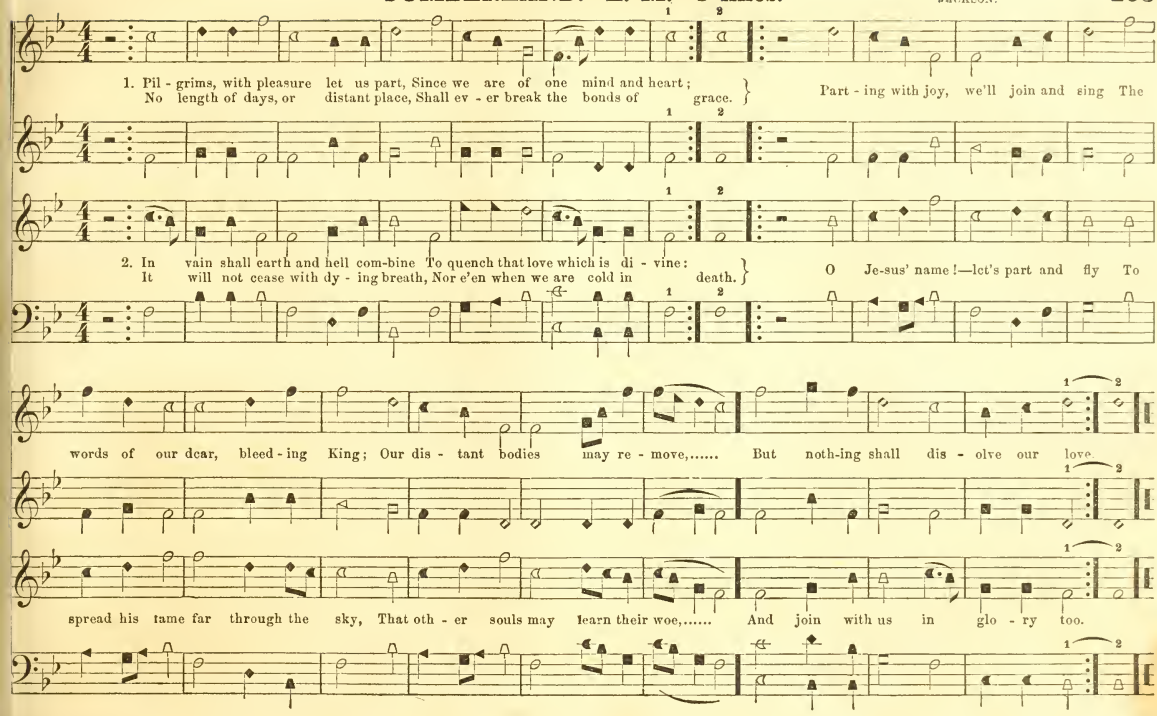
2. There is a world, and oh, how blest! Fair-er than proph-ets ev - er told,
And nev - er did an an - gel guest One half its bless-ed - ness un - fold: } It is all ho - ly and se - rene, The land of glo - ry

po - ets sing, Brighter than summer's beauties are, And soft - er than the tints of spring.

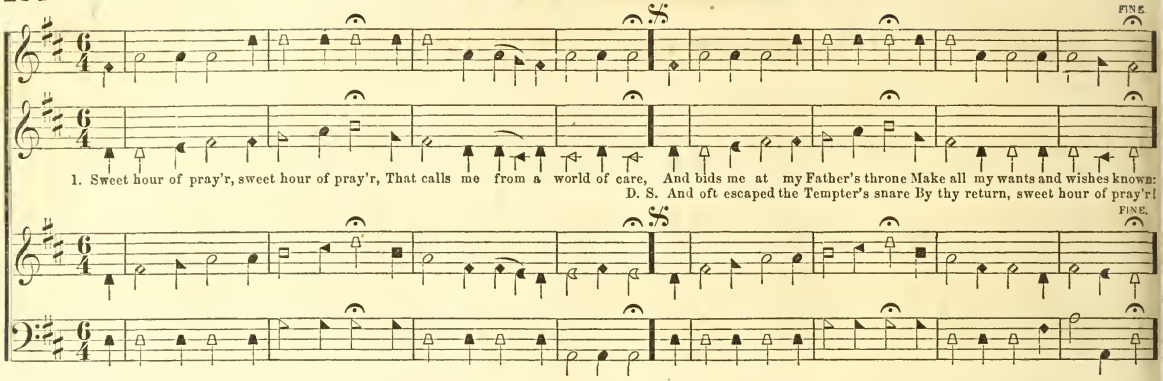
and re - pose; And there, to dim the ra - diant scene, The tear of sor - row nev - er flows.

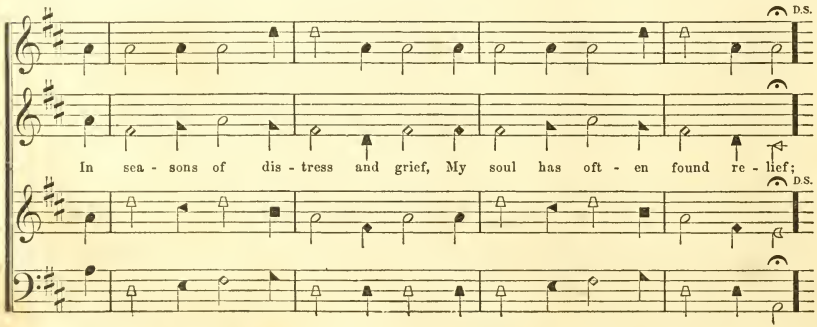
3 It is not fanned by summer gale;
'Tis not refreshed by vernal show'rs;
It never needs the moonbeam pale,
For there are known no evening hours:
No, for this world is ever bright
With a pure radiance all its own;
The stream of uncreated light
Flows round it from th' eternal throne.

4 There forms that mortals may not see,
Too glorious for the eye to trace,
And clad in peerless majesty,
Move with unutterable grace:
In vain the philosophic eye
May seek to view the fair abode,
Or find it in the curtained sky:
It is the dwelling-place of God.


1. Pil - grims, with pleasure let us part, Since we are of one mind and heart;
No length of days, or distant place, Shall ev - er break the bonds of grace.
Part - ing with joy, we'll join and sing The
2. In vain shall earth and hell com-bine To quench that love which is di - vine:
It will not cease with dy - ing breath, Nor e'en when we are cold in death.
O Je-sus' name!—let's part and fly To
words of our dear, bleed - ing King; Our dis - tant bodies may re - move,..... But noth-ing shall dis - olve our love
spread his fame far through the sky, That oth - er souls may learn their woe,..... And join with us in glo - ry too.

PRAYER MEETING. L. M. 8 lines.





2 Sweet hour of pray'r, sweet hour of pray'r!
Thy wings shall my petition bear
To him whose truth and faithfulness
Engaged the waiting soul to bless;
And since he bids me seek his face,
Believe his word and trust his grace,
I'll cast on him my ev'ry care,
And wait for thee, sweet hour of pray'r!

3 Sweet hour of pray'r, sweet hour of pray'r!
May I thy consolation share,
Till from Mount Pisgah's lofty height
I view my home and take my flight;
This robe of flesh I'll drop, and rise
To seize the everlasting prize,
And shout, while passing through the air,
Farewell, farewell! sweet hour of pray'r!

THE WATCHMAN'S CALL. L. M. 8 lines.

WM. WALKER.

1. The watchmen blow the trumpet round, Come, listen to the solemn sound,
And be assured there's danger nigh; How many are prepared to die?
Your days on earth will soon be o'er, And time to you re-

2. Come, old and young; come, rich and poor; You'll all be called to stand before
The God that made the earth and sea, And there proclaim his ma - jes - ty.
Will you remain quite un-con-cerned, While for your souls the

turn no more; Oh, think thou hast a soul to save; What are thy hopes be-yond the grave?

watchmen mourn? They weep to think how you will stand With frightful ghosts at God's left hand.

3 O mortals! view the dream of life,
And see how thousands end the strife,
Who, though convinced, do still delay
Till death ensues and drags away:
Will you, for fancied earthly toys,
Deprive yourselves of heav'nly joys?
And will the calls you have to-day
Be slighted still and pass away?

4 The trying scene will shortly come,
When you must hear your certain doom;
And if you then go unprepared,
You'll bear in mind the truths you've heard;
Your sparkling eyes will then roll round,
While death will bring you to the ground;
The coffin, grave, and winding-sheet
Will hold your lifeless frame complete.

HE LIVES. L. M. 8 lines.

D. C.

1. I know that my Re-deem-er lives; What comfort this sweet sentence gives! } He lives to bless me with his love, He lives to plead for me a - bove,
He lives triumphant from the grave, He lives e - ter - nal - ly to save.
D. C. He lives my hun-gry soul to feed, He lives to help in time of need.

D. C.

SUPPLICATION. L. M.

Grave and solemn.

1. O thou that hear'st when sinners cry, Though all my crimes before thee lie, Behold them not with an-gry look, But blot their mem'ry from thy book.

2. Create my nature pure with - in, And form my soul a-verse to sin: Let thy good Spir-it ne'er de - part, Nor hide thy presence from my heart.

3. I can - not live without thy light, Cast out and banished from thy sight; Thy ho - ly joys, my God, restore, And guard me that I fall no more.

WINDHAM. L. M.

Slow and soft.

REED.

1. Broad is the road that leads to death, And thousands walk to-ge-ther there; But wisdom shows a narrow path, With here and there a trav - el - ler.

2. "De - ny thyself, and take thy cross," Is the Re-deem-er's great command; Na - ture must count her gold but dross, If she would gain this heav'nly land.

3. The fear-ful soul that tires and faints, And walks the ways of God no more, Is but esteem'd almost a saint, And makes his own de - struction sure.

MEDITATION. L. M.

With earnest expression.

Alto by WM. WALKER.

The harmony of this tune has been corrected and improved expressly for this work.

1. To - day, if you will hear his voice, Now is the time to make your choice; Say, will you to Mount Zi - on go? Say, will you have this Christ or no?

2. Say, will you be for ev - er blest, And with this glorious Je - sus rest? Will you be sav'd from guilt and pain? Will you with Christ for ev-er reign?

3. Make now your choice, and halt no more, He now is waiting for the poor; Say now, poor souls, what will you do? Say, will you have this Christ or no?

KEDRON. L. M.

DARE.

1. Thou Man of griefs, remember me, Who never canst thy - self for - get, Thy last mis - te - rious ag-o-ny, Thy faint-ing pangs and bloody sweat!

2. Fa - ther, if I may call thee so, Re - gard my fear-ful heart's de-sire; Remove this load of guilty woe, Nor let me in my sins ex - pire!

3. I tremble, lest the wrath divine, Which bruises now my wretchéd soul, Should bruise this wretchéd soul of mine Long as e - ter - nal a-ges roll.

* FRENCH BROAD. L. M.

Arranged by WM. WALKER.

1. High o'er the hills the mountains rise, Their summits tow'r toward the skies; But far a-bove them I must dwell, Or sink beneath the flames of hell.

2. Oh, God! for-bid that I should fall And lose my ev - er - last-ing all; But may I rise on wings of love, And soar to the blest world above.

3. Although I walk the mountains high, Ere long my bod - y low must lie, And in some lonesome place must rot, And by the living be forgot.

* I learned the air of this tune of my dear mother, when only five years old.

THE LORD'S SUPPER. L. M. (Or, Tender Thought.)

1. 'Twas on that dark and dole - ful night, When pow'rs of earth and hell a - rose A - gainst the Son of God's de - light, And friends be - tray'd him to his foes.

2. Be - fore the mourn - ful scene be - gan, He took the bread, and bless'd and brake; What love through all his ac - tions ran! What won - drous words of grace he spake!

3. "This is my bo - dy, broke for sin, Re - ceive and eat the liv - ing food;" Then took the cup and bless'd the wine: "'Tis the new cov' - nant in my blood."

4 [For us his flesh with nails was torn;
He bore the scourge, he felt the thorn;
And justice poured upon his head
Its heavy vengeance in our stead.

5 For us his vital blood was spilt,
To buy the pardon of our guilt,
When, for black crimes of biggest size,
He gave his soul a sacrifice.]

6 "Do this," he cried, "till time shall end,
In mem'ry of your dying Friend;
Meet at my table, and record
The love of your departed Lord."

7 [Jesus, thy feast we celebrate,
We show thy death, we sing thy name,
Till thou return, and we shall eat
The marriage supper of the Lamb.]

OLD HUNDRED. L. M.

1. O come, loud anthems let us sing, Loud thanks to our al - mighty King, For we our voices high should raise, When our sal - vation's rock we praise.

CONTENTED SOLDIER. L. M.

WM. WALKER.

CHORUS.

1. I've listed in the ho - ly war, Till the warfare is over, hal-le - lu - jah!
Content to suffer soldier's fare, Till the warfare is over, hal-le - lu - jah!

Crying a - men! shout on till the warfare is over, hal-le - lu - jah!

2. The banner o'er my head is love, Till the warfare is over, hal-le - lu - jah!
I draw my rations from a - bove, Till the warfare is over, hal-le - lu - jah!

Crying a - men! shout on till the warfare is over, halle - lu - jah!

HOPEWELL. L. M.

L. J. JONES.

D. C.

1. Je - sus, my all, to heav'n is gone, He whom I fix my hopes up - on;
His track I see, and I'll pursue The narrow way, till him I view.
D. C. This note a - bove all others raise, My Je-sus has done all things well.

CHORUS. Hal-le - lu-jah! Halle - lu - jah! Halle - lu-jah! I love the Lord!

D. C.

HUMBLE PENITENT. L. M.

WM. WALKER.

1 2 CHORUS.

1. Show pi-ty, Lord, O Lord, for - give, O pi-ty me, dear Saviour!
Let a re - pent-ing re - bel live; O pi-ty me, dear Sa - viour!

Is there any mercy here? O pity me, dear Lord, and I'll sing halle halle - lu - jah!

CHRISTIAN PROSPECT. L. M.

WM. WALKER.

1. We have our tri - als here be - low, O, glo - ry, hal - le - lu - jah!
We have our tri - als here be - low, O, glo - ry, hal - le - lu - jah! } There's a bet - ter day a

2. A few more beat - ing winds and rains, O, glo - ry, hal - le - lu - jah!
A few more beat - ing winds and rains, O, glo - ry, hal - le - lu - jah! } And the win - ter will be

com - ing, Hal - le - lu - jah! There's a bet - ter day a com - ing, Hal - le - lu - jah!

o - ver, Hal - le - lu - jah! And the win - ter will be o - ver, Hal - le - lu - jah!

3 A few more rising and setting suns, O, glory, hallelujah!
And we'll all cross over Jordan—Hallelujah!

4 I feel noways like getting tired, O, glory, hallelujah!
I am making for the harbor—Hallelujah!

5 I hope to get there by and by, O, glory, hallelujah!
For my home is over Jordan—Hallelujah!

6 I have some friends before me gone, O, glory hallelujah!
By and by I'll go and meet them—Hallelujah!

7 I'll meet them round our Father's throne, O, glory hallelujah!
And we'll live with God forever—Hallelujah!

CHORUS.

1. When for e - ter - nal worlds we steer, And seas are calm, and skies are clear,
And faith in live - ly ex - er - cise, And dis - tant hills of Ca - naan rise:
The soul for joy then claps her wings, And loud her lovely [sonnet

2. With cheer-ful hope, his eyes ex - plore Each land-mark on the dis - tant shore;
The trees of life— the pas - ture green, The crys - tal stream, de - light - ful scene!
Again for joy she plumes her wings, And loud her lovely [sonnet

sings, I'm go - ing home, I'm go - ing home, And loud her love - ly son-net sings, I'm go-ing home.

sings, I'm al-most home, I'm al-most home, And loud her love - ly son-net sings, I'm almost home.

3 The nearer still she draws to land,
More eager all her pow'rs expand;
With steady helm, and free bent sail,
Her anchor drops within the vail:
And now for joy she folds her wings,
And her celestial sonnet sings,
I'm home at last, &c.

4 She meets with those who 're gone before,
On heaven's high and genial shore,
Around the dear Redeemer's feet:
With ecstasy each other greet.
And loud they shout, Our God and King!
And ceaseless hallelujahs sing,
We're safe at last, we're safe at last.

HOSANNA. L. M. (6 lines and Chorus.)

1. He's gone! the spot-less soul is gone Tri-um-phant to his place a - bove;
The pri-son-walls are broken down, The an-gels speed his swift re-move;
And, shouting, on their wings he flies, And gains his rest in pa-ra-dise.

2. Saved by the mer - it of his Lord, Glo - ry and praise to Christ he gives;
Yet still his mer - ci - ful re-ward Ac-cord-ing to his works receives;
And with the seed he sow'd below, His bliss e - ter-nal - ly shall grow.

CHORUS.

Hosanna! ho - san-na! hosanna to the Lamb of God! Glory, glory let us sing! Grateful honors to our King, Hosanna! hosanna! hosanna to the Lamb of God!

IN THAT MORNING. L. M.

WM. WALKER.

CHORUS.

1. Je-sus, my all, to heav'n is gone, And we'll all shout together in that morning;
He whom I fix my hopes upon, And we'll all shout together in that morning.

In that morning, In that morning, And we'll all shout together in that morning.

2. His track I see, and I'll pursue, And we'll all shout together in that morning;
The narrow way, till him I view, And we'll all shout together in that morning.

In that morning, &c.

KAY. L. M.

JOHN G. McCURRY, in 1842.

1. I love the Lord for what he's done; 'Tis thro' the merits of his Son; I feel my sins are all forgiv'n, And I've a resting-place in heav'n.

2. But oh, when that last conflict's o'er, And I am chain'd to earth no more, With what glad accents shall I rise To join the mu-sic of the skies!

O, SAVE. L. M.

J. A. & J. E. WADE, 1834.

CHORUS.

1. Show pi - ty, Lord, O Lord, for-give, Save, mighty Lord!
Let a re - penting re - bel live; Save, mighty Lord!

Oh, save, save, mighty Lord! And send con-vert-ing power down, Save, mighty Lord!

SOCIAL BAND. L. M. 8 lines.

D. C.

1. Say now, ye lovely so-cial band, Who walk the way to Canaan's land;
Ye who have fled from Sodom's plain, Say, would you now return a - gain?

Have you just ventured to the field, Well arm'd with helmet, sword, and shield,

D. C. And shall the world, with dread alarms, Compel you now to ground your arms?

D. C.

JERUSALEM. L. M.

Arranged by WM. WALKER in 1832.

1. Je - sus, my all, to heav'n is gone, He whom I fix my hopes up - on;
His track I see, and I'll pur - sue The narrow way till him I view. } CHORUS.

2. The way the ho - ly pro - phets went; The road that leads from ban - ish-ment;
The King's highway of ho - ly - ness, I'll go, for all his paths are peace. }

I'm on my journey home, to the

I'm on my, &c.

I'm on my journey home, to the new Je-ru - sa - lem, So fare you well, So fare you well, So fare you well, I am go - ing home.

new Je-ru sa - lem, I'm on my journey home, to the new Je-ru - sa - lem, So fare you well, So fare you well, So fare you well, I am go - ing home.

COOKHAM. 7s.

1. Now be - gin the heav'nly theme; Sing a - loud in Je - sus' name; Ye who his sal - va - tion prove, Triumph in re - deem-ing love.

2. Ye who see the Fa-ther's grace Beam -ing in the Sa - viour's face, As to Ca - naan on ye move, Praise and bless re - deem-ing love.

3. Mourning souls, dry up your tears; Banish all your guil - ty fears; See your guilt and curse re-move, Cancelled by re - deem-ing love.

HARMONY. 7s.

1. 'Tis re - li - gion that can give, Sweetest pleasures while we live; 'Tis re - li - gion must sup-ply, Sol - id com - fort when we die!

2. Af - ter death its joys shall be Lasting as e - ter - ni - ty: Be the liv - ing God our friend, Then our bliss shall nev - er end.

Alto by WM. WALKER.

SWEETEST PLEASURE. 7s.

WM. CALDWELL.

1. 'Tis re - li - gion that can give Sweetest pleasures while we live; 'Tis re - li - gion must supply Sol - id com-fort when we die.

2. Aft - er death its joys will be Last - ing as e - ter - ni - ty; Be the liv - ing God my friend, Then my bliss shall nev - er end.

3. Ho - ly Ghost, be thou our guide, Do not let us turn a - side; Com - fort draw and sanc - ti - fy, Lead us safe to God on high.

DAY-STAR. 7s.

GEO. O. ROBINSON. From the "Casket," by permission.

Joyful.

1. Morn - ing breaks up - on the tomb; Je - sus scatters all its gloom; Day of triumph! through the skies See the glo-rious Saviour rise.

2. Ye who are of death a-fraid, Triumph in the scat-ter'd shade! Drive your anx-ious cares a - way, See the place where Jesus lay.

3. Chris - tian, dry your flow - ing tears; Chase your un - be - liev-ing fears; Look on his de - sert - ed grave; Doubt no more his pow'r to save.

WILMOT. 7s.

Moderato.

Or 8s, 7s. by using the small notes.

1. Heav'nly Fa-ther, sov'reign Lord, Be thy glorious name a - dored! Lord, thy mercies nev - er fail; Hail, ce - les-tial goodness, hail!

2. Tho' un - wor - thy, Lord, thine ear, Deign our humble songs to hear; Pu - rer praise we hope to bring, When a-round thy throne we sing.

3. While on earth ordain'd to stay, Guide our footsteps in thy way, Till we come to dwell with thee, Till we all thy glo - ry see.

RESURRECTION. 7s.

1. An - gels, roll the rock a - way; Death, yield up thy migh-ty prey: See! he ri - ses from the tomb— Glow - ing with im-mor - tal bloom.

2. 'Tis the Saviour; seraphs, raise Your tri - um-phant shouts of praise; Let the earth's re - mot - est bound Hear the joy - in - spir - ing sound.

3. Lift, ye saints, lift up your eyes; Now to glo - ry see him rise; Hosts of an-gels on the road Hail and sing th' in-car - nate God.

PLEYEL'S HYMN. 7s.

1. To thy pas-tures, fair and large, Heav'nly Shepherd, lead thy charge; And my couch with ten - d'rest care, 'Midst the springing grass pre - pare.

2. When I faint with summer's heat, Thou shalt guide my weary feet To the streams that, still and slow, Through the verdant meadows flow.

3. Safe the drea - ry vale I tread, By the shades of death o'er - spread; With thy rod and staff sup - plied, This my guard, and that my guide.

ACTON. 7s.

Or 8s, 7s, by leaving out slurs.—Six lines, by repeating first lines.

Slow, sweet, and flowing.

1. Sweet the time, ex - ceed-ing sweet! When the saints to - ge - ther meet, When the Saviour is the theme, When they join to sing of him.

2. Sing we then e - ter-nal love, Such as did the Fa-ther move: He be-held the world un - done, Loved the world, and gave his Son.

3. Sweet the place, ex - ceed-ing sweet! Where the saints in glo - ry meet; Where the Saviour's still the theme, Where they see and sing of him.

PRAISE. 7s.

Majestic and grand.

1. Praise the Lord; his glo - ry bless; Praise him in his ho - li - ness; Praise him as the theme in-spires; Praise him as his fame requires.

2. Let the trumpet's loft - y sound Spread its loudest notes a-round; Let the harp, u - nite in praise, With the sacred minstrel's lays.

3. Let the or - gan join to bless God, the Lord our Righteousness; Tune your voice to spread the fame Of the great Je - ho - vah's name.

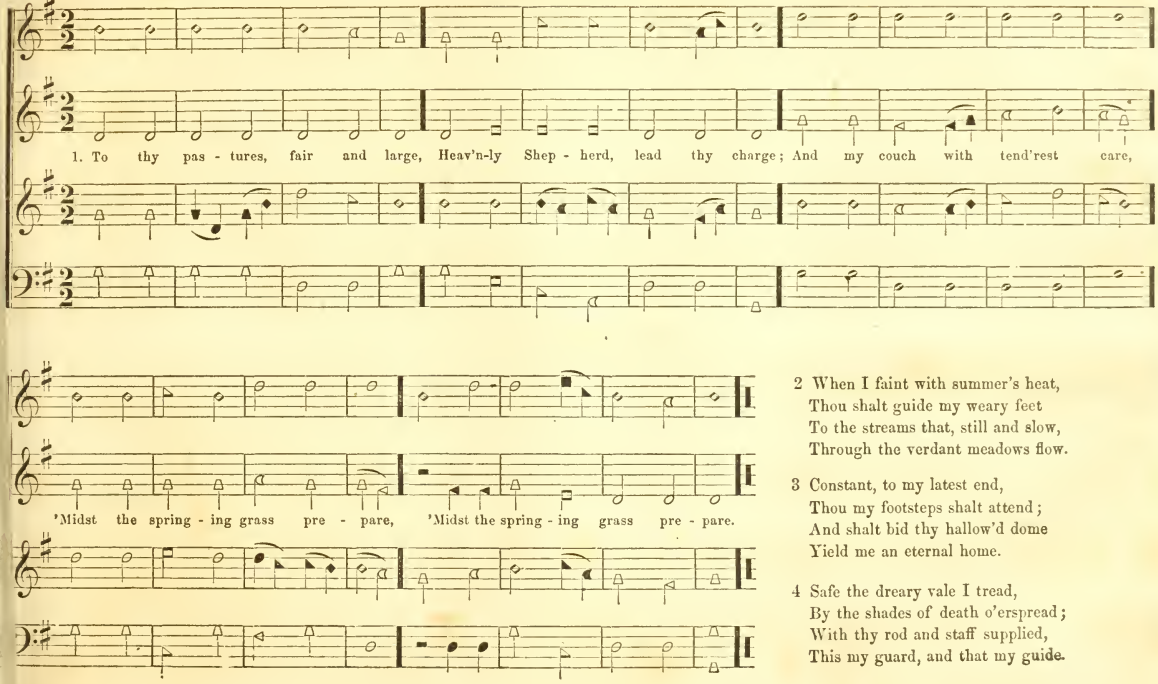
ST. LOUIS. 7s.

1. Christian breth-ren, ere we part, Ev' - ry voice and ev' - ry heart Join, and to our Fa-ther raise One last hymn of grate - ful praise.

2. Though we here should meet no more, Yet there is a brighter shore; There released from toil and pain, There we all may meet a - gain.

HENDON. 7s.

From Rev. Dr. MALAN.
Or 6 lines, by repeating the first two strains of the music.



2 When I faint with summer's heat,
Thou shalt guide my weary feet
To the streams that, still and slow,
Through the verdant meadows flow.

3 Constant, to my latest end,
Thou my footsteps shalt attend;
And shalt bid thy hallow'd dome
Yield me an eternal home.

4 Safe the dreary vale I tread,
By the shades of death o'erspread;
With thy rod and staff supplied,
This my guard, and that my guide.

HASTEN, SINNER. 7s.

Slow and earnest.

1. Has - ten, sin - ner, to be wise; Stay not, stay not for the mor - row's sun; Wis - dom,

2. Has - ten, mer - cy to im - plore; Stay not, stay not for the mor - row's sun; Lest thy

if you still de - spise, Hard - er is it to be won.

sea - son should be o'er, Ere this even-ing's course be run.

3 Hasten, sinner, to return;
Stay not, stay not for the morrow's sun;
Lest thy lamp should cease to burn,
Ere salvation's work is done.

4 Hasten, sinner, to be bless'd;
Stay not, stay not for the morrow's sun,
Lest perdition thee arrest,
Ere the morrow is begun.

5 Lord, do thou the sinner turn;
Rouse him, rouse him from his senseless state;
Let him not thy counsel spurn,
And lament his choice too late.

KENAN. 7s.

From "CYTHARA."

With gentleness.

1. Soft - ly fades the twi - light ray Of the ho - ly Sab - bath day; Gen - tly as life's set - ting sun, When the Christian's race is run.

2. Soon for us the light of day Shall for - ev - er pass a - way; Then from sin and sor - row free, Take us, Lord, to dwell with thee.*

* In singing last line of second stanzas, use the small notes.

MARTIN. 7s. 8 lines.

MARSH.

With gentleness.

1. Je - sus, refuge of my soul, Let me to thy bosom fly, { Hide me, O my Saviour, hide, While the raging billows roll, While the tempest still is high: { Till the storm of life is past; } Safe into the haven guide; O, receive my soul at last.

2. Oth-er refuge have I none; Hangs my helpless soul on thee; { All my trust on thee is stayed, Leave, ah, leave me not alone; Still support and comfort me: { All my help from thee I bring; } Cover my defenceless head With the shadow of thy wing.

ROCK OF AGES. 7s. 6 lines.

FINE. D. C.

1. Rock of a - ges, shel - ter me! Let me hide my-self in thee! Let the wa - ter and the blood, From thy wounded side which flow'd,
D. C. Be of sin the dou - ble cure; Cleanse me from its guilt and pow'r.

FINE. D. C.

2. Not the la - bor of my hands Can ful - fil thy law's de-mands. Could my zeal no respite know, Could my tears for - ev - er flow,
D. C. All for sin could not a - tone: Thou must save, and thou a - lone.

ROSEFIELD. 7s. 6 lines.

Glowing. Arranged from old "Rosefield."

1. From the cross up - lift - ed high, Where the Saviour deigns to die, } "Love's redeeming work is done; Come and welcome, sinner, come."
What me - lodious sounds we hear, Bursting on the ravished ear! }

OWEN. 7s. 6 lines.

Very slow

1. Go to dark Geth - se-ma-ne, Ye that feel temptation's pow'r; Your Redeemer's conflict see; Watch with him one bitter hour; Turn not from his griefs away; Learn of Jesus Christ to pray.

2. Follow to the judgment hall; View the Lord of life arraigned; Oh the wormwood and the gall! Oh the pangs his soul sustained! Shun not suff'ring, shame, or loss; Learn of him to bear the cross.

HAWS. 7s. 6 lines.

PLEYEL.

1. From the cross up - lift - ed high, Where the Saviour deigns to die,
What me - lo-dious sounds we hear, Burst-ing on the ravished ear!
"Love's re-deem-ing work is done— Come and welcome, sin - ner, come!

2. Sprinkled now with blood the throne, Why be-neath thy burdens groan?
On my wounded bo - dy laid, Jus - tice owns the ran-som paid—
"Bow the knee, and kiss the Son— Come and welcome, sin - ner, come."

HARTS. 7s. 6 lines.

1. Fa-ther, glo - ri - fy thy Son; Answ'ring his all - pow'r - ful pray'r,
Send that In-ter - ces - sor down, Send that oth - er Com - fort - er, } Whom be-liev - ing - ly we claim, Whom we ask in Je - 'sus' name.

ETON. 7s. 8 lines.

D. C. CODA.

1. "Wide, ye heav'nly gates, un-fold, Clos'd no more by death and sin;
Lo! the conqu'ring Lord behold: Let the King of glo - ry in." } Hark! th' an-gel - ic host in - quire, "Who is he, th' almighty King?" Hal - le - lu - jah, Hal - le - lu - jah.
D. C. Hark a - gain! the answ'ring choir Thus in strains of triumph sing:—

D. C. CODA.

NOTE.—If the Coda be sung, the last note of the tune must be omitted, and the small note before the Coda taken in its place.

TRANQUILLITY. 7s. 8 lines.

1. High in yon-der realms of light Dwell the raptured saints a - bove; Far beyond our fee - ble sight, Hap - py in Im-man - uel's love.

2. Oft the big un - bid - den tear, Steal - ing down the furrowed cheek, Told, in el - o - quence sincere, Tales of woe they could not speak;

3. Mid the cho - rus of the skies, Mid th' angel - ic lyres a - bove, Hark! their songs me - lo - dious rise! Songs of praise to Je - sus' love!

Once they knew, like us be - low, Pil-grims in this vale of tears, Tort'ring pain and heav - y woe, Gloom-y doubts, dis-tress - ing fears.

But these days of weep-ing o'er, Passed this scene of toil and pain, They shall feel distress no more, Nev - er, nev - er weep a - gain.

Hap - py spir - its, ye are fled Where no grief can en-trance find; Lull'd to rest the ach - ing head, Soothed the an - guish of the mind.

ELTHAM. 7s. 8 lines.

Slow.

D. C.

1. Hasten, Lord, the glorious time, When, beneath Mes-si - ah's sway,
Ev'-ry na - tion, ev'-ry clime, Shall the gos-pel call o - bey.
D. C. Sa - tan and his host o'erthrown, Bound in chains, shall hurt no more.

Mightiest kings his pow'r shall own, Heathen tribes his name a - dore;

D. C.

AMBOY. 7s, 8 lines, or 8s & 7s.

Joyful, animated.

D. C.

1. Wake the song of Ju - bi - lee, Let it ech - o o'er the sea!
Now is come the promised hour; Je - sus reigns with sov'reign pow'r!
D. C. Let it sound from shore to shore, Je - sus reigns for ev - er - more.

All ye na - tions, join and sing, "Christ, of lords, and kings, is King!"

D. C.

KING OF PEACE. 7s.

Arranged by F. PRICE.

With earnest expression.

1. Lord, I can - not let thee go, Till a bless - ing thou be - stow: Do not turn a - way thy face, Mine's an urgent, pressing case.

2. Dost thou ask me who I am? Ah! my Lord, thou know'st my name; Yet the question gives a plea To support my suit with thee.

3. Thou didst once a wretch behold, In re - bel - lion blind-ly bold, Scorn thy grace, thy pow'r de - fy: That poor rebel, Lord, was I.

INDIAN'S FAREWELL. 7s. 6 lines.

WM. WALKER.
Counter by SWAN.

Slow.

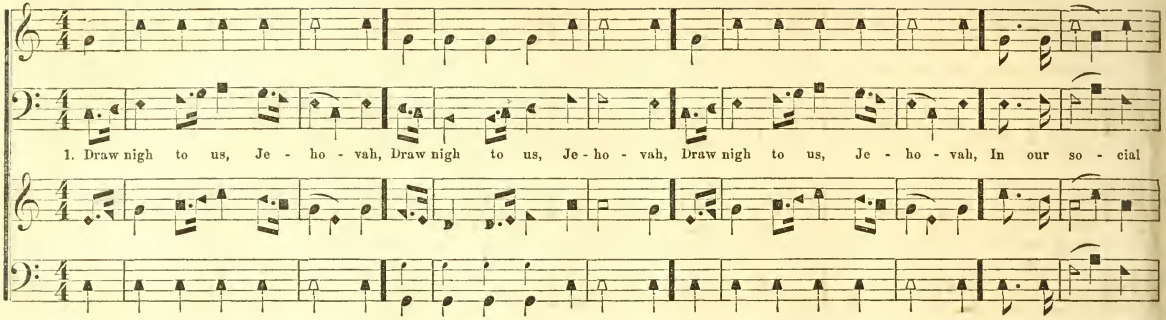
1. When shall we all meet again? When shall we all meet again? Oft shall glowing hope expire, Oft shall wearied love retire, Oft shall death and sorrow reign, Ere we all shall meet again.

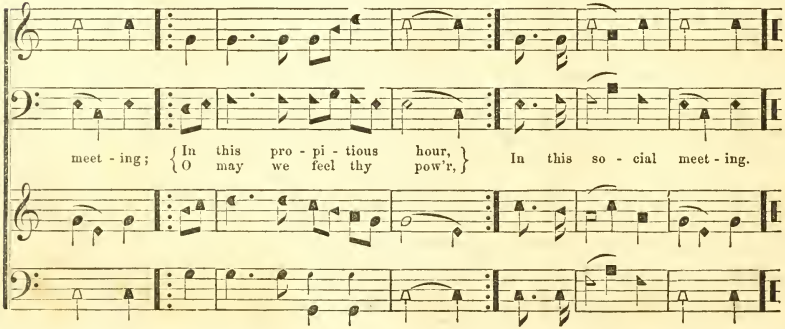
2. Tho' in distant lands we sigh, Parch'd beneath a hostile sky, Tho' the deep be - tween us rolls, Friendship shall unite our souls; And in fan - cy's wide domain, Oft shall we all meet again.

3. When our burnished locks are gray, Thinned by many a toil-spent day, When around the youthful pine Moss shall creep and ivy twine; Long may the loved bow'r remain, Ere we all shall meet again.

INVOCATION. (New.) 7s & 6s. 6 lines.

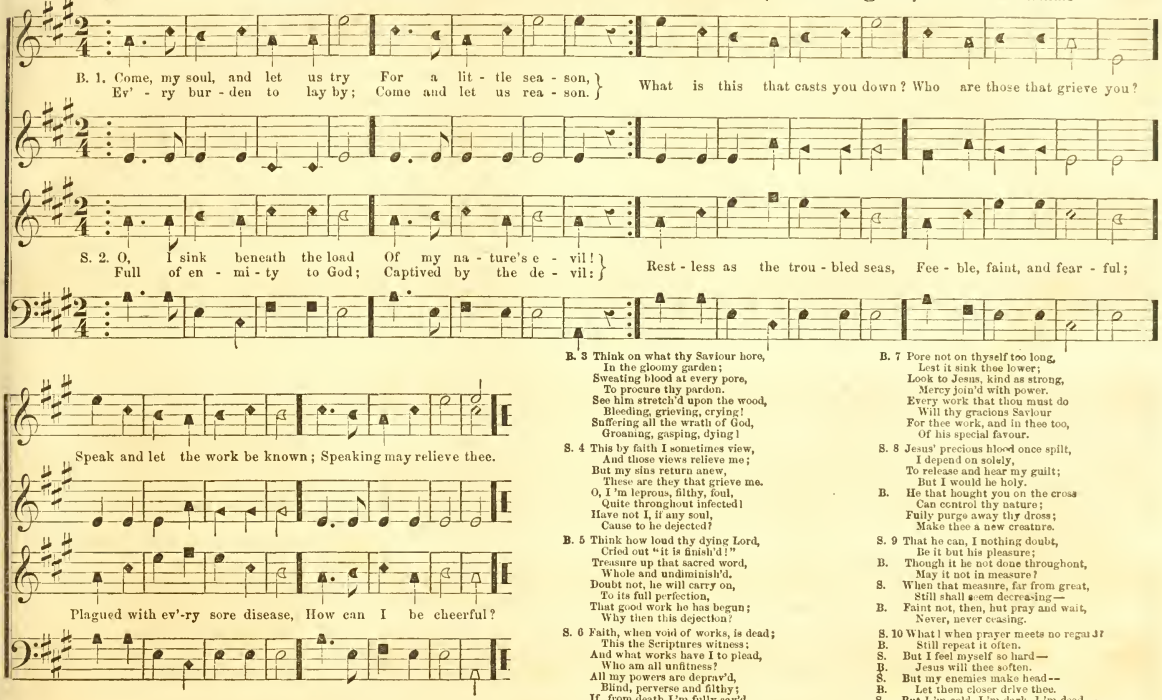
Composed expressly for the "Christian Harmony," by Prof. G. O. ROBERTSON.





2 Draw nigh to us, blest Jesus,
In our social meeting;
O may we find thy favor,
Thou ever-blessed Saviour,
In this social meeting.

3 Draw nigh to us, blest Spirit,
In our social meeting;
Convince and renovate us,
Anew in Christ create us,
In this social meeting.



B. 3 Think on what thy Saviour bore,
In the gloomy garden;
Sweating blood at every pore,
To procure thy pardon.
See him stretch'd upon the wood,
Bleeding, grieving, crying!
Suffering all the wrath of God,
Groaning, gasping, dying!

S. 4 This by faith I sometimes view,
And those views relieve me;
But my sins return anew,
These are they that grieve me.
O, I 'm leprous, filthy, foul,
Quite throughout infected!
Have not I, if any soul,
Cause to be dejected?

B. 5 Think how loud thy dying Lord,
Cried out "it is finish'd!"
Treasure up that sacred word,
Whole and undiminish'd.
Doubt not, he will carry on,
To its full perfection,
That good work he has begun;
Why then this dejection?

S. 6 Faith, when void of works, is dead;
This the Scriptures witness;
And what works have I to plead,
Who am all unfitness?
All my powers are deprav'd,
Blind, perverse and filthy;
If from death I'm fully sav'd,
Why am I not healthy?

B. 7 Pore not on thyself too long,
Lest it sink thee lower;
Look to Jesus, kind as strong,
Mercy join'd with power.
Every work that thou must do
Will thy gracious Saviour
For thee work, and in thee too,
Of his special favour.

S. 8 Jesus' precious blood once spilt,
I depend on solely,
To release and hear my guilt;
But I would be holy.

B. He that bought you on the cross
Can control thy nature;
Fully purge away thy dross;
Make thee a new creature.

S. 9 That he can, I nothing doubt,
Be it but his pleasure;

B. Though it be not done throughout,
May it not in measure?

S. When that measure, far from great,
Still shall seem decreasing—

B. Faint not, then, but pray and wait,
Never, never ceasing.

S. 10 What! when prayer meets no regard!

B. Still repeat it often.

S. But I feel myself so hard—

B. Jesus will thee soften.

S. But my enemies make head—

B. Let them closer drive thee.

S. But I 'm cold, I 'm dark, I 'm dead—

B. Jesus will revive thee.

Cherrful and lively. Arranged by WM. WALKER.

1. Sometimes a light surpris - es The Christian while he sings; It is the Lord who ris-es With healing in his wings: When comforts are de-

2. In ho - ly con - tem-pla - tion, We sweetly then pur-sue The theme of God's sal -va-tion, And find it ev - er new: Set free from pres-ent

clining. He grants the soul a - gain A sea-son of clear shining, To cheer it af-ter rain.

sorrow, We cheerful - ly can say, Let the unknown to-mor-row Bring with it what it may.

3 It can bring with it nothing,
But he will bear us through;
Who gives the lilies clothing
Will clothe his people too:
Beneath the spreading heavens,
No creature but is fed;
And he who feeds the ravens
Will give his children bread.

4 Though vine nor fig-tree neither,
Its wonted fruit should bear;
Though all the fields should wither,
Nor flocks nor herds be there;
Yet God, the same abiding,
His praise shall tune my voice;
For while in him confiding,
I cannot but rejoice.

1. Oh, when shall I see Je - sus, And reign with him a - bove?
And from the flow - ing foun - tain Drink ev - er - last - ing love? } When shall I be de-liv - er'd From this vain world of

2. But now I am a soldier, My Captain's gone be-fore;
He's giv - en me my or - ders, And bids me ne'er give o'er; } His prom - i - ses are faithful— A righteous crown he'll

sin?..... And with my bless - ed Je - sus, Drink end - less pleasures in?

give,..... And all his val - iant sol - diers E - ter - nal - ly shall live.

3 Through grace I am determined
To conquer, though I die,
And then away to Jesus,
On wings of love I'll fly:
Farewell to sin and sorrow,
I bid them both adieu!
And O, my friends! prove faithful,
And on your way pursue.

4 Whene'er you meet with troubles
And trials on your way,
Then cast your care on Jesus,
And don't forget to pray.
Gird on the gospel armor
Of faith, and hope, and love,
And when the combat's ended,
He'll carry you above.

Air by WM. WALKER.

PACOLET. 7s & 6s.

WM. GOLIGHTLY,
on Pacolet River, Spartanburg, S. C.

1. Shall men pretend to pleasure, Who never knew the Lord?
Can all the worldling's treasure True peace of mind af - ford? } They may ob - tain this jew - el, In what their hearts desire, When they, by adding fuel, Can quench this flame of fire.

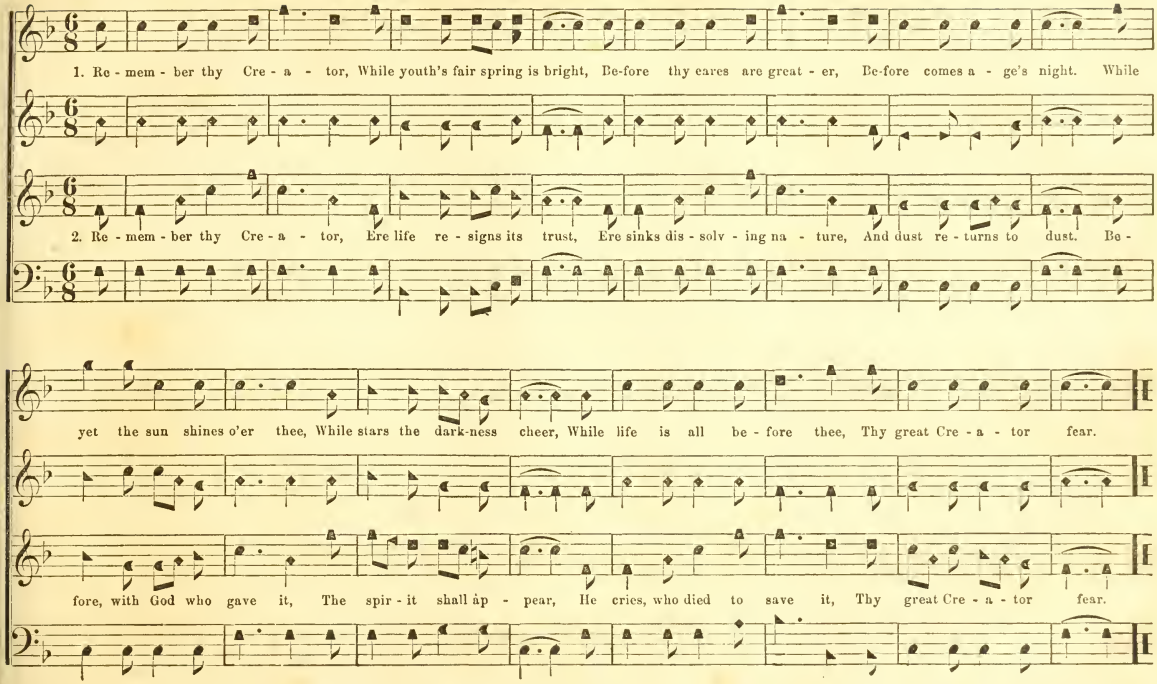
COMPLAINER. 7s & 6s.

WM. WALKER.

FINE. D. S.

1. I am a great complainer, that bears the name of Christ; Come, all ye Zion mourners, and listen to my cries: I've many sore temptations, and sorrows to my soul;
D. S. I feel my faith declining, and my affections cold.

FINE. D. S.


1. Re - mem - ber thy Cre - a - tor, While youth's fair spring is bright, Be-fore thy cares are great - er, Be-fore comes a - ge's night. While
2. Re - mem - ber thy Cre - a - tor, Ere life re - signs its trust, Ere sinks dis - solv - ing na - ture, And dust re - turns to dust. Be -
yet the sun shines o'er thee, While stars the dark-ness cheer, While life is all be - fore thee, Thy great Cre - a - tor fear.
fore, with God who gave it, The spir - it shall ap - pear, He cries, who died to save it, Thy great Cre - a - tor fear.

ANGEL; (or, Child's Wish.) 7s & 6s.

By Rev. J. R. HAMLIN, in 1869, expressly for the "Christian Harmony."

1. I want to be an an - gel, And with the an - gels stand, A crown up - on my fore - head, A harp with-in my hand.

2. I nev - er should be wea - ry, Nor ev - er shed a tear, Nor ev - er know a sor - row, Nor ev - er have a fear.

3. I know I'm weak and sin - ful, But Je - sus will for - give; For ma - ny lit - tle chil - dren Have gone to heav'n to live.

4. O there I'll be an an - gel, And with the an - gels stand, A crown up - on my fore - head, A harp with - in my hand.

And there be - fore my Saviour, So glo - rious and so bright, I'll make the sweet - est mu - sic, And praise him with de - light.

But blessed, pure, and ho - ly, I'll dwell in Je - sus' sight, And with ten thousand thousands Praise him with great de - light.

Dear Sa - viour, when I lan-guish, And lay me down to die, Oh, send a shin - ing an - gel To bear me to the sky.

Right there be - fore my Sa - viour, So glo - rious and so bright, I'll join the heav'nly mu - sic, And praise him with de - light.

I WANT TO BE AN ANGEL. 7s & 6s.

WM. HAUSER, A. H. H.

D. C.

1. I want to be an an - gel, And with the an - gels stand,
A crown up - on my fore - head, A harp with - in my hand. } And there be - fore my Sa - viour, So glorious and so bright.
D. C. I'll make the sweet - est mu - sic, And praise him with de - light.

D. C.

HEAVENLY ARMOR. 7s & 6s.

WM. WALKER, September 19th, 1823.

D. C

1. And if you meet with trou - bles And tri - als on the way,
Then cast your care on Je - sus, And don't for - get to pray. } Gird on the heav'n-ly ar - mor Of faith, and hope, and love;
D. C. And when the combat's end - ed, He'll take you up a - bove.

D. C.

MORNING LIGHT. 7s & 6s.

GEORGE JAMES WEBB.

1. The morn - ing light is break - ing, The dark - ness dis - ap - pears; Tho sons of earth are wak - ing To pen - i - ten - tial tears:

2. Rich dews of grace come o'er us, In many a gen - tle show'r, And bright - er scenes be - fore us Are op'n - ing ev' - ry hour:

3. See hea - then na - tions bend - ing Be - fore the God we love, And thou - sand hearts as - cend - ing In gra - ti-tude a - bove;

Each breeze that sweeps the o - cean Brings tid - ings from a - far, Of na - tions in com - mo - tion, Pre - pared for Zi - on's war.

Each cry to heav - en go - ing, A - bun - dant an - swers brings, And heav'n - ly gales are blow - ing With peace up - on their wings.

While sin - ners now con - fess - ing, The gos - pel call o - bey, And seek the Sa - viour's bless - ing— A na - tion in a day.

1. From Green-land's i - cy moun - tains, From In - dia's cor - al strand, Where Af - ric's sun - ny foun - tains Roll down their gold - en sand;

2. What though the spi - cy breez - es Blow soft o'er Cey - lon's isle— Though ev'-ry pros - pect pleas - es, And on - ly man is vile?

3. Shall we, whose souls are light - ed With wis - dom from on high—Shall we, to men be-night - ed, The lamp of life de - ny?

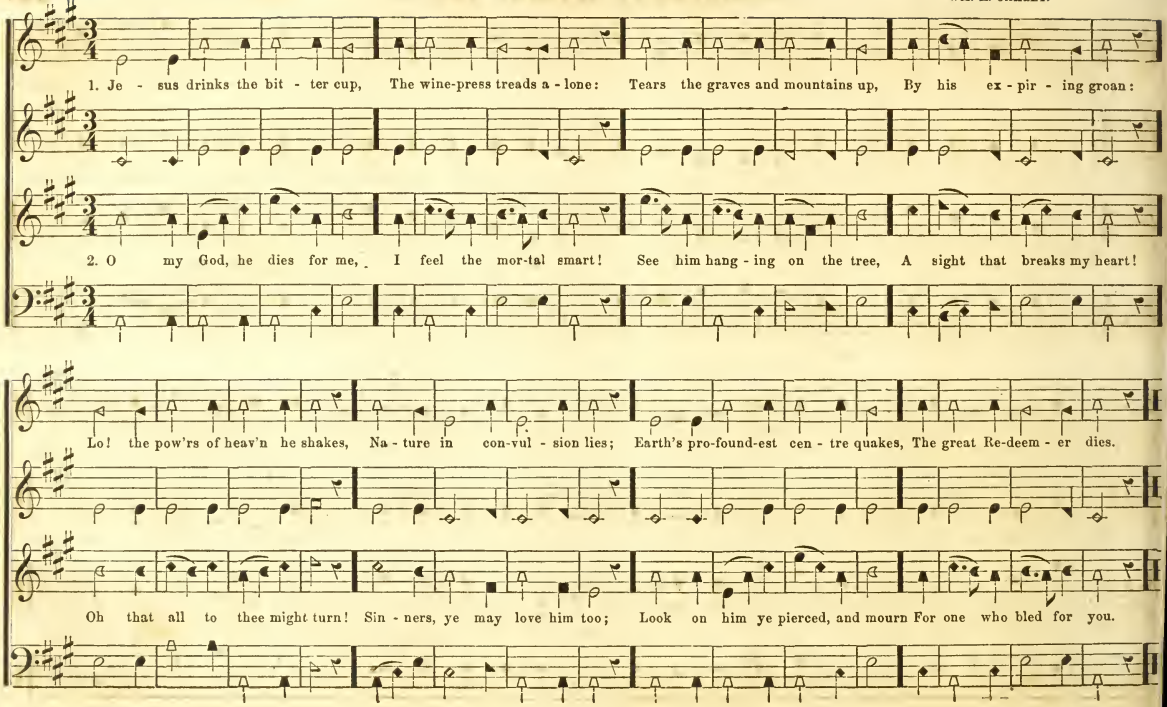
From ma - ny an an - cient riv - er, From ma - ny a palm - y plain, They call us to de - liv - er Their land from er - ror's chain.

In vain with lav - ish kind - ness The gifts of God are strown; The hea - then, in his blind - ness, Bows down to wood and stone.

Sal - va - tion! oh, sal - va - tion! The joy - ful sound pro - claim, Till earth's re - mot - est na - tion Has learn'd Mes - si - ah's name.

WATERFORD. 7s & 6s.

WM. H. OAKLEY.



ZION'S LIGHT. 7s & 6s.

Arranged by WM. WALKER.

Cheerful.

1. The glo - rious light of Zi - on Is spread-ing all a - round, And sin - ners now are heark'ning Un - to the gos - pel sound;

2. The standard of King Je - sus Tri - um - phant doth a - rise, And mourners crowd a - round it, With bit - ter groans and cries;

3. The suff'ring, bleed-ing Sa - viour, Who died on Cal - va - ry, Is now pro-claim'd to sin - ners To set the guil - ty free;

CHORUS.

To see the saints in glo - ry, And the an - gels stand in - vit - ing, The an - gels stand in - vit - ing, To welcome pilgrims home.

To see the saints in glo - ry, And the an - gels stand in - vit - ing, The an - gels stand in - vit - ing, To welcome pilgrims home.

To see the saints in glo - ry, And the an - gels stand in - vit - ing, The an - gels stand in - vit - ing, To welcome pilgrims home.

MUTUAL LOVE. 7s & 6s.

WM. WALKER.

1. O when shall I see Je - sus, And reign with him above? }
And drink the flowing fountain, Drink ev-er - last-ing love? }

When shall I be de - liver'd From this vain world of sin? And with my blessèd Je - sus, Drink endless pleasures in?

THE CHRISTIAN'S CONFLICTS. 7s & 6s.

WM. WALKER.

Very brisk.

1. See how the wicked king-dom Is falling ev'ry day! And still our blessèd Je - sus Is winning souls a - way; But O how I am tempted, No mortal tongue can tell!
D. S. So oft - en I'm sur-round - ed With en - e-mies from hell.

FINE. D.S.

BOZRAH. 7s. 8 lines.

Slow.

1. Who is this that comes from far, With his garments dipp'd in blood,
Strong, tri - um - phant trav - el - ler— Is he man, or is he God?
I that reign in right-eous - ness, Son of God and man I am; Migh-ty to re - deem your race, Je - sus is your Saviour's name.

"Wide, ye heavenly gates, unfold,
Closed no more by death and sin;
Lo! the conquering Lord behold;
Let the King of glory in."
Hark! th' angelic host inquire,
"Who is he, th' almighty King?"
Hark again! the answering choir
Thus in strains of triumph sing:—

"He whose powerful arm, alone,
On his foes destruction hurled;
He who hath the victory won;
He who saved a ruined world;—
He who God's pure law fulfilled;
Jesus, the incarnate Word;
He whose truth with blood was sealed;—
He is heaven's all-glorious Lord."

THE GOOD PHYSICIAN. 7s & 6s.

WM. WALKER.
This tune and song was a great favorite with my mother.

1. How lost was my con - di - tion, Till Je - sus made me whole; There is but one Phy - si - cian Can cure a sin - sick soul.

2. The worst of all dis - eas - es Is light compared with sin; On ev' - ry part it sei - zes, But ra - ges most with-in:

3. From men great skill pro - fess - ing, I thought a cure to gain; But this prov'd more dis - tress - ing, And add - ed to my pain:

Next door to death he found me, And snatch'd me from the grave, To tell to all a-round me, His wondrous pow'r to save.

'Tis pal - sy, plague, and fe - ver, And madness, all combin'd; And none but a be - liev - er The least re - lief can find.

Some said that noth - ing ail'd me, Some gave me up for lost; Thus ev' - ry re - fuge fail'd me, And all my hopes were cross'd.

OH! HOW CHARMING. 7s & 6s.

Arranged by WM. WALKER.
Melody as sung by Rev. DRURY DOBINS.

1. O when shall I see Je - sus And reign with him a - bove; And from the flow - ing foun - tain Drink ev - er - last - ing

2. But now I am a sol - dier, My Cap - tain's gone be - fore; He's giv - en me my or - ders, And bid me not give

3. Through grace I am de - ter - min'd To con - quer, though I die; And then a - way to Je - sus On wings of love I'll

CHORUS.

love? O, how charm - ing, how charm - ing, how charm - ing is Je - sus, he is my Re - deem - er, my Lord and my God.

o'er. O, how charm - ing, how charm - ing, how charm - ing is Je - sus, he is my Re - deem - er, my Lord and my God.

fly. O, how charm - ing, how charm - ing, how charm - ing is Je - sus, he is my Re - deem - er, my Lord and my God.

Andante.

INLEY. 8s.

1. A - way with our sorrow and fear! We soon shall re - cov - er our home; The ci - ty of saints shall appear; The day of e - ter - ni - ty come.

2. From earth we shall quickly remove, And mount to our na - tive a - bode, The house of our Father a - bove, The palace of an - gels and God.

UNION. 8s.

BILLINGS.

1. From whence does this union a - rise, That hatred is conquer'd by love? It fastens our souls with such ties, That distance and time can't remove.

2. It can - not in E - den be found, Nor yet be in Par - a-dise lost; It grows on Imman - uel's ground, And Je - sus' dear blood it did cost.

3 My friends once so dear un - to me, Our souls so u - nit-ed in love: Where Je - sus is gone we shall be, In yon - der blest mansions a - bove.

GREEN FIELDS. 8s.

1. How tedious and tasteless the hours, When Jesus no longer I see;
Sweet prospects, sweet birds, and sweet flow'rs, Have all lost their sweetness to me.
D. C. But when I am happy in him, De - cember's as pleasant as May.

The midsummer sun shines but dim, The fields strive in vain to look gay,

ADAMS. 8s & 7s.

From the "Sacred Lyrist."

1. Light of those whose dreary dwelling Borders on the shades of death! Rise on us, thyself re - veal-ing, Rise, and chase the clouds beneath.

2. Thou, of life and light cre-a - tor! In our deepest darkness rise! Scat - ter all the night of na - ture, Pour the day up - on our eyes.

REALMS OF THE BLEST. 8s.

Rev. B. MANLY, Jr., D. D.

1. We speak of the realms of the blest, That coun - try so bright and so fair, And oft are its glo - ries con - fessed,

But what must it be to be there, But what must it be to be there.

2 We speak of its freedom from sin,
From sorrow, temptation, and care,
From trials without and within,
But what must it be to be there.

3 We speak of its service of love,
The robes which the glorified wear,
The church of the first-born above,
But what must it be to be there.

1. How te - dious and tasteless the hours, When Je - sus no long - er I see:
Sweet pros-pects, sweet birds, and sweet flow'rs, Have all lost their sweetness to me.
The mid - sum-mer sun shines but dim,

2. His name yields the rich - est perfume, And sweeter than mu - sic his voice;
His presence dis - per - ses my gloom, And makes all with - in me re - joice;
I should, were he al - ways thus nigh,

The fields strive in vain to look gay, But when I am hap - py in him, De - cem-ber 's as pleasant as May.

Have noth - ing to wish or to fear; No mor - tal so hap - py as I, My summer would last all the year.

THE SUFFERINGS OF CHRIST. 8s.

WM. WALKER

1. A sto - ry most love - ly I'll tell, Of Je - sus (O wondrous surprise!)
He suf - fered the tor - ments of hell, That sin - ners, vile sin - ners might rise: } He left his ex - alt - ed a

2. Oh, did my dear Je - sus thus bleed, And pi - ty a ru - ined lost race?
Oh, whence did such mer - cy proceed? Such boundless com - pas - sion and grace! } His bo - dy bore an - guish and

bode, When man by trans-gres - sion was lost; Ap-peas - ing the wrath of a God, He shed forth his blood as the cost.

pain, His spir - it 'most sunk with the load: A short time be - fore he was slain, His sweat was as great drops of blood.

HEAVENLY REST. 8s.

A. CLARK.
Alto by WM. WALKER.

1. Oh, when shall we sweetly remove, And en - ter our heaven - ly rest? Re - turn to the Zi - on a - bove, And join in the songs of the blest?

2. Our Saviour, thou knowest our pray'r, Who long thy ap - pearing to see, Resigned to the burden we bear, But hoping to triumph with thee.

Oh, when shall we dwell with our King, Where sorrow and pain are no more? Where saints our Imman - u - el sing, And cherub and seraph a - dore?

To mourn for thy coming is sweet, To weep at thy longer de - lay; But thou, whom we hasten to meet, Will chase all our sorrows a - way.

BARTIMEUS; (or, Charleston.) 8s & 7s.

Slow, and with tender expression.

1. "Mercy, O thou son of Da-vid!" Thus the blind Bar-ti-meus pray'd: "Others by thy word are sav-ed, Now to me af - ford thine aid."

2. Many for his crying chide him, But he call'd the louder still; Till the gracious Saviour bid him, "Come, and ask me what you will."

NOTE. — The harmony of this tune, as here written, is the best I have seen. — W. W.

SICILY. 8s & 7s.

Old Sicilian Mariner's Hymn, about 1700.

Brisk.

1. One there is a - bove all o - thers, Well deserves the name of Friend; His is love beyond a brother's, Cost-ly, free, and knows no end.

2. Which of all our friends, to save us, Could or would have shed his blood? But this Saviour died to have us Re - con - ciled in him to God.

3. When he lived on earth a - bas - ed, Friend of sinners was his name; Now, a - bove all glo - ry raised, He re - joi - ces in the same.

TALMAR. 8s & 7s.

W——.

With gentleness and simplicity.

1. Cease, ye mourners, cease to lan - guish O'er the grave of those you love; Pain, and death, and night, and anguish, En-ter not the world a - bove.

2. While our si - lent steps are stray - ing, Lonely, thro' night's deep'ning shade, Glory's brightest beams are playing Round the happy Christian's head.

3. Light and peace at once de - riv - ing From the hand of God most high, In his glorious presence liv - ing, They shall nev-er, nev - er die.

ANGELS SINGING. 8s & 7s. 8 lines.

I. B. WOODBURY.

Spirited.

D. C.

1. Hark! what mean those ho-ly voi - ces, Sweetly sound-ing through the skies? Lo! th' an-gel - ic host re - joi - ces; Heav'nly hal - le - lu - jahs rise. } Listen to the wondrous sto - ry, Which they chant in hymns of joy:—

D. C. Glo - ry in the highest, glo - ry, Glo - ry be to God most high!

D. C.

PLEADING SAVIOUR. 8s & 7s

Parts by WM. WALKER.

D. C.

1. Now the Saviour stands a pleading At the sinner's bolt - ed heart;
Now in heav'n he's in - ter - ced-ing, Un - der - tak-ing sinners' part.
D. C. Once he died for your be-ha - vior, Now he calls you to his arms.

Sinners, can you hate this Saviour? Will you thrust him from your arms?

D. C.

BREAK OF DAY. 8s & 7s. 6 lines.

And he said, "Let me go, for the day breaketh."—Gen. xxii. 26.

Recomposed by WM. HAUSER, M. D.,
February 28th, 1865, expressly for this work.

1. Let me go, the day is breaking, Dear com-pan-ions, let me go!
We have spent a night of waking, In the wil - der - ness below;

Upwards now I bend my way, Part we here at break of day, Part we here at break of day.

Animated.

1. Hark! the ju - bi - lee is sounding, O the joy - ful news is come!
Free sal-va - tion is proclaim-ed In and thro' God's on - ly Son: } Now we have an in - vi - ta - tion, To the meek and low-ly

2. Come, dear friends, and don't neglect it, Come to Je - sus in your prime;
Great sal - va - tion, don't re - ject it, Oh, re-ceive it, now 's your time; } Now the Sav-iour is be - gin-ning To re-vive his work a-

CHORUS.

Lamb. Glo - ry, hon - or, and sal - va - tion; Christ, the Lord, is come to reign.

gain. Glo - ry, hon - or, and sal - va - tion; Christ, the Lord, is come to reign.

3 Now let each one cease from sinning,
Come and follow Christ the way;
We shall all receive a blessing,
If from him we do not stray;
Golden moments we 've neglected,
Yet the Lord invites again!
Glory, honor, &c.

4 Come, let us run our race with patience,
Looking unto Christ the Lord,
Who doth live and reign for ever,
With his Father and our God;
He is worthy to be praised,
He is our exalted king.
Glory, honor, &c.

THORNY DESERT. 8s & 7s. 8 lines.

WM. WALKER.

1. Dark and thorn - y is the de - sert, Thro' which pil-grims make their way;
But be - yond this vale of sor - rows Lie the fields of end - less day. } Fiends, loud howl-ing through the de-sert, Make them trem - ble

2. O, young sol - diers, are you wea - ry Of the trou - bles of the way?
Does your strength be-gin to fail you, And your vi - gor to de - cay? } Je - sus, Je - sus, will go with you, He will lead you

as they go; And the fie - ry darts of Sa - tan Oft - en bring their courage low.

to his throne; He who dyed his gar - ments for you, And the wine-press trod a - lone.

3 He whose thunder shakes creation,
He who bids the planets roll;
He who rides upon the tempest,
And whose sceptre sways the whole.
Round him are ten thousand angels,
Ready to obey command:
They are always hovering round you,
Till you reach the heav'nly land.

4 There, on flow'ry hills of pleasure,
In the fields of endless rest,
Love, and joy, and peace shall ever
Reign and triumph in your breast.
Who can paint those scenes of glory,
Where the ransom'd dwell on high?
Where the golden harps for ever
Sound redemption through the sky?

CRUMLY. 8s & 7s. 8 lines.

Composed expressly for this work, by
Dr. WM. HAUSER, A. H. H.

D. C.

1. Truly bless-ed is this sta - tion, Low before his cross to lie,
While I see di - vine com - pas - sion Flowing in his languid eye.
D. C. Love I much, I've much for-giv - en, I'm a mir-a - cle of grace.

Here it is I find my heaven, While I gaze up - on the Lamb,

D. C.

OLNEY. 8s & 7s. 8 lines.

CHAPIN.

D. C.

1. Come, thou fount of ev'- ry blessing, Tune my heart to sing thy grace!
Streams of mer-cy, nev-er ceas-ing, Call for songs of loud-est praise:
D. C. Praise the mount,—oh, fix me on it, Mount of thy re-deeming love.

Teach me some me - lo-dious sonnet, Sung by flaming tongues a-bove;

D. C.

BAVARIA. 8s & 7s. 8 lines.

GERMAN AIR.

D. C.

1. Je - sus, I my cross have ta - ken, All to leave and fol-low thee;
Na-ked, poor, de-spised, for-sa - ken, Thou, from hence, my all shalt be.
Per-ish ev' - ry fond am - bi - tion, All I've sought, or hoped, or known,
D. C. Yet how rich is my con - di - tion, God and heav'n are still my own!

D. C

SHIELDS. 8s & 7s. 8 lines.

Brisk.

D. C

1. Saviour, vis - it thy plan - ta - tion; Grant us, Lord, a gra - cious rain!
All will come to des - o - la - tion, Un-less thou re-turn a - gain.
Keep no longer at a distance, Shine up - on us from on high,
D. C. Lest, for want of thy as - sistance, Ev' - ry plant should droop and die.

D. C.

THE GOOD SHEPHERD. 8s & 7s. 8 lines.

D. C.

1. Let thy kingdom, bless-ed Saviour, Come and bid our jarrings cease;
Come, oh come! and reign for-ev-er, God of love, and Prince of peace;
Vis - it now poor bleeding Zi - on, Hear the people mourn and weep;
D. C. Day and night thy lambs are crying, Come, good Shepherd, feed thy sheep.

D. C.

ABERDEEN. 8s & 7s. 8 lines.

Slow.

D. C.

1. Love Divine, all loves ex - cell - ing, Joy of heav'n, to earth come down;
Fix in us thy humble dwelling, All thy faithful mercies crown!
Je - sus, thou art all com-pas - sion. Pure un-bound-ed love thou art;
D. C. Vis - it us with thy sal - va - tion; En - ter ev'- ry trembling heart.

D. C.

COLLINS. 8s & 7s. 8 lines.

Arr'd by WM. HAUSER, in honor of Rev. CHAS. COLLINS, President of the William and Henry College, Virginia.

CHORUS.

1. O heark - en, sin - ners, we have cause To warn you of your dan - ger,
We pray be re - con-ciled to Him Who once lay in a man - ger.
Ho! ev' - ry one that thirst - eth! Come ye

2. That aw - ful God who made the soul, And all the world a - round you,
Doth charge you with ten thou - sand crimes, But ha - teth to con-found you.
Ho! every one, &c.

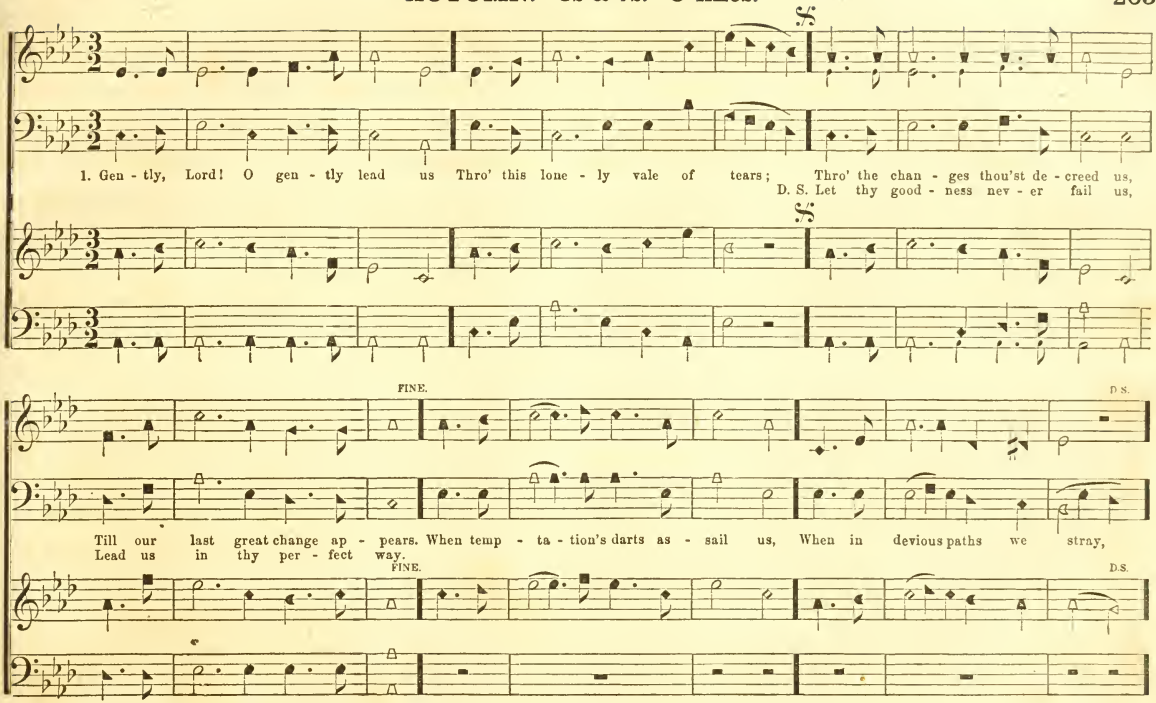
to the wa - ters: Free - ly drink, and quench your thirst, Ye Zi - on's sons and daugh - ters.

Freely drink, &c.

3 O seek his sanctifying grace!
Be wise—do not refuse it!
For if you seek your life to save,
You will be sure to lose it.—*Cho.*

4 The cross of Christ you have to bear,
Fearless of persecution,
Or groan you will when time shall cease,
In darkness and confusion.—*Cho.*

5 Come all ye humble, weeping souls,
Who long to be forgiven,
We bring glad tidings unto you,
From the good Lord of heaven.—*Cho.*


1. Gen - tly, Lord! O gen - tly lead us Thro' this lone - ly vale of tears; Thro' the chan - ges thou'st de - creed us,
D. S. Let thy good - ness nev - er fail us,
FINE.
D.S.
Till our last great change ap - pears. When temp - ta - tion's darts as - sail us, When in devious paths we stray,
Lead us in thy per - fect way.
FINE.
D.S.

HARWELL. 8s, 7s & 7s. (or, 8s & 7s double.)

Animated.

1. Hark, ten thousand harps and voi - ces, Sound the note of praise a-bove,
Jesus reigns, and heav'n re - joi - ces, Je - sus reigns, the God of love: } See, he sits on yonder throne; Je - sus rules the world a - lone.

2. Je - sus, hail! whose glo-ry brightens All a - bove, and gives it worth;
Lord of life, thy smile en - lightens, Cheers, and charms thy saints on earth: } When we think of love like thine, Lord, we own it love di - vine.

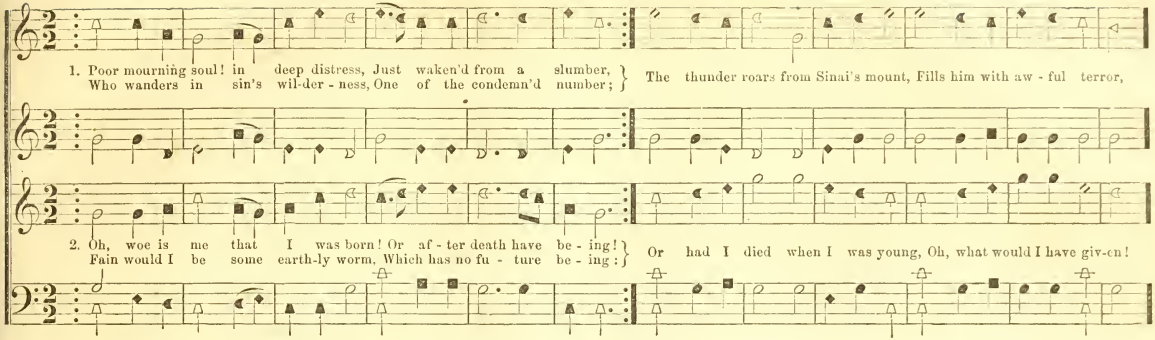
Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! A - men.

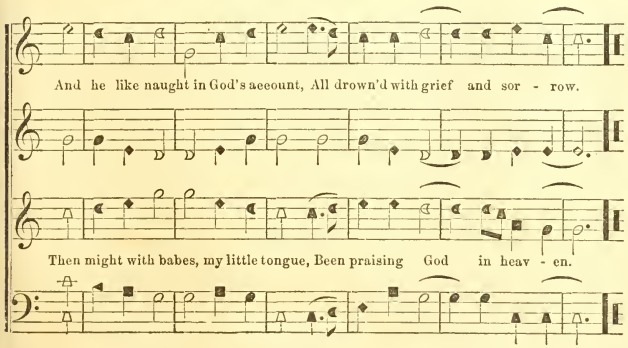
Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! A - men.

3 King of glory, reign for ever,
Thine an everlasting crown;
Nothing from thy love shall sever
Those whom thou hast made thine own;
Happy objects of thy grace,
Destined to behold thy face.
Hallelujah, &c.

4 Saviour, hasten thine appearing;
Bring, oh bring the glorious day
When, the awful summons hearing,
Heaven and earth shall pass away:
Then with golden harps we'll sing,
"Glory, glory to our King."
Hallelujah, &c.

NOTE.—If this tune is used as an 8s & 7s, the small notes in the fourth measure from the close are to be sung.





3 But now may I lament my case,
Just worn away by trouble,
From day to day I look for peace,
But find my sorrows double:
Cries Satan, "Desp'rate is your state,
Time's been you might repented,
But now you see it is too late,
So make yourself contented."

4 How can I live! how can I rest!
Under this sore temptation:
Fearing the day of grace is past,
Lord, hear my lamentation!
For I am weary of my life,
My groans and bitter crying,
My wants are great, my mind's in strife,
My spirit's almost dying.

5 Without relief I soon shall die,
No hope of getting better,
Show pity, Lord, and hear the cry
Of a distressed sinner;
For I am resolved here to trust,
At thy foot-stool for favor,
Pleading for life, though death be just,
Make haste, Lord, to deliver!

6 "Come, hungry, weary, naked soul,
For such I ne'er rejected;
My righteousness sufficient is,
Though you have long neglected;
Come, weary souls, for right you have,
I am such souls' protector,
My honor is engaged to save
All under this character.

7 "I come to seek, I come to save,
I come to make atonement,
I lived, I died, laid in the grave,
To save you from the judgment;
By faith my glorious Lord I see,
O how he doth amaze me!
To see him bleeding on the tree,
From hell and death to raise me."

8 O! who is this that looketh forth,
Bright as the blooming morning,
Fair as the moon, clear as the sun?
Jesus is so adorning;
Jesus hath clothed my naked soul,
O he for me has died!
And now I may with pleasure sing,
My wants are all supplied.

9 Lord, give me grace to spend my days
In living to thy honor,
And not be found in sinners' ways,
Acting to thy dishonor;
But let my life devoted be
To Jesus Christ, my Saviour,
And glory to the sacred Three,
All glory now and ever!

CHRYSTLER'S FIELD. 8s & 7s.

WM. WALKER.

1. My bre - thren all, on you I call; a - rise and look a - round you;
How ma - ny foes, bound to op-pose, are wait - ing to sur-round you!
The trum - pet calls on Zi - on's walls; shake off your sleeping

2. To God we'll cry, and hell de - fy, though Sa - tan roars like thunder;
The voice of pray'r makes sinners stare, while fill'd with awe and wonder;
While mu - sic sweet makes some retreat, our Je - sus still draws

slumber; A - rise and pray; we'll win the day, tho' we are few in number.

nigher; His pre-cious name lights up the flame that sets our souls on fi - re.

3 While grace divine in others shines, with such we are delighted;
With them we crowd, and sing so loud, poor sinners are affrighted:
The sweetest joys our pow'rs employ, to see the cause advancing,
Though some go off, and boldly scoff, and say that we are dancing.

4 Some mournfully for mercy cry, and stubborn hearts are bended;
If we but smile, some say we're wild, and so go off offended;
If souls are born, we bear the scorn;—let sinners tell this story—
For Jesus' name we'll bear the blame, and give him all the glory.

5 But as we fly, we'll always cry to God for their salvation:
O! God of love, send from above, and save the wicked nation!
Thy Spirit send, their hearts to bend; arrest them by thy thunder;
Let sweetest songs employ their tongues, while fill'd with joy and wonder

1. Come, lit - tle chil - dren, now we may Par - take a lit - tle mor - sel,
For lit - tle songs and lit - tle ways A - dorn'd a great a - pos - tle;
A lit - tle drop of Je - sus' blood Can

2. A lit - tle faith does migh - ty deeds, Quite past all my re-count - ing;
Faith, like a lit - tle mus - tard - seed, Can move a lof - ty moun-tain.
A lit - tle char - i - ty and zeal, A

make a feast of u - nion: It is by lit - tle steps we move In - to a full com - mu - nion.

lit - tle trib - u - la - tion. A lit - tle pa - tience makes us feel Great peace and con - so - la - tion.

COME YE TO THE WATERS. 8s & 7s.

1. Our Je - sus came in - to the world, And suffered to re-deem us, And then as - cend-ed up on high, And sent his grace to save us.

2. Come, all ye mourning, weeping souls, Who long to be for - giv - en; We bring glad tidings un - to you, From the high court of heaven.

3. There is a foun-tain o - pen wide, For sin and all un-clean-ness, Streaming from the Sa - vi - our's side, It flows in gos - pel ful-ness.

CHORUS.

Ho! ev' - ry one that thirsts, Come ye to the wa - ters; Free - ly drink, and quench your thirst, With Zi - on's sons and daughters.

Ho! ev' - ry one that thirsts, Come ye to the wa - ters; Free - ly drink, and quench your thirst, With Zi - on's sons and daughters.

Ho! ev' - ry one that thirsts, Come ye to the wa - ters; Free - ly drink, and quench your thirst, With Zi - on's sons and daughters.

RESTORATION. 8s & 7s.

1. "Mercy, O thou Son of David!" Thus the blind Bar - ti-meus pray'd: "Others by thy word are sav-ed, Now to me af - ford thine aid."

2. Ma-ny for his crying chid him, But he call'd the louder still, Till the gra - cious Sav - iour bid him, "Come, and ask me what you will."

3. Money was not what he wanted, Though by begging used to live; But he ask'd, and Je - sus granted, Alms which none but he could give.

INVOCATION. 8s & 7s. 6 lines.

CHORUS.

1. Je - sus, grant us all a bless-ing, Send it down, Lord, from a - bove;
May we all re - turn home praying, And re - joic - ing in thy love:

Farewell, brethren; farewell, sisters, Till we all shall meet a - gain.

LENA. 8s & 7s. 6 lines.

BELKNAP.

Tenderly, distinctly.

1. See the Lord of glo - ry dy - ing! See him gasp - ing! hear him cry - ing! See his bur-der'd bo-som heave!.....

2. See the rocks and mountains sha - king, Earth un - to her cen - tre qua - king, Na-ture's groans a-wake the dead;.....

3. Heav-en's bright, me - lo - dious le - gions, Chanting to the tune - ful re - gions, Cease to thrill the quiv'ring string;.....

Look, ye sin - ners, ye that hung him, Look how deep your sins have stung him! Dy - ing sin - ners, look, and live.

Look on Phœ - bus, struck with won - der, While the peals of le - gal thun - der Smite the blest Re-deem - er's head.

Songs se - ra - phic all sus - pend - ed, Till the migh - ty war is end - ed By the all - vic - to-rious King.

1. Hail! ye sigh - ing sons of sor-row, Learn from me your cer - tain doom;
Learn from me your fate to - mor-row, Dead—per - haps laid in your tomb!
See all na-ture fad-ing, dy-ing! Si - lent all things seem to pine; Life from ve - ge - ta - tion fly - ing, Brings to..... mind "the mould'ring vine."

2 See! in yonder forest standing,
Lofty cedars, how they nod!
Scenes of nature how surpri-sing,
Read in nature nature's God.
Whilst the annual frosts are cropping
Leaves and tendrils from the trees,
So our friends are early drooping,
We are like to one of these.

3 Hollow winds about me roaring,
Noisy waters round me rise;
Whilst I sit, my fate deploring,
Tears fast streaming from my eyes;
What to me is autumn's treasure,
Since I know no earthly joy?
Long I 've lost all youthful pleasure,
Time must youth and health destroy.

FELICITY. 8s & 7s.

J. G. DOUGHTY, January 7th, 1865.

1. Death shall not de-stroy my com - fort, Christ shall guide me thro' the gloom; Down he'll send some heav'nly con - voy, To convey my spir-it home.

2. See the hap - py spir - its wait - ing On the banks beyond the stream, Sweet re-spon-ses still re-peat - ing, Je - sus, Je-sus is their theme.

3. Smil - ing an - gels now surround me, Troops re-splendent fill the skies; Glo - ry shin-ing all around me, While my tow'ring spir - it flies.

Jordan's streams shall ne'er o'erflow me, While my Saviour's by my side; Ca - naan, Canaan lies before me, Rise and cross the swelling tide.

See, they whisper; hark, they call me, "Sis - ter spir - it, come a-way." Lo! I come, earth can't contain me, Hail, ye realms of endless day!

Je - sus, clad in dazzling splen-dor, Now methinks appears in view; Brethren, could you see my Je - sus, You would love and serve him too.

FELICITY. 8s & 7s. Concluded.

CHORUS.

Soon with angels I'll be marching, Bright the glo - ry on my brow; Who will share my blissful por - tion, Who will love my Saviour now?

Soon with angels I'll be marching, Bright the glo - ry on my brow; Who will share my blissful por - tion, Who will love my Saviour now?

Soon with angels I'll be marching, Bright the glo - ry on my brow; Who will share my blissful por - tion, Who will love my Saviour now?

INVITATION. 8s, 7s & 4s.

WM. WALKER.

1. Come, ye sin-ners, poor and needy,* Weak and wounded, sick and sore, } He is a - ble, He is a - ble, He is willing: Doubt no more.
Je - sus rea - dy stands to save you, Full of pi - ty, love, and pow'r: }

* "William, when you publish your new book, put the words the old way,—'*Poor and needy.*'" (Dying request of my dear mother.)—W. W.

MISSIONARY SONG. 8s, 7s & 4s.

S. B. BOND.

Slow and firm.

1. O'er the gloom - y hills of dark - ness, Look, my soul! be still and gaze; All the prom - i - ses do tra - vail
2. Let the In - dian, let the Ne - gro, Let the rude bar - ba - rian see That di - vine and glo - rious con - quest
3. King - doms wide, that sit in dark - ness, Grant them, Lord, the glo - rious light, And from east - ern coast to west - ern

With a glo - rious day of grace: Bless - ed jub' - lee! Bless - ed jub' - lee! Let thy glo - rious morning dawn.
Once obtain'd on Cal - va - ry; Let the gos - pel, Let the gos - pel, Loud re - sound from pole to pole.
May the morn - ing chase the night: And re - demp - tion, And re - demp - tion, Free - ly purchased, win the day.

MISSIONARY'S FAREWELL. 8s, 7s & 4s.

WM. WALKER.

In steady time.

1. Yes, my na - tive land, I love thee, All thy scenes I love them well;
Friends, con - nec - tions, hap - py country; Can I bid you all fare - well;
Can I leave you, Can I leave you, Far in heathen

2. Home! thy joys are pass-ing love - ly! Joys no stran - ger heart can tell!
Hap - py home! 'tis sure I love thee! Can I, can I say fare - well!
Can I leave thee, Can I leave thee, Far in heathen

lands to dwell; Can I leave you, Can I leave you, Far in heathen lands to dwell.

lands to dwell; Can I leave thee, Can I leave thee, Far in heathen lands to dwell.

3 Scenes of sacred peace and pleasure,
Holy days and Sabbath bell,
Richest, brightest, sweetest treasure!
Can I say at last farewell?
Can I leave you —
Far in heathen lands to dwell? :||:

4 Yes, I hasten from you gladly,
From the scenes I loved so well!
Far away, ye billows, bear me;
Lovely, native land, farewell!
Pleased I leave thee —
Far in heathen lands to dwell. :||:

CROWN. 8s, 7s & 4s.

From "The Casket."

f *Very spirited.*

1. Look, ye saints, the sight is glo - rious; See the man of sor - rows now; From the fight re - turned vic - to - rious,

2. Crown the Sav - iour, an - gels, crown him, Rich the tro - phies Je - sus brings; In the seat of pow'r en - throne him,

f

3. Hark! those bursts of ac - cla - ma - tion! Hark! those loud tri - um - phant chords! Je - sus takes the high - est sta - tion;

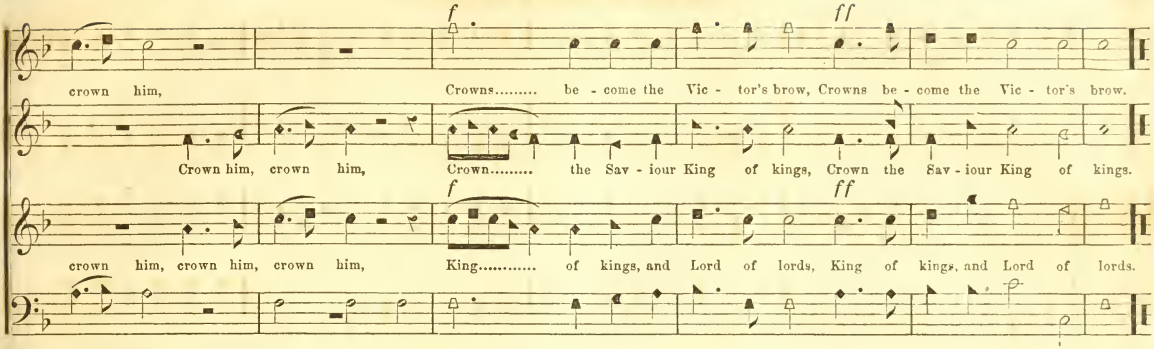
cres. *m* *f* *m*

Ev' - ry knee to him shall bow; Crown him, Crown him, Crowns..... be - come the Vic- tor's brow. Crown him,

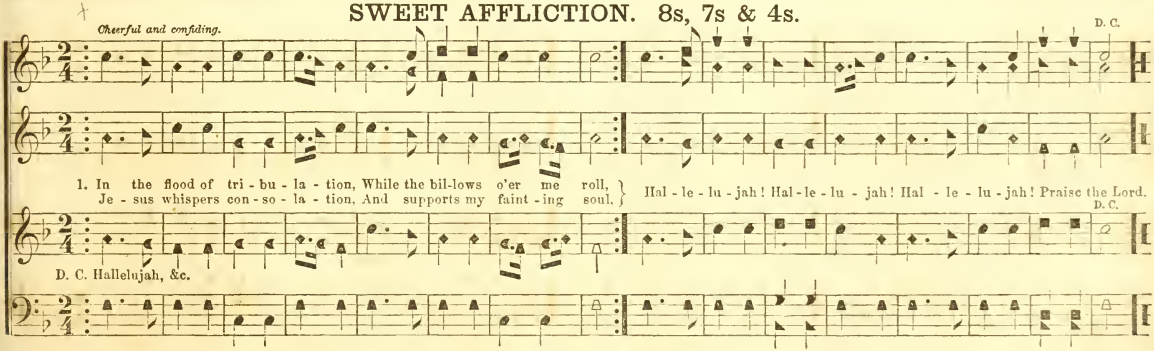
While the heav'nly con - clave rings: Crown him, Crown him, Crown..... the Sav-iour King of kings.

cres. *m* *f* *m*

Oh, what joy the sight af - fords! Crown him, Crown him, King..... of kings, and Lord of lords. Crown him,



SWEET AFFLICTION. 8s, 7s & 4s.



LAKELAND. 8s, 7s & 4s.

W. L. MONTAGUE.

1. Angels, from the realms of glo - ry, Wing your flight o'er all the earth; Ye who sang cre - a-tion's sto - ry, Now proclaim Mes - si-ah's birth:

2. Shepherds, in the field a - bid - ing, Watching o'er your flocks by night, God with man is now re - sid - ing; Yonder shines the heav'nly light:

3. Saints, before the al - tar bend - ing, Watching long in hope and fear, Sud-den - ly the Lord, de-scend - ing, In his temple shall ap-pear!

4. Sinners, bowed in true repent - ance, Doomed for guilt to endless pains, Justice now revokes the sen - tence; Mercy calls you; break your chains

CHORUS.

Come and wor-ship, Come and worship, Worship Christ, the new - born King. Come and wor - ship, Come and worship, Worship Christ, the new-born King.

OLIPHANT. 8s, 7s & 4s.

Arranged from the German, by
DR. L. MASON.

About four seconds to the measure.

1. Guide me, O thou great Je - ho - vah, Pil - grim thro' this bar - ren land; I am weak, but thou art migh-ty: Hold me with thy

2. O - pen now the crys - tal foun - tain, Whence the heal - ing streams do flow; Let the fie - ry, cloud - y pil - lar Lead me all my

3. When I tread the verge of Jor - dan, Bid my anxious fears sub - side; Bear me thro' the swell-ing cur - rent; Land me safe on

pow'r-ful hand; Bread of heav-en, Bread of heav-en, Feed me till I want no more, Feed me till I want no more.

jour - ney thro'; Strong De - liv' - rer, Strong De - liv' - rer, Be thou still my strength and shield, Be thou still my strength and shield.

Ca - naan's side: Songs of prais - es, Songs of prais - es I will ev - er give to thee, I will ev - er give to thee.

ZION. 8s, 7s & 4s.

T. HASTINGS.
From the "Psalmodist," by permission.

Brisk.

1. On the mountain's top appearing, Lo! the sacred herald stands, } Mourning captive, God himself shall loose thy bands, Mourning captive, God himself shall
Welcome news to Zi - on bearing, Zi-on long in hostile lands: } [loose thy bands.

WAYNSVILLE. 8s, 7s & 4s.

1. Songs a - new of hon - or fram - ing, Sing ye to the Lord a - lone, } Glo - rious vic - t'ry His right hand and arm hath won.
All his wondrous works pro - claim - ing—Je - sus wondrous works hath done! }

* MOUNT VERNON. 8s & 7s.

L. MASON.

Slow and soft.

1. Sis - ter, thou wast mild and love - ly, Gentle as the summer breeze, Pleasant as the air of evening, When it floats a - mong the trees.

1. Peaceful be thy si - lent slumber: Peaceful in the grave so low; Thou no more wilt join our number; Thou no more our songs shall know.

* Originally written on the occasion of the death of a young lady, a member of Mount Vernon School, Boston

PALMETTO. 8s & 7s. 8 lines.

Written expressly for this work, by
DR. WM. HAUSER, A. H. H.

D. C.

1. Sweet the moments, rich in blessing, Which be - fore the cross I spend;
Life, and health, and peace posess-ing, From the sin - ner's dy-ing Friend.
D. C. Precious drops, my soul be-dew - ing. Plead and claim my peace with God.
Here I'll sit, for-ev - er viewing Mercy's streams in streams of blood:

D. C.

FRIENDSHIP. 8,7,8,7,8,8,8,7.

Cheerful.

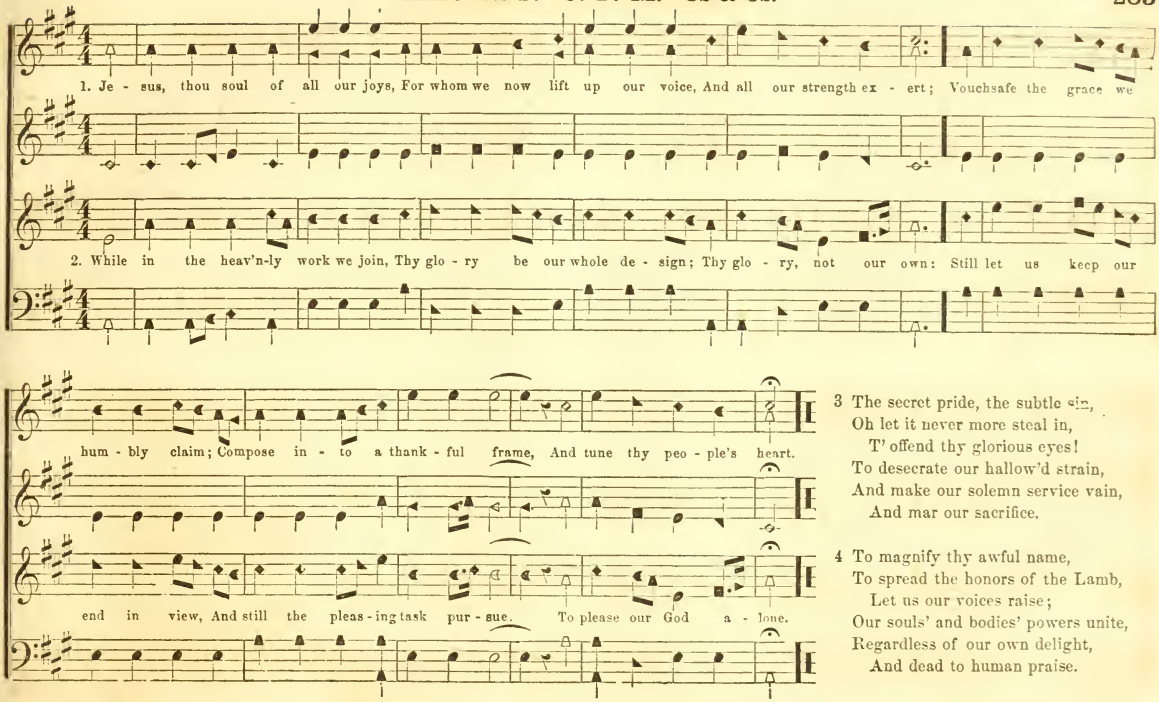
1. Friendship, to ev' - ry will - ing mind, O - pens a heav'nly treasure;
There may the sons of sor - row find Sour - ces of re - al pleasure:
See what employ-ments men pur - sue, Then you will own my words are true, Friendship a-lone presents to view Sources of re - al pleasure.

2. Poor are the joys that fools esteem, Fad - ing and tran - si - to - ry;
Mirth is as fleet - ing as a dream Or a de - lu - sive sto - ry;
Lux - u - ry leaves a sting be - hind, Wounding the bo - dy and the mind; On - ly in friendship can we find Pleasure and sol - id glo - ry.

3 Learning, that boasting glitt'ring thing,
Is but just worth possessing;
Riches, forever on the wing,
Scarce can be call'd a blessing;
Fame, like a shadow, flies away,
Titles and dignity decay;
Nothing but friendship can display
Joys that are freed from trouble.

4 Beauty, with all its gaudy shows,
Is but a painted bubble;
Short is the triumph wit bestows,
Full of deceit and trouble:
Sensual pleasures swell desire,
Just as the fuel feeds the fire—
Friendship can real bliss inspire,
Bliss that is worth possessing.

5 Happy the man that hath a friend
Form'd by the God of nature;
Well may he feel and recommend
Friendship for his Creator:
Then let our hearts in friendship join,
To let our social pow'rs combine,
Ruled by a passion most divine,
Friendship to our Creator.



3 The secret pride, the subtle sin,
Oh let it never more steal in,
T' offend thy glorious eyes!
To desecrate our hallow'd strain,
And make our solemn service vain,
And mar our sacrifice.

4 To magnify thy awful name,
To spread the honors of the Lamb,
Let us our voices raise;
Our souls' and bodies' powers unite,
Regardless of our own delight,
And dead to human praise.

RAPTURE. C. P. M. 8,8,6.

HARWOOD.

1. Be - gin, my soul, th' ex-alt - ed lay, Let each en - rap - tured thought o - bey, And praise th' Almighty's name: Lo! heav'n and earth, and

2. Thou heav'n of heav'ns, his vast a - bode, Ye clouds, pro-claim your Ma - ker God; Ye thunders, speak his pow'r: Lo! on the lightning's

seas and skies, In one me - lo-dious con - cert rise To swell th' in-spiring theme.

fie - ry wing, In triumph walks th' e-ter - nal King, Th' as-ton - ish'd worlds a - dore.

3 Ye deeps, with roaring billows rise
To join the thunders of the skies,
Praise him who bids you roll;
His praise in softer notes declare,
Each whisp'ring breeze of yielding air,
And breathe it to the soul.

4 Wake, all ye soaring throng, and sing,
Ye feathered warblers of the spring—
Harmonious anthems raise
To him who shaped your finer mould,
Who tipped your glitt'ring wings with gold
And tuned your voice to praise.

5 Let man, by nobler passions swayed,
Let man, in God's own image made,
His breath in praise employ;
Spread wide his Maker's name around,
Till heav'n shall echo back the sound
In songs of holy joy.

PROBATION. C. P. M.

T. HASTINGS.
From "Manhattan Collection," by permission.

1. Lo! on a nar - row neck of land, 'Twixt two un-bound - ed seas, I stand, Yet how in - sen - si - ble! A point of time, a

2. O God, my in - most soul con - vert, And deep - ly on my thoughtless heart E - ter - nal things im - press; Give me to feel their

moment's space Re-moves me to yon heav'nly place, Or—shuts me up in hell.

sol-emn weight, And save me ere it be too late— Wake me to right - eous - ness.

3 Before me place, in dread array,
The pomp of that tremendous day
When thou with clouds shalt come
To judge the nations at thy bar;
And tell me, Lord, shall I be there,
To meet a joyful doom?

4 Be this my one great business here—
With holy trembling, holy fear,
To make my calling sure;
Thy utmost counsel to fulfil,
And suffer all thy righteous will,
And to the end endure.

5 Then, Saviour, then my soul receive,
Transported from this vale, to live
And reign with thee above;
Where faith is sweetly lost in sight,
And hope in full, supreme delight,
And everlasting love.

GANGES. C. P. M.

1. A - waked by Si - nai's aw - ful sound, My soul in guilt and thrall I found, And knew not where to go: O'erwhelm'd in sin, with

2. A - mazed I stood, but could not tell Which way to shun the gates of hell, For death and hell drew near: I strove, in - deed, but

3. When to the law I trembling fled, It pour'd its curs - es on my head, I no re - lief could find: This fear - ful truth in -

an - guish slain, "The sin - ner must be born a - gain," Or sink in end - less woe.

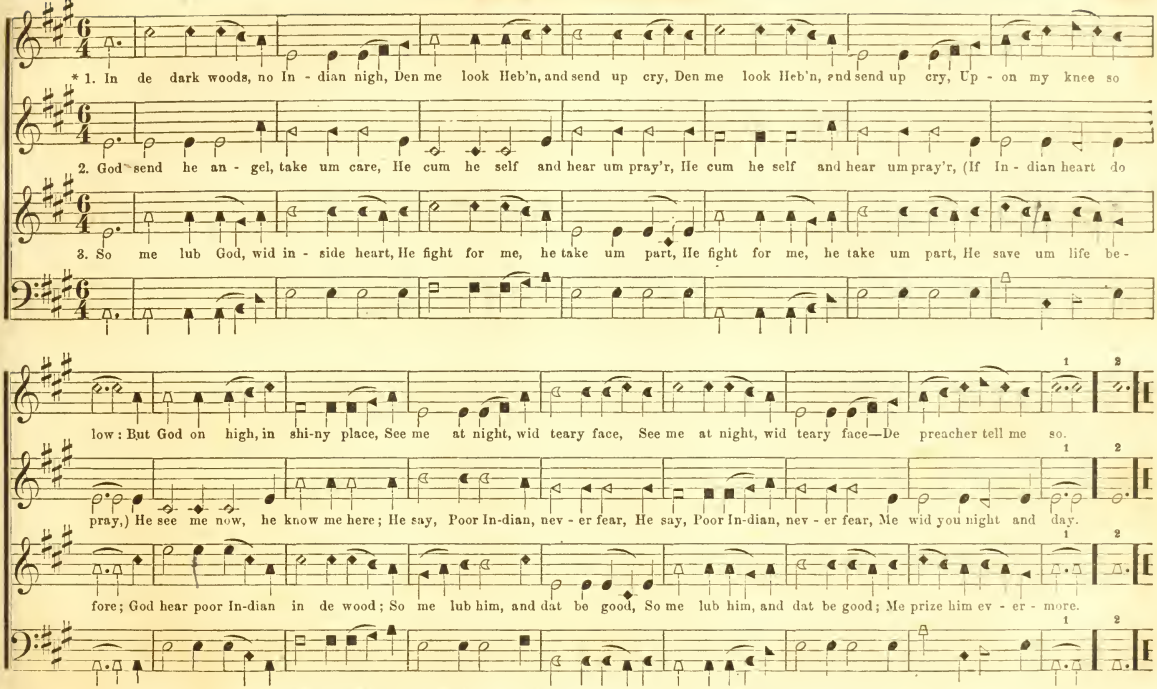
strove in vain, "The sin - ner must be born a-gain" Still sounded in my ear.

creased my pain, "The sin - ner must be born a-gain," O'erwhelm'd my tortured mind.

4 Again did Sinai's thunders roll,
And guilt lay heavy on my soul,
A vast, oppressive load:
Alas, I read, and saw it plain,
"The sinner must be born again,"
Or feel the wrath of God.

5 The saints I heard with rapture tell
How Jesus conquer'd death and hell,
And broke the fowler's snare;
But when I found this truth remain,
"The sinner must be born again,"
I sank in deep despair.

6 But while I thus in anguish lay,
Jesus of Naz'reth pass'd that way,
And felt his pity move:
The sinner, by his justice slain,
Now by his grace is born again,
And sings redeeming love.



* These verses were taken almost verbatim, by a Missionary, from an Indian's experience, while he was relating it.

ARIEL. C. P. M.

Rather slow and in exact time. *Cres.* *f*

1. Oh, could I speak the match - less worth, Oh, could I sound the glories forth, Which in my Sa - viour shine! I'd soar, and touch the heav'nly strings,

Cres. *f*

And vie with Ga - briel while he sings In notes almost di - vine, In notes almost di - vine.

2 I'd sing the precious blood he spilt,
My ransom from the dreadful guilt
Of sin and wrath divine:
I'd sing his glorious righteousness,
In which all perfect, heav'nly dress
My soul shall ever shine.

3 I'd sing the characters he bears,
And all the forms of love he wears,
Exalted on his throne:
In loftiest songs of sweetest praise,
I would to everlasting days
Make all his glories known.

4 Well, the delightful day will come,
When my dear Lord will bring me home,
And I shall see his face:
Then, with my Saviour, brother, friend,
A blest eternity I'll spend,
Triumphant in his grace.

DALSTON. S. P. M.

A. WILLIAMS.

1. The Lord Je - ho - vah reigns, And roy - al state maintains; His head with aw - ful glo - ries crown'd; Ar - ray'd in robes of light,

2. Up - held by thy commands, The world se - cure - ly stands, And skies and stars o - bey thy word: Thy throne was fix'd on high

Be - girt with sov'reign might, And rays of ma - jes - ty a - round.

Be - fore the star - ry sky: E - ter - nal is thy king - dom, Lord.

3 In vain the noisy crowd,
Like billows fierce and loud,
Against thine empire rage and roar;
In vain with angry spite
The surly nations fight,
And dash like waves against the shore.

4 Let floods and nations rage,
And all their pow'rs engage;
Let swelling tides assault the sky:
The terrors of thy frown
Shall beat their madness down:
Thy throne forever stands on high.

AMITY. S. P. M.

New arrangement.

1. How pleas'd and bless'd was I To hear the peo - ple cry, "Come, let us seek our God to - day!" Yes, with a cheer-ful zeal, We haste to

2. Zi - on, thrice hap - py place, Adorn'd with wondrous grace, And walls of strength embrace thee round: In thee our tribes ap-pear To pray, and

Zi - on's hill, And there our vows and hon-ors pay, And there our vows and hon - ors pay.

praise and hear The sacred gospel's joy - ful sound, The sa - cred gospel's joy - ful sound.

3 Here David's greater Son
Has fix'd his royal throne;
He sits for grace and judgment here
He bids the saints be glad,
He makes the sinners sad,
And humble souls rejoice with fear.

4 May peace attend thy gate,
And joy within thee wait
To bless the soul of ev'ry guest!
The man who seeks thy peace,
And wishes thine increase,
A thousand blessings on him rest.

5 My tongue repeats her vows,
Peace to this sacred house!
For here my friends and kindred dwell;
And since my glorious God
Makes thee his blest abode,
My soul shall ever love thee well.

ANCHOR. S. H. M. 6,6,8,6,8,8.

Col. D. H. SMITH, 1851.

1. Faith is the Christian's prop, Where-on his sor-rows lean; It is the sub - stance of his hope, His proof of things un - seen;

2. Faith is the po - lar star That guides the Christian's way, Di - rects his wand'rings from a - far To realms of end - less day;

It is the an - chor of his soul When tem - pests rage and bil - lows roll.

It points the course where'er he roam, And safe - ly leads the pil - grim home.

3 Faith is the rainbow's form
Hung on the brow of heaven,
The glory of the passing storm,
The pledge of mercy given;
It is the bright, triumphal arch,
Through which the saints to glory march

4 The faith that works by love,
And purifies the heart,
A foretaste of the joys above
To mortals can impart;
It bears us through this earthly strife,
And triumphs in immortal life.

HARWICH. H. M.

1. Give thanks to God most high, The u - ni - ver-sal Lord, The sov'reign King of kings; And be his grace adored: Thy mer-cy, Lord, Shall still endure; And ev - er sure A-bides thy word.

2. How mighty is his hand! What wonders hath he done! He form'd the earth and seas, And spread the heav'n alone. His pow'r and grace Are still the same; And let his name Have endless praise.

3. He sent his on - ly Son To save us from our woe, From Sa-tan, sin, and death, And ev' - ry hurtful foe. His pow'r and grace Are still the same; And let his name Have endless praise.

DARWELL. H. M.

1. Ye tribes of Ad-am, join With heav'n and earth and seas, And of - fer notes di - vine To your Cre - a - tor's praise: Ye ho-ly throng Of angels bright, In worlds of light, Begin the song.

2. Thou sun, with dazzling rays, And moon, that rul'st the night, Shine to your Maker's praise, With stars of twinkling light: His pow'r declare, Ye floods on high, And clouds that fly In empty air.

3. The shining worlds a - bove In glorious order stand, Or in swift courses move, By his supreme com-mand: He spake the word, And all their frame From nothing came To praise the Lord.

LENOX. H. M. Or 6,6,6,6,8,8.

1. Blow ye the trum-pet, blow The glad-ly solemn sound! Let all the na-tions know, To earth's re-mot-est bound. The

2. Ex-alt the Lamb of God, The sin-a-ton-ing Lamb, Re-demp-tion by his blood, Through all the world pro-claim: The

3. Ye slaves of sin and hell, Your lib-er-ty re-ceive; And safe in Je-sus dwell, And blest in Je-sus live: The

NOTE.—In using the small notes, omit the solo in the bass, and sing the fifth line of the stanzas twice, in all the parts.

The year of Ju-bi-lee is come; Re-turn, ye ran-som'd sin-ners, home.

The year of Ju-bi-lee, &c.

The year of Ju-bi-lee is come, The year, &c., Re-turn, ye ran-som'd sin-ners, home.

year of Ju-bi-lee is come, The year, &c., Re-turn, ye ran-som'd sin-ners, home.

CARMARTHEN. H. M.

from "Hesperian Harp."

1. Re - joice, tho Lord is King; Your Lord and King a - dore:
Mor - tals, give thanks, and sing, And tri - umph ev - er - more;
Lift up your hearts, lift up your voice, Re - joice, a-

2. Je - sus, the Sav - iour, reigns, The God of truth and love—
When he had purged our stains, He took his seat a - bove;
Lift up your hearts, lift up your voice, Re - joice, a-

gain I say, re - joice, Re - joice, a - gain I say, re - joice.

3 His kingdom cannot fail,
He rules o'er earth and heav'n;
The keys of death and hell
Are to our Jesus giv'n;
Lift up your hearts, lift up your voice,
Rejoice, again I say, rejoice.

4 He sits at God's right hand
Till all his foes submit,
And bow to his command,
And fall beneath his feet;
Lift up your hearts, lift up your voice,
Rejoice, again I say, rejoice.

5 He all his foes shall quell,
Shall all our sins destroy:
And ev'ry bosom swell
With pure seraphic joy;
Lift up your hearts, lift up your voice,
Rejoice, again I say, rejoice.

Cheerful.

1. O Zi - on, tune thy voice, And raise thy hands on high; Tell all the earth thy joys, And shout sal - va - tion nigh: Cheerful in

2. He gilds thy morn - ing face With beams that can - not fade; His all re - splen-dent grace He pours a - round thy head: The na - tions

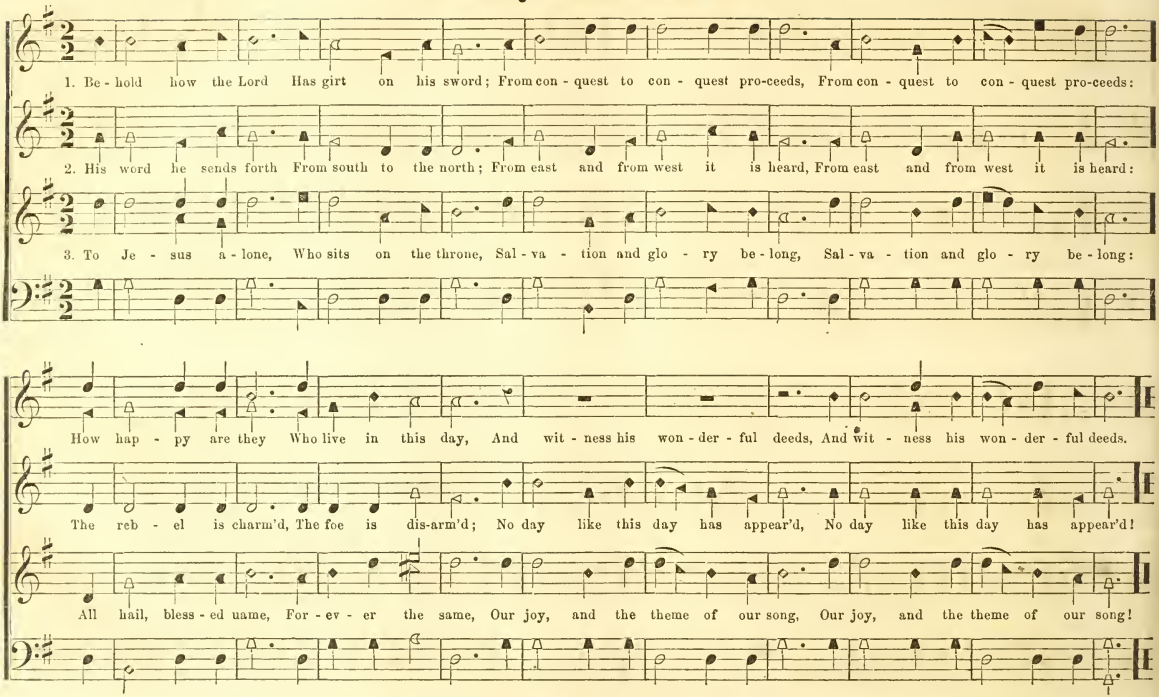
God, A - rise and shine: While rays di - vine Stream all a - broad.

round Thy form shall view, With lus - tre new Di - vine - ly crowned.

3 In honor to his name
Reflect that sacred light,
And loud that grace proclaim
Which makes thy darkness bright:
Pursue his praise,
Till sov'reign love,
In worlds above,
The glory raise.

4 There, on his holy hill,
A brighter Sun shall rise,
And with his radiance fill
Those fairer, purer skies;
While round his throne
Ten thousand stars
In nobler spheres
His influence own

CONQUEST. 5s & 8s.



1. Come, let us a - new Our journey pur - sue, Roll round with the year, And nev - er stand still till the Mas - ter appear: His a - dor - a - ble

2. Our life is a dream; Our time, as a stream, Glides swiftly a - way, And the fu - gi - tive mo-ment re - fu - ses to stay: The ar - row is

3. Oh that each, in the day Of his coming, may say, "I have fought my way through; I have finish'd the work which thou gav'st me to do!" Oh that each from his

will Let us gladly ful - fil, And our talents improve, By the pa-tience of hope, and the la - bor of love, By the pa-tience of hope, and the la - bor of love.

flown, The moment is gone, The mil-len - ni-al year Rushes on to our view, and e - ter - ni-ty's here, Rushes on to our view, and e - ter - ni-ty's here.

Lord May receive the glad word, "Well and faithfully done, Enter in - to my joy, and sit down on my throne! Enter in - to my joy, and sit down on my throne!"

WHEN SHALL WE MEET AGAIN? 6s & 5s.

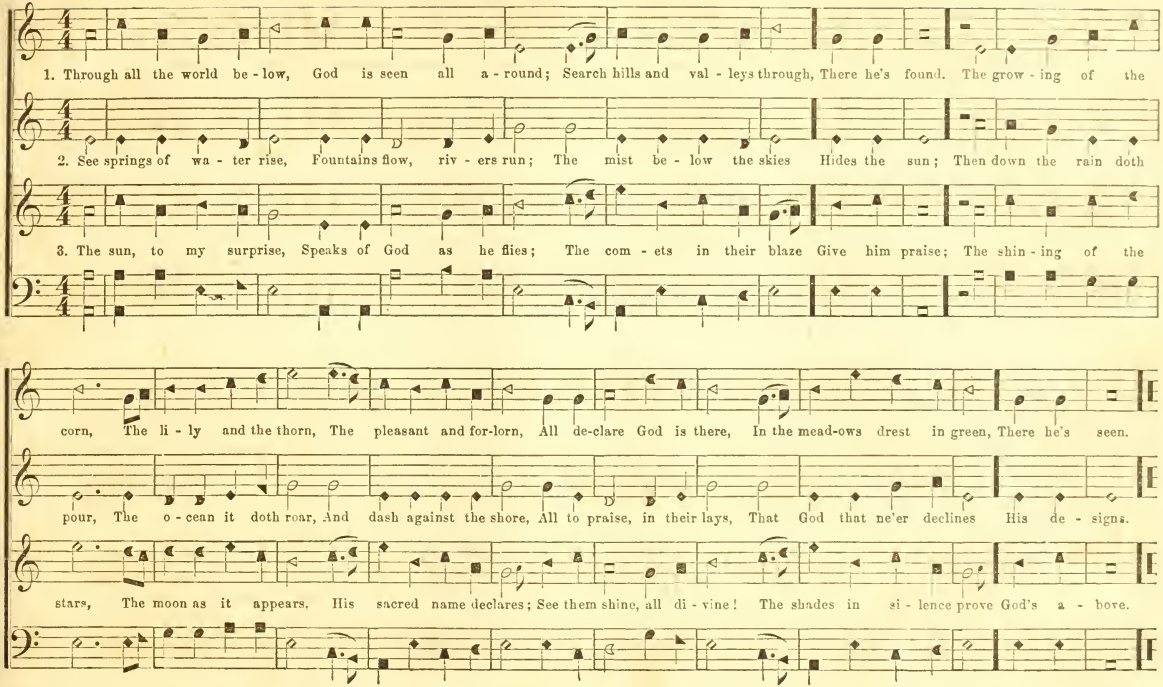
From "Hesperian Harp."

Slow, gentle, and smooth.

1. When shall we meet a - gain? Meet ne'er to sev - er? When will peace wreathe her chain Round us for ev - er? Our hearts will ne'er re - pose, Safe from each blast that blows, In this dark vale of woes, Nev - er no, nev - er!

2. When shall love free - ly flow, Pure as life's riv - er? When shall sweet friendship glow, Change - less for ev - er! Where joys ce - les - tial thrill, Where bliss each heart shall fill, And fears of part - ing chill, Nev - er, no, nev - er!

3. Up to that world of light, Take us, dear Sa-viour! May we all there u - nite, Hap - py for ev - er! Where kin - dred spir - its dwell, There may our mu - sic swell; And time our joys dis - pel, Nev - er, no, nev - er!


1. Through all the world be - low, God is seen all a - round; Search hills and val - leys through, There he's found. The grow - ing of the
2. See springs of wa - ter rise, Fountains flow, riv - ers run; The mist be - low the skies Hides the sun; Then down the rain doth
3. The sun, to my surprise, Speaks of God as he flies; The com - ets in their blaze Give him praise; The shin - ing of the
corn, The li - ly and the thorn, The pleasant and for-lorn, All de-clare God is there, In the mead-ows drest in green, There he's seen.
pour, The o - cean it doth roar, And dash against the shore, All to praise, in their lays, That God that ne'er declines His de - signs.
stars, The moon as it appears, His sacred name declares; See them shine, all di - vine! The shades in si - lence prove God's a - bove.

DESIRE. 6s & 7s.

1. Sa - viour, the world's, and mine, Was ev - er grief like thine? Thou my pain, my curse hast borne; All my sins were laid on thee:

2. To live is all my wish; I on - ly live for this: Grant me, Lord, my heart's de - sire, There by faith for ev - er dwell:

Help me, Lord, for thee I mourn: Draw me, Sa - viour, af - ter thee.

This I al - ways will re - quire, Thee and on - - ly thee to feel.

3 Thy power I pant to prove,
Rooted and fix'd in love;
Strengthen'd by thy Spirit's might,
Wise to fathom things divine;
What the length, and breadth, and height,
What the depth of love like thine!

4 Ah! give me this to know,
With all thy saints below;
Swells my soul to compass thee:
Pants in thee to live and move;
Fill'd with all the Deity,
All immersed and lost in love!

1. Though nature's strength decay, And earth and hell withstand, To Canaan's bounds I urge my way, At his command: The wat'ry deep I pass,

2. The good-ly land I see, With peace and plenty blest; A land of sa-cred lib-er-ty, And end-less rest: There milk and hon-ey flow,

3. There dwells the Lord our King, The Lord our Righteous-ness, Tri-um-phant o'er the world and sin, The Prince of peace— On Si-on's sa-cred height

With Je-sus in my view; And through the howl-ing wil-der-ness My way pur-sue.

And oil and wine a-bound, And trees of life for ev-er grow, With mer-cy crown'd.

His king-dom still main-tains; And glo-rious with the saints in light, For ev-er reigns.

4 He keeps his own secure,
He guards them by his side,
Arrays in garments white and pure
His spotless bride:
With streams of sacred bliss,
With groves of living joys,
With all the fruits of paradise,
He still supplies.

5 Before the great Three-One
They all exulting stand,
And tell the wonders he hath done
Through all their land:
The list'ning spheres attend,
And swell the growing fame,
And sing, in songs which never end,
The wondrous name.

OLIVERS. 6,6,8,4,6,6,8,4.

Composed expressly for this work, by
Rev. Dr. WM. HAUSER, A.H.H.

1. The God who reigns on high, The great arch-an - gels sing, And "Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly," cry, "Al - migh - ty.....

2. Be - fore the Sav - iour's face The ran-som'd na - tions bow; O'erwhelm'd at his al - migh - ty grace, For ev - er

3. The whole tri - um - phant host Give thanks to God on high; "Hail, Fa - ther, Son, and Ho - ly Ghost!" They ev - er.....

King! Who was and is the same, And ev - er - more shall be; Je - ho - vah, Fa - ther, great I AM, We wor - ship thee."

new: He shows his prints of love,— They kin - dle to a flame! And sound thro' all the worlds a - bove, The slaughter'd Lamb.

cry: Hail, A-brah'm's God, and mine! (I join the heav'nly lays,) All might and ma - jes - ty are thine, And end - less praise

GOODLY LAND. 6,6,8,4,6,6,8,4.

Col. D. H. SMITH, Oct., 1854.
Alto by WM. WALKER.

1. Yes, God him - self hath sworn,— I on his oath depend,— I shall, on eagle's wings up - borne, To heav'n ascend: I shall be-hold his face, I shall his pow'r a - dore, And sing the wonders of his grace For-ev - er - more.

2. Though nature's strength decay, And death and hell withstand, To Canaan's bounds I urge my way, At his command: The wat'ry deep I pass, With Je - sus in my view, And thro' the howl-ing wil - der-ness My way pur-sue.

3 The good - ly land I see, With peace and plen - ty blest, The land of sa - cred lib - er - ty And end-less rest: There milk and honey flow, And oil and wine a - bound, And trees of life for - ev - er grow, With mercy crowned.

4 There dwells the Lord our King,
The Lord our Righteousness,
Triumphant o'er the world and sin;
The Prince of Peace,
On Zion's sacred height,
His kingdom still maintains,
And, glorious with his saints in light,
Forever reigns.

5 He keeps his own secure;
He guards them by his side;
Arrays in garments white and pure
His spotless bride;
With streams of sacred bliss,
With groves of living joys,
With all the fruits of Paradise,
He still supplies.

BLUE VALE OF NAUCOOCHEE. 6,6,8,4,6,6,8,4.

Written expressly for this work by Dr. Wm. HAUSER, A. H. H.

1. Though na-ture's strength de-cay, And earth and hell withstand, To Canaan's bounds I urge my way, At his com - mand. The wat' - ry deep I pass, With Je - sus in my view; And through the howl - ing wil - der - ness My way pur - sue.

2. The good - ly land I see, With peace and plen - ty blest; A land of sa - cred lib - er - ty, And end - less rest. There milk and hon - ey flow, And oil and wine a - bound, And trees of life for ev - er grow, With mer - cy crown'd.

3. There dwells the Lord our King, The Lord our Right - eousness, Tri - um - phant o'er the world and sin, The Prince of peace; On Si - on's sa - cred height His king - dom still maintains; And glo - rious with the saints in light, For ev - er reigns

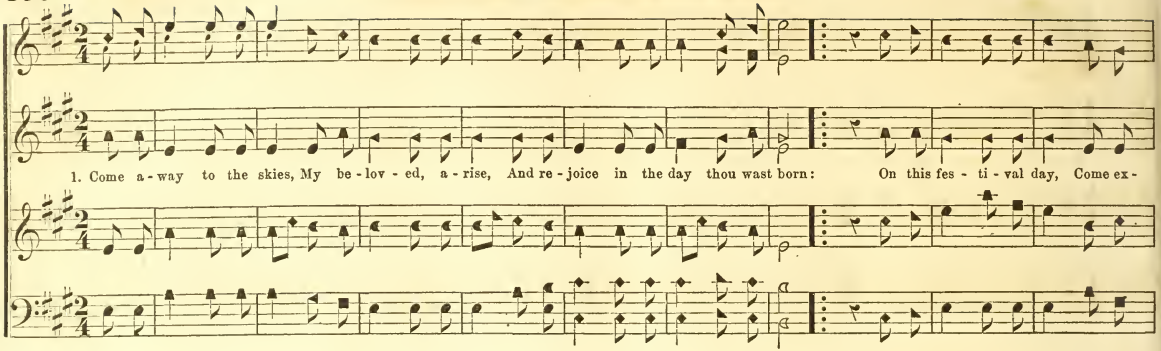
ZION'S GLORY. 6,6,8,6,3,3,6,6.

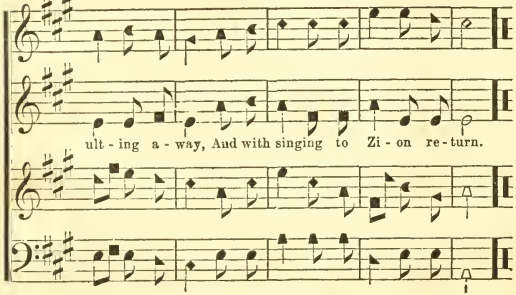
W. L. MONTAGUE.

1. Morn of Zi - on's glo - ry, Bright - ly art thou break-ing, Ho - ly joy thy lights a - wak - ing, Morn of Zi - on's glo - ry!

An-cient saints foretold thee; Seraph an - gels glad behold thee, Far and wide, See them glide, Streams of rich sal-va-tion Flow to ev'- ry nation.

MIDDLEBURY. 6,6,9.





2 We have laid up our love And our treasure above,
Thongh our bodies continne below,
Tho redeem'd of the Lord Will remember his word,
And with singing to paradise go.

3 Now with singing and praise, Let ns spend all the days,
By our heavenly Father bestow'd,
While his grace we receive From his bonnty, and live
To the honor and glory of God.

4 For the glory we were First created to share,
Both the nature and kingdom divine!
Now created again That onr souls may remain,
Throughont time and eternity thine.

5 We with thanks do approve The design of that love
Which hath join'd ns to Jesns's name;
So nnited in heart, Let us never more part,
Till wo meet at tho feast of the Lamb.

6 There, O! there at his feet, We shall all likewise meet,
And be parted in body no more;
We shall sing to onr lyres, With the heavenly choirs,
And our Saviour in glory adorc.

7 Hallelujah we sing, To onr Father and King,
And his rapturous praises repeat;
To the Lamb that was slain, Hallelujah again,
Sing, all heaven, and fall at his feet.

TRUE HAPPINESS. 6,6,9,6,6,9.

A very popular revival tune.
WM. WALKER.

1. Oh how hap-py are they, Who their Saviour o - bey, And whose trea-sure is laid up a - bove; Tongue can nev - er express The sweet com-fort and peace, Of a soul in its ear - li - est love.

2. That comfort was mine, When the fa - vor divine I first found in the blood of the Lamb; When my heart first believed, O, what joy I re- ceived! What a hea - ven in Je - sus' dear name!

3. 'Twas a heaven below, The Re-deem-er to know, And the an - gels could do nothing more Than to fall at his feet, And the sto - ry re- peat, And the Sav - iour of sin-ners a - dore.

4 Jesus, all the day long,
Was my joy and my song;
Oh, that all his salvation might see!
He hath loved me, I cried,
He hath suffer'd and died,
To redeem such a rebel as me.

5 On the wings of his love,
I was carried above
All sin, and temptation, and pain;
I could not believe
That I ever should grieve,
That I ever should suffer again.

6 I rode on the sky,
Freely justified I,
Nor envied Elijah his seat;
My soul mounted higher,
In a chariot of fire,
And the world was put under my feet.

7 On the rapturous height
Of that holy delight
Which I felt in the life-giving blood,
Of my Saviour possess'd,
I was perfectly bless'd,
Overwhelm'd with the fulness of God

8 What a mercy is this!
What a heaven of bliss!
How unspeakably favor'd am I!
Gather'd into the fold,
With believers enroll'd,
With believers to live and to die!

9 Now my remnant of days
Would I spend to his praise,
Who hath died my poor soul to redeem:
Whether many or few,
All my years are his due;
May they all be devoted to him.

PRINCE OF LIGHT. 6,6,10.

1. No war nor bat - tle sound Was heard the earth a round; No hos - - tile chiefs to fu - rious com - bat ran; But peace-ful was the night

2. No conqu'ror's sword he bore, Nor war - like ar - mor wore, Nor haugh - ty pas - sions roused to con - test wild. In peace and love he came,

In which the Prince of light His reign of peace up - on the earth be - gan.

And gen - tle was his reign, Which o'er the earth he spread by in - fluence mild.

3 Unwilling kings obey'd,
And sheathed the battle-blade,
And call'd their bloody legions from the field.
In silent awe they wait,
And close the warrior's gate,
Nor know to whom their homage thus they yield.

4 The peaceful conqu'ror goes,
And triumphs o'er his foes,
His weapons drawn from armories above.
Behold the vanquish'd sit
Submissive at his feet,
And strife and hate are changed to peace and love.

The 2d, 3d, and 4th stanzas added by H. G. O. Dwight, Missionary in Constantinople.

1. Thou, who didst stoop be - low, To drain the cup of woe, And wear the form of frail mor - tal - i - ty,— Thy bless - ed la - bors

2. It was no path of flow'rs, Thro' this dark world of ours, Be - lov - ed of the Father, thou didst tread; And shall we, in dis-

done, Thy crown of vic'- try won,— Hast passed from earth—passed to thy home on high.

may, Shrink from the nar - row way, When clouds and darkness are a - round it spread?

3 O Thou, who art our life,
Be with us through the strife;
Thy own meek head by rudest storms was bowed,
Raise thou our eyes above,
To see a Father's love
Beam, like a bow of promise, through the cloud.

4 E'en through the awful gloom,
Which hovers o'er the tomb,
That light of love our guiding star shall be;
Our spirits shall not dread
The shadowy way to tread,
Friend, Guardian, Saviour, which doth lead to thee.

OUR JOURNEY HOME. 7,6,7,3.7,7,4.

WM. H. LANGSTON.

Not too fast.

1. We shall see a light ap - pear, by - and - by, when he comes; We shall see a light ap - pear, when he comes.

2. We shall see him as he is, by - and - by, when he comes, We shall see him as he is, when he comes.

CHORUS.

Ride on, Je - sus, O, ride on! We are on our journey home, Hal-le-lu - jah!

Ride on, Je - sus, O, ride on! We are on our journey home, Hal-le-lu - jah!

3 We shall all with Christ appear, by-and-by, when he comes,
We shall all with Christ appear, when he comes.
Ride on, &c.

4 We shall have a mighty shout, by-and-by, when he comes,
We shall have a mighty shout, when he comes.
Ride on, &c.

5 Then the earth shall all be cleansed, by-and-by, when he comes.
Then the earth shall all be cleansed, when he comes.
Ride on, &c.

6 We shall shout above the fire, by-and-by, when he comes,
We shall shout above the fire, when he comes.
Ride on, &c.

1. Burst, ye emerald gates, and bring To my rap-tured vis - ion
All th' ec-stat - ic joys that spring Round the bright e - ly - sian.
Lo, we lift our long - ing eyes, Burst, ye in - ter - ven - ing

2. Floods of ev - er - last - ing light Free-ly flash be - fore him;
Myriads, with su-preme de - light, In - stant-ly a - dore him:
An - gel trumps re-sound his fame, Lutes of lu - cid gold pro-

skies, Sun of righteous - ness, a - rise, Ope the gates of par - a - dise.

claim All the mu - sic of his name, Heav'n ech - o - ing with the theme.

3 Four-and-twenty elders rise
From their princely station:
Shout his glorious victories,
Sing the great salvation;
Cast their crowns before his throne,
Cry in reverential tone,
Glory give to God alone;
"Holy, holy, holy One!"

4 Hark! the thrilling symphonies
Seem, methinks, to seize us;
Join we too their holy lays,
Jesus, Jesus, Jesus!
Sweetest sound in seraphs' song—
Sweetest notes on mortal tongue,
Sweetest carol ever sung—
Jesus, Jesus, roll along!

PENITENCE. 7s, 6s & 8s.

WM. H. OAKLEY.

With tenderness.

1. Je - sus, let thy pity - ing eye Call back a wand'ring sheep; False to thee, like Pe - ter, I Would fain like Pe - ter weep.

2. Sa-viour, Prince, enthroned a - bove, Re - pent-ance to im - part, Give me, through thy dy - ing love, The hum - ble, con - trite heart:

Let me be by grace restored: On me be all long-suff'ring shown; Turn, and look up - on me, Lord, And break my heart of stone.

Give, what I have long implored, A por - tion of thy grief unknown: Turn, and look up - on me, Lord, And break my heart of stone.

1. Sol - diers of the cross, a - rise, Lo, your Cap - tain from the skies, Hold - ing forth the glitt'ring prize, Calls to vic - to - ry.

2. Who the cause of Christ would yield? Who would leave the bat - tle - field? Who would cast a - way his shield? Let him base - ly go:

3. By the mer - cies of our God, By Em - man - uel's streaming blood, When a - lone for us he stood, Ne'er give up the strife:

Fear not, though the bat - tle low'r, Firm - ly stand the try - ing hour, Stand the tempt-er's ut - most pow'r, Spurn his sla - ve - ry.

Who for Zi - on's King will stand? Who will join the faith - ful band? Let him come with heart and hand, Let him face the foe.

Ev - er to the lat - est breath, Hark to what your Cap - tain saith;— "Be thou faith - ful un - to death; Take the crown of life.'

The second treble is by Dr. Wm. HAUSER.

THE CHRISTIAN. 7,7,7,6,7,7,7,6.

E. J. KING

1. I love my blessed Saviour, I feel I'm in his fa - vor, And I am his for ev - er, If I but faithful prove; And now I'm bound for Ca - naan, I feel my sins for - giv - en, And soon shall get to heaven, To sing re - deem-ing love.

2 Poor sinners may deride me,
And unbelievers chide me,
But nothing shall divide me
From Jesus, my best friend.
Supported by his power,
I long to see the hour
That bids my spirit tower,
And all my troubles end.

3 The pleasing time is hast'ning,
My tott'ring frame is wasting
While I'm engaged in praising,
Impelled by his love.
When yonder shining orders,
Who sing on Canaan's borders,
Shall bear me to the Lord there
To praise his name above.

DAVID'S VICTORY. 7,7,7,7,10,10.

R. BOYD.

Strong and animated.

1. Now your fes - tal rites prepare, Let your triumphs rend the air, I - dol gods shall reign no more, We the liv - ing Lord a - dore;

2. Let re - mot - est na-tions know Proud Go - li - ah's o - ver - throw; Fall'n Phi - lis - tia, is thy trust, Dagon's hon - or laid in dust:

Let heathen hearts on human helps re - pose, Since Israel's God has routed Israel's foes.

Who fears the Lord of glo - ry need not fear The brazen ar - mor or the gold - en spear.

3 See the routed squadrons fly:
Hark! their clamors rend the sky;
Blood and carnage stain the field—
See the vanquish'd nations yield;
Dismay and terror fill th' affrighted land,
While conqu'ring David routs the trembling band

4 Lo! upon the tented field,
Royal Saul has thousands kill'd;
Lo! upon the sanguine plain,
David has ten thousands slain:
Let mighty Saul his vanquish'd thousands tell
While David's votaries tenfold triumphs swell.

WORSHIP. 7s, 8s & 7s.

WM. C. HOLMES.

1. Wor-ship, and thanks, and blessing, And strength ascribe to Je - sus: Je - sus a - lone de-fends his own, When earth and hell op-press us.

2. Om - ni - po - tent Re-deem - er, Our ransom'd souls a-dore thee; Our Sa - viour thou, we find it now, And give thee all the glo - ry.

3. The world's and Sa - tan's ma - lice, Thou, Je - sus, hast con-found - ed; And by thy grace with songs of praise, Our hap - py souls re-sound-ed.

Je - sus with joy we wit - ness, Al-migh - ty to de - liv - er; Our seals set to, that God is true, And reigns a King for ev - er.

We sing thine arm un - short - en'd, Brought thro' our sore tempt-a-tion: With heart and voice in thee re-joice, The God of our Sal - va - tion.

Ac - cept - ing our de - liv - 'rance, We tri - umph in thy fa - vor, And for the love which now we prove, Shall praise thy name for ev - er.

CHRISTIAN SOLDIER. 7,8,7,8,7,8,7,8,7,7,8,8.

WM. WALKER.

1. Soldier, go—but not to claim Mould'ring spoils of earth-born treasure; } Dream not that the way is smooth, Hope not that the thorns are ro - ses; Turn no wishful eye of youth,
Not to build a vaunting name, Not to dwell in tents of pleasure: }

2. Soldier, rest;—but not for thee Spreads the world her downy pil - low; } Thine must be a watchful sleep, Wearier than an - o - ther's wak-ing; Such a charge as thou must keep,
On the rock thy couch must be, While around thee chafes the bil - low; }

Where the sunny beam re - pos - es: Thou hast sterner work to do, Hosts to cut thy passage through; Close behind thee gulfs are burn - ing— Forward, then! there's no re - turn-ing.

Brooks no moment of for - sak - ing: Sleep as on the battle-field, Girded—grasping sword and shield; Those thou caust not name nor num - ber, Steal up - on thy broken slumber.

THE MARTIAL TRUMPET. 7,9.

By Rev. J. G. LANDRUM and WM. WALKER.

1. Brethren, don't you hear the sound? The mar-tial trum-pet now is blow-ing!
Men in or-der list-ing round, And soldiers to the standard flow-ing.
Bounty 's of-fer'd—joy and peace; To ev'-ry sol-dier

2. They who long in sin have lain, And felt the hand of dire op-pres-sion,
Are re-leas'd from Sa-tan's chain, And are endow'd with long pos-ses-sion.
The sick and sore, the blind and lame, The mal-a-dies of

this is giv-en: When from toils of war they cease, A mansion bright, prepar'd in heav-en.

all are heal-ed: Out-law'd reb-els too may claim, And find a par-don free-ly seal-ed.

3 The battle is not to the strong,
The burden 's on our Captain's shoulder;
None so aged or so young,
But may enlist and be a soldier:
Those who cannot fight nor fly,
Beneath his banner find protection;
None who on his arm rely
Shall be reduc'd to base subjection.

4 You need not fear;—the cause is good;
Come! who will to the crown aspire?
In this cause the martyrs bled,
Or shouted victory in the fire:
In this cause let 's follow on,
And soon we'll tell the pleasing story,
How by faith we gain'd the crown,
And fought our way to life and glory.

5 The battle, brethren, is begun,
Behold the armies now in motion!
Some, by faith, behold the crown,
And almost grasp their future portion.
Hark! the victory 's sounding loud!
Emmanuel's chariot-wheels are rumbling;
Mourners weeping through the crowd,
And Satan's kingdom down is tumbling.

WEARY PILGRIM. 7,9,7,9,7,8,8,8,8,8.

LEONARD P. BREEDLOVE.
Alto by WM. WALKER.

1. Come and taste, a - long with me, The wea - ry pilgrim's con-so - la - tion;
Boundless mer - cy run - ning free, The ear-nest of complete sal - va - tion; } Joy and peace in Christ I find, My heart to him is all resign'd;

2. When the world or flesh would rise, And strive to draw me from my Saviour;
Strangers slight, or friends de-spise, I then more highly prize his fa - vor. } Friends, believe me when I tell, If Christ be present, all is well;

The ful-ness of his pow'r I prove, The sweetness of re - deem - ing love: Je - sus is the pilgrim's por - tion, Love as boundless as the o - cean.

The world and flesh in vain may rise, I all their ef - forts do de - spise: In the world I've trib-u - la - tion, But in Christ I've con-so - la - tion.

URMUND. 8s & 4s

Lively.

1. Hark, how the gos - pel trum - pet sounds! Through all the world the e - cho bounds! And Je - sus, by re -
2. Hail! all - vic - to - rious, conqu'ring Lord! Be thou by all thy works a - dored, Who un - der - took for
3. Fight on, ye conqu'ring souls, fight on, And when the con-quest you have won, Then palms of vict - 'ry

deem - ing blood, Is bring - ing sin - ners back to God; And guides them safe - ly by his word, To end - less day.
sin - ful man, And brought sal - va - tion through thy name, That we with thee may ev - er reign In end - less day.
you shall bear, And in his king - dom have a share, And crowns of glo - ry ev - er wear, In end - less day.

OLIVE SHADE. 8,6,8,4.

COL. D. H. SMITH, 1851.

1. Fa - ther, who in the ol - ive shade, When the dark hour came on, Didst, with a breath of heav'n-ly aid, Strengthen thy Son;

2. Oh, by the an - guish of that night, Send us down blest re - lief, Or to the chastened let thy might Hallow this grief.

3. And thou that, when the star - ry sky Saw the dread strife be - gun, Didst teach a - dor - ing faith to cry, "Thy will be done!"

HEAR AND SAVE. 7,7,7,5.

WM. H. JENKINS.

1. Lord of mer - cy and of might, Of mankind the life and light, Mak - er, Teach-er in - fi - nite; Je - sus, hear and save.

2. Strong Cre - a - tor, Saviour mild, Humbled to a lit - tle child; Cap-tive, beat - en, bound, reviled, Je - sus, hear and save.

3. Borne a - loft on an - gels' wings, Throned a - bove ce - les - tial things, Lord of lords, and King of kings; Je - sus, hear and save.

LITTLE WORTH. 8,8,4,8,8,4.

Col. D. H. SMITH, 1853.

1. A - las! how poor and lit - tle worth Are all those glitt'ring toys of earth That lure us here! Dreams of a sleep that

2. Where is the strength that spurned de - cay, The step that rolled so light and gay, The heart's blithe tone? The strength is gone, the

death must break: A - las! be - fore it bids us wake, They dis - ap - pear.

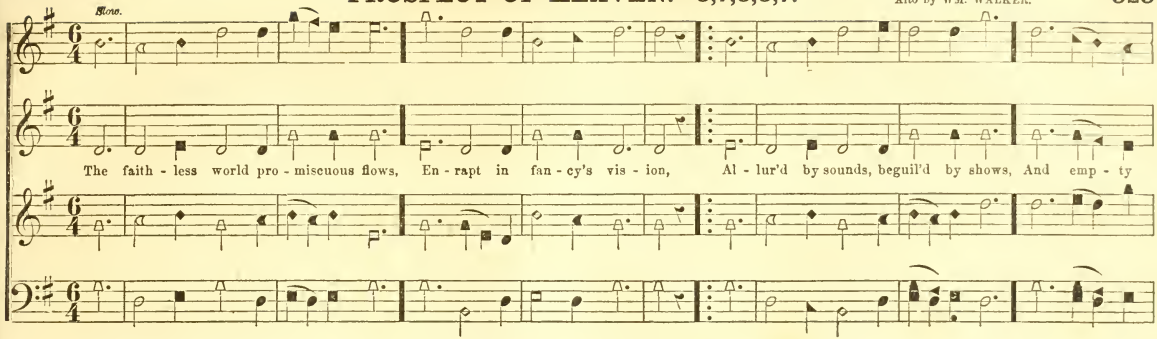
step is slow, And joy grows wea - ri - ness and woe, When age comes on.

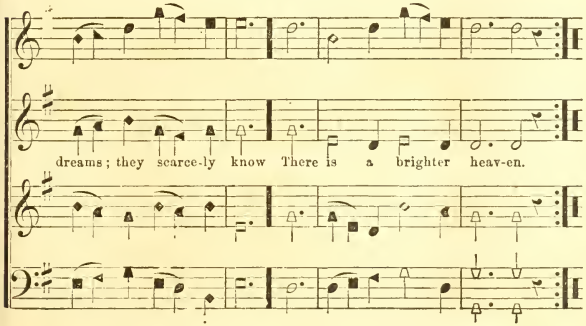
3 Our birth is but a starting-place;
Life is the running of the race,
And death the goal:
There all those glitt'ring toys are brought;
That path alone, of all unsought,
Is found of all.

4 Oh, let the soul its slumbers break,
Arouse its senses, and awake
To see how soon
Life, like its glories, glides away,
And the stern footsteps of decay
Come stealing on.

PROSPECT OF HEAVEN. 8,7,8,8,7.

Rev. ANDREW GRAMBLING.
Alto by WM. WALKER.





1 There is an hour of peaceful rest,
To mourning wand'rers given;
There is a joy for souls distress'd,
A balm for ev'ry wounded breast —
'T is found above — in heaven.

2 There is a soft, a downy bed,
'T is soft as breath of even;
A couch for weary mortals spread,
Where they may rest the aching head,
And find repose — in heaven.

3 There is a home for weary souls,
By sin and sorrow driven;
Now toss'd on life's tempestuous shoals,
Where storms arise, and ocean rolls,
And all is drear — but heaven.

4 There, faith lifts up her cheerful eye,
To brighter prospects given;
And views the tempest passing by,
The evening shadows quickly fly,
And all serene — in heaven.

5 There, fragrant flow'rs immortal bloom,
And joys supreme are given:
There, joys divine disperse the gloom —
Beyond the confines of the tomb
Appears the dawn of heaven.

Christian Lyre.

FAIR FIELDS OF EDEN. 8,8,8,6.

Harmony arranged by WM. WALKER.

Not too fast.

1. There are lov'd ones gone be-fore us, Who, in that bright world high o'er us, Loud-ly swell the heav'nly chorus, And Je - sus' name a-dore:
Far a - way from earth be-night - ed, Where so oft - en hope is blighted, Now with God and saints u - ni - ted, They rest for ev - er more.

2. It was hard indeed to sev - er, For we'll meet a-gain here nev - er; But they now are blest for-ev-er—They've gained the great reward;
Oh! why should their absence grieve us, For in tri - umph they did leave us, And now wait - ing to re-ceive us, They're happy with the Lord.

CHORUS.

In the fair fields of E - den, In the fair fields of E - den, In the fair fields of E - den, At rest for - ev-er - more.

In the fair fields of E - den, In the fair fields of E - den, In the fair fields of E-den, At rest for-ev - er more.

3 By-and-by we'll go and meet them,
On that blissful shore we'll greet them,
And our joys—it will complete them,
To meet no more to roam;
O let time be onward driven,
Let all earthly ties be riven,
And let praise to God be given,
For we are hast'ning home.

4 Sinners! hear the invitation!
'Tis proclaimed to ev'ry nation:—
Here is free and full salvation
For all the fallen race;
Come!—with all your guilt's oppression,
Come to Christ, and make confession,
Turn—believe—and gain possession
Of his redeeming grace.

5 And let Christians, ne'er backsliding,
Still in Jesus all-confiding,
And in hope and love abiding,
Seek to obtain the prize:
And when life below is ending—
If still on the cross depending,
With angelic bands ascending,
We shall rejoicing rise.

NOTE.—Words and melody by REV. A. H. LESTER, Professor of Hebrew in Wofford College, Spartanburg, S. C.

WILL YOU GO? 8,6,8,6,8,8,8,6.

D. C.

1. We're trav'lling home to heav'n above— Will you go? Will you go?
To sing the Saviour's dy - ing love— Will you go? Will you go?
D. C. And millions more are on the road— Will you go? Will you go?

Millions have reach'd that blest abode, A-noint-ed kings and priests to God,

TRIAL'S HOUR. C. H. M. 8,6,8,6,8,8.

Col. D. H. SMITH, 1850.

1. When I can trust my all with God, In trial's fearful hour, Bow, all resigned, beneath his rod, And bless his sparing pow'r, A joy springs up a-mid distress, A fountain in the wilder - ness.

2. O, to be brought to Jesus' feet, Tho' trials fix me there, Is still a pri - vi - lege most sweet, For he will hear my pray'r; Tho' sighs and tears its language be, The Lord is nigh to answer me.

3. O, blesséd be the hand that gave,—Still blesséd when it takes; Blesséd be he who smites to save,—Who heals the heart he breaks: Perfect and true are all his ways, Whom heav'n adores and death obeys.

ROYAL PROCLAMATION. 8,8,8,8,8,8,3.

1. Hear the roy - al pro - cla-ma-tion, The glad tidings of sal - va - tion, Publish-ing to ev' - ry creature, To the ruined sons of nature:

2. See the roy - al banner fly-ing, Hear the heralds loudly cry-ing, Re - bel sinners! roy - al fa - vor Now is offer'd by the Saviour:

3. Hear, ye sons of wrath and ru - in, Who have wrought your own undoing! Here is life and free sal - va-tion Offer'd to the whole cre - a - tion,—

CHORUS.

Je - sus reigns, he reigns victorious, O - ver heav'n and earth most glorious, Je - sus reigns.

Lo! he reigns, he reigns victorious, O - ver heav'n and earth most glorious, Je - sus reigns.

Je - sus reigns, he reigns victorious, O - ver heav'n and earth most glorious, Je - sus reigns.

4 Turn unto the Lord most holy,
Shun the paths of vice and folly;
Turn, or you are lost for ever,
O now turn to God your Saviour!
Lo! he reigns, &c.

5 Here is wine, and milk, and honey,
Come and purchase without money—
Mercy, like a flowing fountain,
Streaming from the holy mountain.
Jesus reigns, &c.

6 For this love let rocks and mountains,
Purling streams and crystal fountains,
Roaring thunders, lightning blazes,
Shout the great Messiah's praises.
Lo! he reigns, &c.

7 Shout, ye tongues of ev'ry nation,
To the bounds of the creation,
Shout the praise of Judah's Lion,
The Almighty King of Zion.
Jesus reigns, &c.

8 Now our souls have caught new fire,
Brethren, raise your voices higher,
Shout with joyful acclamation,
To the Prince of our salvation.
Jesus reigns, &c.

9 Shout, ye saints, make joyful mention,
Christ has purchased our redemption,
Angels, shout the pleasing story,
Thro' the brighter worlds of glory.
Jesus reigns, &c.

THE CHRISTIAN'S HOPE. 8,8,8,6,8,8,8,6.

1. A few more days on earth to spend, And all my toils and cares shall end, And I shall see my God and friend, And praise his name on high:

2. Then, O my soul, despond no more; The storm of life will soon be o'er, And I shall find the peaceful shore Of ev - er - last-ing rest.

3. My soul an - ti - ci-pates the day, I'll joy - ful - ly the call o - bey, Which comes to summon me a - way To seats prepared a - bove.

No more to sigh nor shed a tear, No more to suf - fer pain or fear; But God, and Christ, and heav'n appear, Unto the raptured eye.

O hap - py day! O joy - ful hour; When, freed from earth, my soul shall tow'r Beyond the reach of Satan's pow'r, To be for ev - er blest.

There shall I see my Saviour's face, And dwell in his beloved em-brace, And taste the fulness of his grace, And sing re-deem-ing love.

MERCY 'S FREE. 9,6,9,6,8,8,8,6.

LEONARD P. BREEDLOVE
Alto by WM. WALKER.

1. What's this that in my soul is ris-ing? Is it grace? Is it grace?
Which makes me keep for mer - cy cry-ing, Is it grace? Is it grace?
This work that's in my soul be-gun, It makes me strive all

2. Great God of love, I can but wonder, Mer - cy 's free! Mer-cy 's free!
Though I've no price at all to tend-er, Mer - cy 's free! Mer-cy 's free!
Though mer-cy 's free, our God is just, And if a soul should

sin to shun, It plants my soul be - neath the sun, Mer-cy 's free! Mer-cy 's free!

e'er be lost, This will torment the sin - ner most, Mer-cy 's free! Mer-cy 's free!

3 Swell, O swell the heavenly chorus,
Mercy 's free! Mercy 's free!
The devil's kingdom falls before us,
Mercy 's free! Mercy 's free!
Sinners, repent, inquire the road
That leads to glory and to God;
Come, wash in Christ's atoning blood,
Mercy 's free! Mercy 's free!

4 This truth through all our life shall cheer us,
Mercy 's free! Mercy 's free!
And through the vale of death shall bear us,
Mercy 's free! Mercy 's free!
And when to Jordan's banks we come
And cross the raging billows' foam,
We 'll sing, when safely landed home,
Mercy 's free! Mercy 's free!

1. Come all, who love my Lord and mas - ter, And like old Da-vid, I will tell,
Tho' chief of sinners, I've found fa - vor, Redeem'd by grace from death and hell.
Far as the east from west is part - ed, So far my sins

2. I late es-tranged from Jesus wander'd, And thought each dang'rous poison good,
But he in mer - cy long pursued me, With cries of his re - deem-ing blood.
Though like Bar-ti - meus I was blind - ed, In nature's dark-

by 's dy - ing love, From me by faith are se - pa - rat - ed, Blest an - te-past of joys a - bove.

est night conceal'd, But Je - sus' love removed my blind-ness, And he his pard'ning grace re-veal'd.

3 Now I will praise him, while he spares me,
And with his people sing aloud,
Though I'm oppos'd, and sinners mock me,
In rapturous songs I'll praise my God.
By faith I view the heavenly concert,
They sing high strains of Jesus' love;
O! with desire my soul is longing,
And fain would be with Christ above.

4 That blessed day is fast approaching,
When Christ in glorious clouds will come,
With sounding trumps and shouts of angels,
To call each faithful spirit home.
There's Abraham, Isaac, holy prophets,
And all the saints at God's right hand,
There hosts of angels join in concert,
Shout as they reach the promised land.

* FULFILMENT. 9s & 8s.

1. See how the Scriptures are ful - filling, Poor sin-ners are re - turning home;
The time that prophets were foretelling, With signs and won-ders now is come. } The gos - pel trumpets now are blowing From sea to sea, from

2. Ten thousand fall be - fore Je - hovah, For mer - cy, mer - cy, loud they cry;
They rise, all shouting hal - le - lu-jah, And glo - ry be to God on high! } But hea-thens cry, it 's all dis - or-der, And dis - believe God's

land to land; God's Ho - ly Spir-it down is pouring, And Christians join-ing heart and hand.

ho - ly word; Yet Christians sing, and shout the louder, All glo - ry, glo - ry to the Lord!

3 Oh sinners, hear our invitation,
You are but feeble, dying worms;
Oh fly to Jesus for salvation,
Or you must meet God's awful frown.
We warn you in the name of Jesus,
The awful Judge of quick and dead,
But if you still refuse to hear us,
Your blood shall be upon your head.

4 Now God is calling ev'ry nation,
The bond, the free, the rich, the poor;
These are the days of visitation,
Sweet gospel grace will soon be o'er;
The Lord shall come, all clothed in thunder,
And lightning streaming from his eye,
Oh, then he 'll cut his foes asunder,
And cast them where the damnéd lie.

* This beautiful old tune was set to music by E. J. King, junior author of the "Sacred Harp," who died in a few weeks after its publication, in 1844, much lamented by his Christian brethren and musical friends.

A HOME IN HEAVEN. 9,10.

1. A home in Heav'n! what a joy - ful thought, As the poor man toils in his wea-ry lot; His heart oppress'd, and with anguish driv'n, From his home be - low to his home in Heav'n— From his home below to his home in Heav'n.

2. A home in Heav'n! as the suff'rer lies On his bed of pain, and up-lifts his eyes To that bright home, what a joy is giv'n, From the blessed thought of his home in Heav'n—From the blessed thought of his home in Heav'n.

3 A home in Heaven! When our pleasures fade,
And our wealth and fame in the dust are laid,
And strength decays, and our health is riven,
We are happy still with our home in Heaven.
In Heaven — From the blessed thought of our home in Heaven.

4 A home in Heaven! When the faint heart bleeds
By the Spirit stroke, for its evil deeds,
Oh! then what bliss in that heart forgiven,
Does the hope inspire of its home in Heaven.
In Heaven — From the blessed thought of its home in Heaven.

5 A home in Heaven! When our friends are fled
To the cheerless gloom of the mouldering dead,
We wait in hope on the promise given,
That we'll meet up there in our home in Heaven.
In Heaven! That we'll meet up there in our home in Heaven.

BABYLONIAN CAPTIVITY. 10s.

DARE

1. A - long the banks where Ba - bel's cur - rent flows, Our cap - tive bands in deep de - spond - ence stray'd, While

2. The tune - less harp, that once with joy we strung, When praise employ'd, and mirth inspired the lay, In mourn - ful si - lence

3. The barb'rous ty - rants, to in - crease the woe, With taunt - ing smiles, a song of Zi - on claim; Bid

Zi - on's fall in sad re-mem-brance rose, Her friends, her children mingled with the dead.

on the wil-lows hung, And growing grief prolong'd the tedious day.

sa - cred praise in strains me-lo - dious flow, While they blaspheme the great Je-ho - vah's name.

4 But how, in heathen chains, and lands unknown,
Shall Israel's sons a song of Zion raise?
O hapless Salem, God's terrestrial throne,
Thou land of glory, sacred mount of praise!

5 If e'er my mem'ry lose thy lovely name,
If my cold heart neglect thy kindred race,
Let dire destruction seize this guilty frame;
My hand shall perish, and my voice shall cease

6 Yet shall the Lord, who hears when Zion calls,
O'ertake her foes with terror and dismay;
His arm avenge her desolated walls,
And raise his children to eternal day.

1. Rise, crown'd with light, im - pe - rial Sa - lem, rise! Ex - alt thy tow'ring head, and lift thine eyes; See heav'n its sparkling

2. See a long race thy spacious courts a - dorn; See fu - ture sons and daughters, yet un - born, In crowding ranks, on

por - tals wide dis - play, And break up - on thee in a flood of day.

ev' - ry side a - rise, De - mand - ing life, im - pa - tient for the skies.

3 See barb'rous nations at thy gates attend,
Walk in thy light, and in thy temple bend;
See thy bright altars throng'd with prostrate kings,
While ev'ry land its joyous tribute brings.

4 The seas shall waste, the skies to smoke decay,
Rocks fall to dust, and mountains melt away;
But, fix'd his word, his saving pow'r remains;
Thy realm shall last, thy own Messiah reigns.

SYMPHONY. 10s. 6 lines.

1. The Lord, the Sov'reign, sends his summons forth, Calls the south nations, and a-wakes the north; From east to west the sounding orders spread Thro' distant

2. Be-hold the Judge descends; his guards are nigh; Tempests and fire at-tend him down the sky: Heav'n, earth, and hell draw near; let all things come, To hear his

worlds, and regions of the dead: * No more shall atheists mock his long de - lay; His vengeance sleeps..... no more: be - hold the day.

jus-tice and the sin-ner's doom: * But gather first my saints, (the Judge commands.) Bring them, ye an - - - - gels, from their dis-tant lands.

* The bass and treble may be silent here one strain

Alto by WM. WALKER. **WHEN I AM GONE. 10s & 8s** M. H. TURNER.

Slow and pathetic.

1. Shed not a tear o'or your friend's early bier, When I am gone, when I am gone:
Smile when the slow-toll-ing bell you shall hear, When I am gone, when I am gone: } Weep not for me as you stand round my grave, Think who has died his be-

lov - ed to save, Think of the crown all the ransom'd shall wear, When I am gone, I am gone.

2 Shed not a tear as you all kneel in prayer,
When I am gone, when I am gone:
Sing a sweet song when my grave you shall see,
When I am gone, when I am gone.
Sing to the Lamb who on earth once was slain,
Sing to the Lamb who in heaven doth reign,
Sing till the earth shall be fill'd with his name,
When I am gone, I am gone.

3 Plant you a rose that shall bloom o'er my grave,
When I am gone, when I am gone:
Sing a sweet song, such as angels may have,
When I am gone, when I am gone.
Praise ye the Lord that I'm freed from all care,
Pray ye the Lord that my joys you shall share,
Look up on high and believe that I'm there,
When I am gone, I am gone.

CRUCIFIXION. 10,7,7,7,9.

A remarkably popular old tune and song,—a song of the Fathers, one of the best in the world.—W. W.

1. Saw ye my Sa - viour? Saw ye my Sa - viour? Saw ye my Sa - viour and God? Oh! he died on Cal - va - ry,

2. He was ex-tend - ed! He was ex - tend - ed! Shame-ful - ly nail'd to the cross; Oh! he bow'd his head and died,

3. Je - sus hung bleed - ing! Je - sus hung bleed - ing! Three dread - ful hours..... in pain; Oh! the sun re - fused to shine,

To a - tone for you and me, And to pur - chase our par - don with blood.

Thus my Lord was cru - ci - fied, To a - tone for a world that was lost.

When the Ma - jes - ty di - vine Was de - rid - ed, in - sult - ed, and slain.

4 Darkness prevailed! darkness prevailed!
Darkness prevail'd o'er the land —
Oh! the solid rocks were rent,
Through creation's vast extent,
When the Jews crucified the God-man!

5 When it was finish'd, when it was finish'd,
And the atonement was made;
He was taken by the great,
Wrapp'd in linen clean and sweet,
And was in a new sepulchre laid.

6 Hail! mighty Saviour! hail! mighty Saviour!
Prince, and the author of peace!
Oh! he burst the bands of death,
And in triumph left the earth —
He ascended to mansions of bliss.

7 Now interceding, now interceding,
Pleading that sinners may live:
Crying, "Father, I have died,
(O behold my hands and side!)
To redeem them, I pray thee, forgive!"

WM. WALKER.

1. Oh tell me no more of this world's vain store! The time for such tri - fles with me is now o'er: A coun-try I've found where

2. No mor - tal doth know what Christ will be - stow, What life, strength, and com-fort! go af - ter him, go! Lo! on - ward I move, to

true joys a - bound, To dwell I'm de - ter - min'd on that hap - py ground.

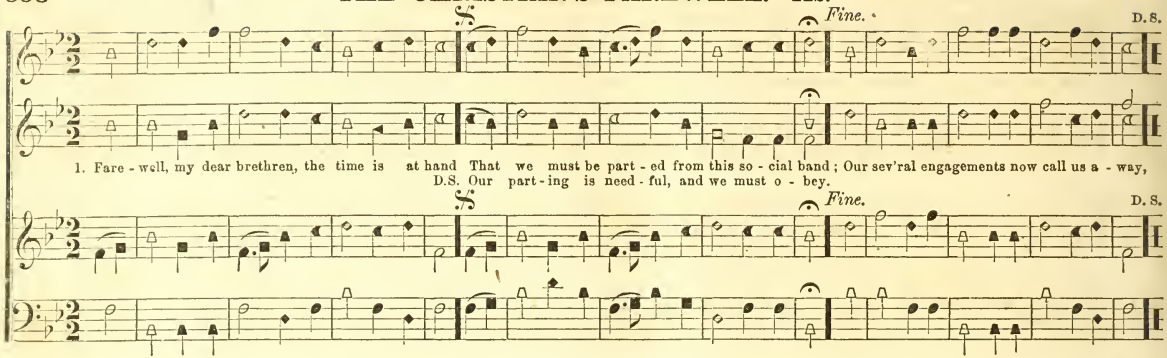
see Christ a - bove, None guesses how won - drous my jour - ney will prove.

3 Great spoils I shall win, from death, hell, and sin;
'Midst outward affliction shall feel Christ within;
And still, which is best, I in his dear breast,
As at the beginning, find pardon and rest.

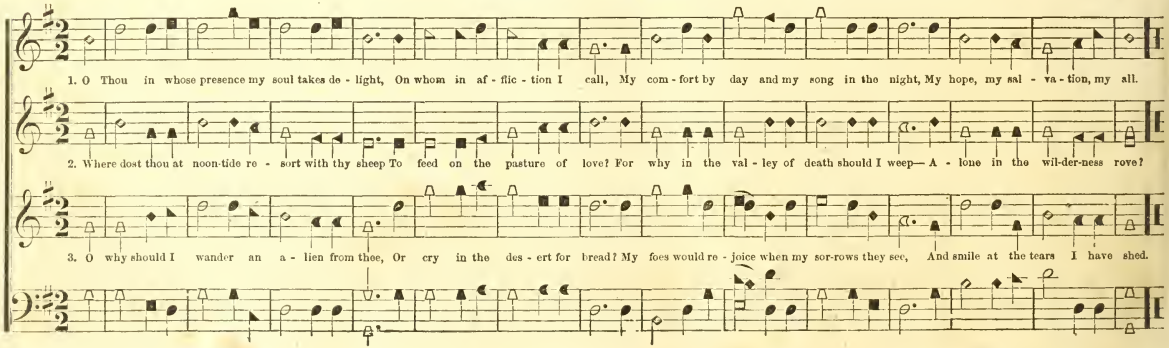
4 When I am to die, receive me, I'll cry,
For Jesus has loved me, I cannot tell why;
But this I do find, we two are so joined
He'll not live in glory and leave me behind.

5 This blessing is mine, through favor divine,
And O, my dear Jesus, the praise shall be thine;
In heaven we'll meet in harmony sweet,
And, glory to Jesus! we'll then be complete.

THE CHRISTIAN'S FAREWELL. 11s.



DAVIS. 11s & 8s.



SAMANTHRA. 11,8. 8 lines.

1. His voice, as the sound of the dul - ci - mer sweet, Is heard thro' the shad - ows of death;
The ce - dars of Le - ba - non bow at his feet, The air is perfumed with his breath.
His lips as the foun - tain of right-eous-ness

2. O! thou in whose presence my soul takes de - light, On whom, in af - flic - tion, I call;
My com - fort by day, and my song in the night, My hope, my sal - va - tion, my all—
Where dost thou at noon - tide re - sort with thy

flow, That wa - ters the gar - den of grace; From which their sal - va - tion the Gen-tiles shall know, And bask in the smiles of his face.

sheep, To feed on the pas-tures of love? Say why in the val - ley of death should I weep, Or lone in the wil - der-ness rove?

Alto by WM. WALKER.

CONCORD. 11,8.

WM. CALDWELL.

1. Ye ob - jects of sense. And en - joy - ments of time, Which oft have de - light - ed my heart, I soon shall ex-change you for

2. Thou Lord of the day, and thou Queen of the night, To me ye no lon - ger are known, I soon shall be - hold, with in

3. Ye won - der - ful orbs that as - ton - ish my eyes, Your glo - ries re - cede from my sight, I soon shall con - tem - plate more

views more sublime, For joys that shall nev-er de - part.

creasing delight, A sun that shall nev-er go down.

beau - ti - ful skies, And stars more re-splen-dent-ly bright.

4 Ye mountains and valleys, groves, rivers, and plains,
Thou earth and thou ocean, adieu!
More permanent regions where righteousness reigns,
Present their bright hills to my view.

5 My loved habitation, and gardens, adieu,
No longer my footsteps ye greet,
A mansion celestial stands full in my view,
And paradise welcomes my feet.

6 My weeping relations, my brethren and friends,
Whose souls are entwined with my own,
Adieu for the present, my spirit ascends
Where pleasure immortal is known.

7 My cares and my labors, my sickness and pain,
And sorrow are now at an end;
The summit of bliss I shall speedily gain,
The height of perfection ascend.

8 Thou vale of affliction my footsteps have trod,
With trembling, with grief, and with tears,
I joyfully quit for the mansion of God,
There, there, its bright summit appears.

9 No lurking temptation, defilement or fear,
Again shall disquiet my breast,
In Jesus' fair image I soon shall appear,
Forever ineffably bless'd.

10 My Sabbaths below that have been my delight,
And thou the bless'd volume divine,
Ye guided my footsteps like stars during night.
Adieu, my conductors benign.

11 The sun, that illumines the regions of light,
Now shines on my eyes from above,
But O how transcendently glorious the sight,
My soul is all wonder and love!

1. I came to the place where the lone pil - grim lay, And pen - sive - ly stood by the tomb, When in a low whis - per I

2. The tem - pest may howl, and the loud thun - der roar, And ga - ther - ing storms may a - rise, Yet calm is my feel - ing, at

heard some - thing say, How sweet - ly I sleep here a - lone!

rest is my soul, The tears are all wiped from my eyes.

3 The cause of my Master compell'd me from home,
I bade my companions farewell;
I blest my dear children, who now for me mourn —
In far distant regions they dwell.

4 I wander'd an exile and stranger from home,
No kindred or relative nigh;
I met the contagion, and sank to the tomb,
My soul flew to mansions on high.

5 Oh tell my companion and children most dear,
To weep not for me now I'm gone;
The same hand that led me through scenes most severe,
Has kindly assisted me home.

* 6 And there is a crown that doth glitter and shine,
That I shall for evermore wear:
Then turn to the Saviour, his love 's all divine,
All you that would dwell with me there.

* The sixth verse was composed by J. J. Hicks, of North Carolina.

COME, YE DISCONSOLATE. 11,10.

Sweet.

1. Come, ye dis-con - so - late, where'er you lan - guish, Come, at the mer - cy - seat fer - vent - ly kneel; Here bring your wounded hearts,

2. Joy of the com - fort - less, light of the stray-ing, Hope, when all oth - ers die, fade-less and pure; Here speaks the Com - fort - er,

3. Here see the Bread of life—see wa - ters flow-ing Forth from the throne of God, pure from a - bove; Come to the feast pre-pared—

here tell your an - guish; Earth has no sor - row that Heav'n can-not heal.

in mer-cy say - ing, "Earth has no sor-row that Heav'n cannot cure."

come, ev - er know - ing, Earth has no sor - row that Heav'n cannot cure.

4 Oh, to the Saviour come! He will receive you,
For He hath felt more than sinners can feel;
List how He intercedes—He will relieve you—
Earth has no sorrow His blood cannot heal.

5 Angels, with sympathy, look down from heaven—
They would entreat you his love to secure;
None ever sought in vain—all are forgiven—
Earth has no sorrow that Heav'n cannot cure.

6 Come, ere the lamp of life ceases its burning,
Ere death's cold waters shall over you steal;
Come, while poor penitents gladly are turning—
Earth has no sorrow his blood cannot heal.

The last three stanzas are by Dr E. M. Pendleton, of Sparta, Ga.

BLEST MORN. 11,10.

J. B. W.

Not too fast.

FINE.

1. Hail the blest morn! see the great Me - di - a - tor Down from the re - gions of glo - ry descend!
Shepherds go wor - ship the babe in the man - ger, Lo! for his guard, the bright an - gels at - tend.
D. C. Star in the east, the ho - ri - zon a - dorn - ing, Guide where our in - fant Re - deem - er was laid.

Brightest and best of the

FINE.

D. C.

sons of the morn - ing, Dawn on our dark-ness, and lend us thine aid.

D. C.

2 Cold on his cradle, the dew-drops are shining;
Low lies his bed, with the beasts of the stall;
Angels adore him, in slumbers reclining,
Wise men and shepherds before him do fall.

3 Say, shall we yield him, in costly devotion,
Odors of Eden, and off'rings divine,
Gems from the mountains, and pearls from the ocean,
Myrrh from the forest, and gold from the mine?

4 Vainly we offer each ample oblation,
Vainly with gold we his favor secure;
Richer by far is the heart's adoration;
Dearer to God are the prayers of the poor.

MORALITY. 10,11,11,11.

1. While beauty and youth are in their full prime, And fol - ly and fash - ion af - fect our whole time; O let not the phantom our

2. The vain and the young may at - tend us a while, But let not their flatt'ry our prudence be - guile; Let us cov - et those charms that

wish - es en - gage, Let 's live so in youth that we blush not in age.

shall ne er de - cay, Nor lis - ten to all that de - ceiv - ers can say.

3 I sigh not for beauty, nor languish for wealth,
But grant me, kind Providence, virtue and health;
Then richer than kings, and far happier than they,
My days shall pass swiftly and sweetly away.

4 For when age steals on me, and youth is no more,
And the moralist Time shakes his glass at my door,
What pleasure in beauty or wealth can I find?
My beauty, my wealth, is a sweet peace of mind.

5 That peace! I'll preserve it as pure as 'twas given,
Shall last in my bosom an earnest of heaven;
For virtue and wisdom can warm the cold scene,
And sixty can flourish as gay as sixteen.

6 And when I the burden of life shall have borne,
And death with his sickle shall cut the ripe corn,
Reascend to my God without murmur or sigh,
I'll bless the kind summons, and lie down and die.

1. Hail the blest morn! see the great Me - di - a - tor Down from the re - gions of glo - ry de-scend! Shepherds go wor - ship the

2. Cold on his cra - dle, the dew-drops are shin - ing; Low lies his bed with the beasts of the stall; An - gels a - dore him, in

3. Say, shall we yield him, in cost - ly de - vo - tion, O - dors of E - den, and off' - rings di - vine, Gems from the moun-tains, and

babe in the man - ger, Lo! for his guard, the bright an - gels at - tend.

slum - bers re - clin - ing, Wise men and shepherds be-fore him do fall.

pearls from the o - cean, Myrrh from the for - est, and gold from the mine?

4 Vainly we offer each ample oblation,
Vainly with gold we his favor secure;
Richer by far is the heart's adoration;
Dearer to God are the prayers of the poor.

5 Low at his feet we in humble prostration,
Lose all our sorrow and trouble and strife;
There we receive his divine consolation,
Flowing afresh from the fountain of life.

6 He is our friend in the midst of temptation,
Faithful supporter, whose love cannot fail;
Rock of our refuge, and hope of salvation,
Light to direct us through death's gloomy vale.

7 Star of the morning, thy brightness, declining,
Shortly must fade when the sun doth arise:
Beaming refulgent, his glory eternal
Shines on the children of love in the skies.

STAR IN THE EAST. 11,10

Lively.

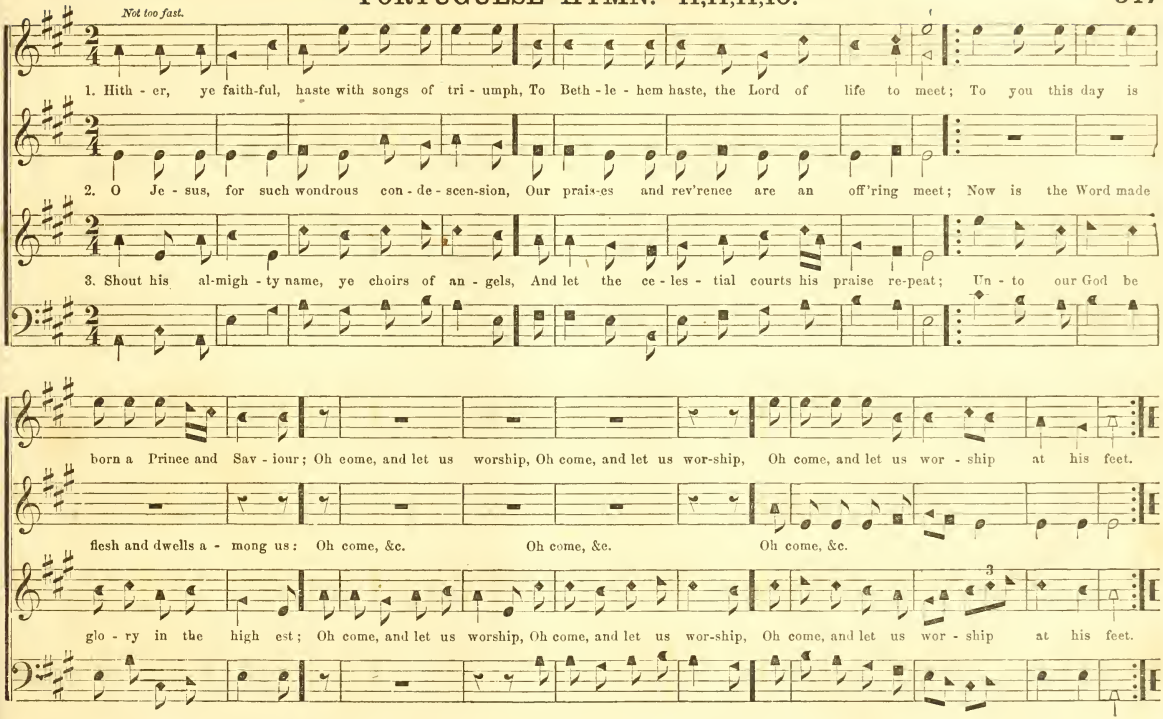
CHORUS.

1. Hail the blest morn, see the great Me-di - a - tor, Down from the regions of glo - ry descend!
Shepherds go worship the babe in the man - ger, Lo! for his guard the bright angels at-tend.
} Brightest and best of the sons of the morning!

2. Cold on his cra - dle the dew-drops are shining; Low lies his bed, with the beasts of the stall;
An - gels a - dore him, in slumbers re - clin - ing, Wise men and shepherds before him do fall.
} Brightest and best of the sons of the morning!

Dawn on our dark - ness, and lend us thine aid; Star in the east, the ho - ri - zon a - dorn-ing, Guide where our in - fant Re-deem - er was laid.

Dawn on our dark - ness, and lend us thine aid; Star in the east, the ho - ri - zon a - dorn-ing, Guide where our in - fant Re-deem - er was laid.


Not too fast.
1. Hith - er, ye faith-ful, haste with songs of tri - umph, To Beth - le - hem haste, the Lord of life to meet; To you this day is
2. O Je - sus, for such wondrous con - de - scen-sion, Our prais-es and rev'rence are an off'ring meet; Now is the Word made
3. Shout his al-migh - ty name, ye choirs of an - gels, And let the ce - les - tial courts his praise re-peat; Un - to our God be
born a Prince and Sav - iour; Oh come, and let us worship, Oh come, and let us wor-ship, Oh come, and let us wor - ship at his feet.
flesh and dwells a - mong us: Oh come, &c. Oh come, &c. Oh come, &c.
glo - ry in the high est; Oh come, and let us worship, Oh come, and let us wor-ship, Oh come, and let us wor - ship at his feet.

WE 'VE A MANSION IN HEAVEN. 11s.

R. M. McINTOSH.
Treble by WM. WALKER.

Not too fast.

1. How sweet 'tis to think, when this life fades a - way, We've a mansion in heav'n that knows no de - cay; A ci - ty of light, where we free - ly may

2. Oh, why should we murmur and grieve here be-low, When 'tis but a moment of suff 'ring we know, Compared to the glo - ry revealed to us

3. A vision of beau-ty now bursts on my sight, From the ci - ty celestial, the land of de - light;— Oh, rest thee, my spir - it, till Je - sus shall

CHORUS.

roam, The kingdom of promise, the saints' hap-py home. Home, home, sweet, sweet home! We've a man-sion in heav - en, the saints' hap-py home.

there, On th' sweet banks of Ca-naan, so blooming and fair. Home, home, &c.

come, And bear thee a - way to the saints' hap-py home. Home, home, sweet, sweet home! We've a man-sion in heav - en, the saints' hap-py home.

ISLES OF THE SOUTH. 11s.

DR. WM. HAUSER, A. H. H.

1. Wake, Isles of the South! your re - demp-tion is near, No lon - ger repose in the bor-ders of gloom; The strength of his cho - sen in

2. The bil - lows that girt you, the wild waves that roar, The zephyrs that play where the o - cean-storms cease, Shall bear the rich freight to your

3. On the islands that sit in the re-gions of night, The lands of despair, to ob - liv - ion a prey, The morn-ing will o - pen with

love shall ap - pear, And light shall a - rise on the verge of the tomb, And light shall a - rise on the verge of the tomb.

des - o - late shore, Shall waft the glad tid - ings of par - don and peace, Shall waft the glad tid - ings of par - don and peace.

heal - ing and light, The glad Star of Beth - le - hem bright-en to - day, The glad Star of Beth - le - hem brighten to - day.

THE ROCK. 11s.

Arranged by
Dr. WM. HAUSER, A. I. H.

1. In seasons of grief to my God I'll re - pair, When my heart is o'erwhelm'd in sor-row and care: From the ends of the earth unto Thee will I cry,

2. When Sa-tan, my foe, comes in like a flood, To drive my poor soul from the fountain of good, I'll pray to the Sav-iour who kindly did die:

3. And when I have end-ed my pilgrim-age here, In Je - sus' pure right-eous - ness let me ap-pear: From the swellings of Jordan to Thee will I cry:

"Lead me to the Rock that is higher than I!" higher than I, higher than I; Lead me to the Rock that is higher than I!

"Lead me to the Rock that is higher than I!" higher than I, higher than I; Lead me to the Rock that is higher than I!

SWEET HOME. 11s.

1. 'Mid scenes of con-fu-sion and crea-ture complaints, How sweet to my soul is com - mu - nion with saints; To find at the ban-quet of mer - cy there's

2. Sweet bonds, that unite all the children of peace! And thrice precious Jesus, whose love cannot cease! Though oft from thy presence in sad-ness I

3. I sigh from this bod - y of sin to be free, Which hinders my joy and com - mu - nion with thee; Though now my temp-ta-tions like bil - lows may

CHORUS.

room, And feel in the pres - ence of Je - sus at home. Home, home, sweet, sweet home; Pre - pare me, dear Sa-viour, for glo - ry. my home.

roam, I long to be - hold thee in glo - ry, at home. Home, home, sweet, sweet home; Pre-pare me, dear Sa-viour, for glo - ry my home.

foam, All, all will be peace, when I'm with thee at home. Home, home, sweet, sweet home; Pre - pare me, dear Sa-viour, for glo - ry my home.

GLAD TIDINGS. 11s.

R. H. DAVIDSON.

1. Come, saints, let us join in the praise of the Lamb, The theme most sublime of the an - gels a - bove; They dwell with de-light on the

2. Come, saints, and a - dore him; come, bow at his feet; Let grate - ful ho - san - nas un - ceas - ing a - rise; O, give him the glo - ry and

sound of his name, And gaze on his glo - ries with won - der and love.

praise that are meet, And join the full cho - rus that glad - dens the skies.

3 Behold to what honors the Saviour is raised;
He sits on the throne, and he rules over all;
By man once rejected, by seraphs now praised,
While pow'rs and dominions, him worshipping, fall.

4 They worship the Lamb who for sinners was slain;
But their loftiest songs never equal his love:
The claims of his mercy will ever remain,
Transcending the anthems in glory above.

5 Yet even our service he will not despise,
When we join in his worship and tell of his name;
Then let us unite in the song of the skies,
And, trusting his mercy, sing, "Worthy the Lamb."

1. To leave my dear friends, and with neighbors to part, And go from my home, it af-flicts not my heart, Like thoughts of ab - sent - ing my-self for a

2. Dear bow'r where the pine and the poplar have spread, And wove, with their branches, a roof o'er my head, How oft have I knelt on the ev - er-green

3. The ear-ly shrill notes of the loved nightingale That dwelt in my bow'r, I ob-served as my bell To call me to du - ty, while birds of the

day From that bless'd retreat where I've cho - sen to pray, I've cho - sen to pray.

there, And poured out my soul to my Sav - iour in pray'r, my Sav - iour in pray'r.

air Sang an - thems of prais - es as I went to pray'r, as I went to pray'r.

4 How sweet were the zephyrs perfumed by the pine,
The ivy, the balsam, and wild eglantine;
But sweeter, ah! sweeter, superlative were
The joys I have tasted ||: in answer to pray'r. :||

5 For Jesus, my Saviour, oft deign'd there to meet,
And bless'd with his presence my humble retreat,
Oft fill'd me with rapture and blessedness there,
Inditing, in heaven's ||: own language, my pray'r. :||

6 Dear bow'r, I must leave you and bid you adieu,
And pay my devotions in parts that are new,
For Jesus, my Saviour, resides ev'rywhere,
And can, in all places ||: give answer to pray'r. :||

SUMMER. 11s.

SWAN.

1. I would not live al - way: I ask not to stay
Where storm af - ter storm ris - es dark o'er the way;
The few lu - rid morn-ings that dawn on us
here, Are e - nough for life's woes, full e - nough for its cheer.

2 I would not live alway; no! — welcome the tomb,
Since Jesus hath lain there, I dread not its gloom;
There, sweet be my rest, till He bid me arise,
To hail Him in triumph descending the skies.

3 Who, who would live alway, away from his God,—
Away from yon heaven, that blissful abode,
Where the rivers of pleasure flow o'er the bright plains,
And the noontide of glory eternally reigns:

4 Where the saints of all ages in harmony meet,
Their Saviour and brethren, transported to greet;
While the anthems of rapture unceasingly roll,
And the smile of the Lord is the feast of the soul.

1. I love thee, my Sav - iour, I love thee, my Lord, I love thy dear peo - ple, thy ways, and thy word; With ten - der e - mo - tion I

2. O Je - sus, my Sav - iour, I know thou art mine, For thee all the plea-sures of sin I re - sign; Of ob- jects most pleasing, I

3. Thy Spir - it first taught me to know I was blind, Then taught me the way of sal - va - tion to find: And when I was sink - ing in

love sin - ners too, Since Je - sus has died to re-deem them from woe.

love thee the best, With - out thee I'm wretched, but with thee I'm blest.

gloom-y de - spair, Thy mer - cy re - lieved me, and bid me not fear.

4 In vain I attempt to describe what I feel,
The language of mortals or angels would fail;
My Jesus is precious, my soul 's in a flame,
I 'm raised to a rapture while praising his name.

5 I find him in singing, I find him in pray'r,
In sweet meditation he always is near;
My constant companion, oh may we ne'er part!
All glory to Jesus, he dwells in my heart.

6 I love thee, my Saviour, &c.

7 My Jesus is precious—I cannot forbear,
Though sinners despise me, his love to declare;
His love overwhelms me; had I wings, I'd fly
To praise him in mansions prepared in the sky.

MORNING SONG. 11,11,11,11,11,12.

Joyful.

1. A - way with your slumbers, the bright morning skies Proclaim the glad sun is now ready to rise; The birds are all sing-ing, and this is their song, A-

2. Oh, who can be sad, when the dew-drops so bright Are sparkling with pleasure to welcome the light; The willows bend low, with their leaves to the ground, And

3. The sun looks with smiles on the lov - ing and bright, Who wander to - gether, en - joy-ing his light; In pleasure they shout, and in har-mo - ny join, And

wake, you are sleeping, you're sleeping too long. The birds are all singing, and this is their song, A-wake, you are sleeping, you are sleeping too long.

flowers are off'ring their in-cense a-round. The willows bend low, with their leaves to the ground, And flowers are of - fer - ing their incense a - round.

sing of the care of a Father di-vine. In pleasure they shout, and in har-mo - ny join, And all sing of the care of a Father di - vine.

THE TRUMPET. 11,12,12,12.

Treble and alto by WM. WALKER. J. WILLIAMS.

Slow and majestic.

1. The char - iot! the char - iot! its wheels roll in fire, As the Lord cometh down in the pomp of his ire! Lo! self-mov-ing it

2. The glo - ry! the glo - ry! a-round him are pour'd Migh - ty hosts of the an - gels that wait on the Lord; And the glo - ri - fied

drives on its path - way of cloud, And the heav'ns with the burden of Godhead are bow'd.

saints and the mar - tyrs are there, And there all who the palm-wreaths of vie - to - ry wear.

3 The trumpet! the trumpet! the dead have all heard,
Lo! the depths of the stone-cover'd charnel are stirr'd;
From the sea, from the earth, from the south, from the north,
And the vast generations of man are come forth.

4 The judgment! the judgment! the thrones are all set,
Where the Lamb and the white-vested elders are met;
There all flesh is at once in the sight of the Lord,
And the doom of eternity hangs on his word.

5 O mercy! O mercy! look down from above,
Great Creator, on us, thy sad children, with love;
When beneath to their darkness the wicked are driv'n,
May our justified souls find a welcome in heav'n.

O COME, COME AWAY. 12,8,5,8,8,6,5.

Treble by Dr. HAUSER.
Alto by WM. WALKER.

Lively. Sunday-School Song.

1. O come, come a-way! the Sabbath morn is pass-ing; Let's hasten to the Sabbath school; O come, come a - way! The Sabbath bells are ringing clear,

2. My comrades in-vite to join their happy num-ber, And gladly will I meet them there; O come, come a - way! 'Tis there we meet to sing and pray,

3. While others may seek for vain and foolish pleasures, The Sabbath-school shall be my choice; O come, come a - way! How dear to hear the plaintive strain,

Their joy-ous peals sa-lute my ear, I love their voice to hear; O come, come a - way!

To read God's word on his glad day, With joy let's haste a - way, O come, come a - way!

From youthful voi-ces rise a-main, With sweetest tones a - gain! O come, come a - way!

4 'T is there I may learn the ways of heavenly wisdom,
To guide my feeble steps on high; O come, &c.
The flow'ry paths of peace to tread,
Where rays of heavenly bliss are shed,
My wand'ring steps to lead: O come, &c.

5 I there hear the voice in heavenly accents speaking,
"Let little children come to me; O come, &c.
Forbid them not their hearts to give,
Let them on me in youth believe,
And I will them receive:" O come, &c.

6 With joy I accept the gracious invitation;
My heart exults with rapturous hope; O come, &c.
My deathless spirit, when I die,
Shall, on the wings of angels, fly
To mansions in the sky: O come, &c.

WONDROUS LOVE. 12,9,6,6,12,9.

Arranged by JAMES CHRISTOPHER, of Spartanburg, S. C. A very popular old Southern tune.

1. What wondrous love is this! O my soul! O my soul! What wondrous love is this! O my soul! What wondrous love is this, That caus'd the Lord of bliss,

2. When I was sinking down, sinking down, sinking down, When I was sinking down, sinking down; When I was sinking down, Beneath God's righteous frown,

3. Ye wingéd seraphs fly, bear the news, bear the news, Ye wingéd seraphs fly, bear the news, Ye wingéd seraphs fly, Like comets through the sky,

To send this precious peace to my soul, to my soul! To send this precious peace to my soul.

Christ laid a - side his crown for my soul, for my soul, Christ laid a - side his crown for my soul.

Fill vast e - ter - ni - ty with the news, with the news, Fill vast e - ter - ni - ty with the news.

4 Ye friends of Zion's King, join the praise, &c.
Ye friends of Zion's King, join the praise;
Ye friends of Zion's King,
With hearts and voices sing,
And strike each tuneful string, in his praise, &c.
And strike each tuneful string, in his praise.

5 To God, and to the Lamb, I will sing, &c.
To God, and to the Lamb, I will sing;
To God, and to the Lamb,
Jehovah, great I AM,
While millions join the theme, I will sing, &c.
While millions join the theme, I will sing.

6 And when from death I'm free, I'll sing on, &c.
And when from death I'm free, I'll sing on:
And when from death I'm free,
I'll sing, and joyful be,
And through eternity I'll sing on, &c.
And through eternity I'll sing on.

THE SAINTS BOUND FOR HEAVEN. 12,9,6,7,13,10.*

J. KING and WM. WALKER.

1. Our bondage it shall end, by - and-by, by - and - by, Our bondage it shall end, by-and - by; From Egypt's yoke set free; Hail the glo - rious ju - bi - lee, And to Ca - naan we'll re - turn, by - and - by, by - and - by, And to Ca - naan we'll re - turn, by - and - by.

2. Our de-liv-er - er shall come, by-and - by, by - and - by, Our de-liv - er - er shall come, by-and - by, And our sorrows have an end, With our threescore years and ten, And vast glo - ry crown the day, by - and-by, by - and - by, And vast glo - ry crown the day by - and - by.

3. Though our enemies are strong, we'll go on, we'll go on, Though our enemies are strong, we'll go on, Though our hearts dissolve with fear, Lo! Si - nai's God is near, While the fie - ry pil - lar moves, we'll go on, we'll go on, While the fie - ry pil - lar moves, we'll go on.

*Note.—As the tune is sung, as written in H. B. 9, 6, 7, 10.

*SOLEMN THOUGHT. 12,9,12,12,9.

1. Re-mem-ber, sin-ful youth, you must die, you must die, Re-mem-ber, sin - ful youth, you must die; Re - mem-ber, sin - ful youth, who hate the way of truth,

2. Un - cer-tain are your days here below, here be-low, Un - cer-tain are your days here be-low, Un-cer - tain are your days, for God hath ma-ny ways

And in your pleasures boast, you must die, you must die, And in your pleasures boast, you must die.

To bring you to your graves here below, here be - low, To bring you to your graves here be-low.

3 The God that built the sky, great I AM, great I AM,
The God that built the sky, great I AM,
The God that built the sky, hath said, (and cannot lie,)
Impenitents shall die, and be damn'd, and be damn'd,
Impenitents shall die, and be damn'd.

4 And, O my friends, don't you, I entreat, I entreat,
And, O my friends, don't you, I entreat,
And, O my friends, don't you your carnal mirth pursue,
Your guilty souls undo, I entreat, I entreat,
Your guilty souls undo, I entreat.

5 Unto the Saviour flee, 'scape for life! 'scape for life!
Unto the Saviour flee, 'scape for life!
Unto the Saviour flee, lest death eternal be—
Your final destiny, 'scape for life! 'scape for life!
Your final destiny—'scape for life!

* This is a very dear old tune and song to me. I learned it from the sweet voice of my dear mother (who now sings in Heaven) when I was only three years old,—the first tune I ever learned.—W. W.

Alto by WM. WALKER.

FAREWELL. 12,11.

MORE.
This is a very popular tune in the Western States.

1. Come, Christians, be valiant, our Je - sus is near us, We'll conquer the powers of darkness and sin; Through grace and the Spir - it we'll

2. We have tri-als, and cares, and hardships, and losses, But heaven will pay us for all that we bear; We'll soon end in pleasures and

3. Young converts, be hum-ble, the prospect is blooming, The wings of kind an-gels around you are spread; While some are op - press - ed with

glo - ry in - her - it, And peace, like a riv - er, give comfort with - in.

glo - ry for ev - er, And bright crowns of glory for ev - er we'll wear.

sin and are mourning, The spir - it of joy up - on you now is shed.

4 Live near to our Captain, and always obey him,
This world, flesh, and Satan must all be denied;
Both care and diligence, and prayer without ceasing,
Will safe land young converts to riches on high.

5 O mourners, God bless you, don't faint in the spirit,
Believe, and the Spirit our pardon he'll give;
He's now interceding and pleading his merit,
Give up, and your souls he will quickly receive.

6 If truly a mourner, he's promised you comfort,
His good promises stand in his sacred word;
O hearken and hear them, all glory, all glory,
The mourners are filled with the presence of God.

7 O sinners, my bowels do move with desire;
Why stand you gazing on the works of the Lord?
O fly from the flames of self-devouring fire,
And wash your pollution in Jesus' own blood.

8 O brethren, in sweet gales now we are all breezing,
My soul feels the mighty, the heavenly flame;
I'm now on my journey, my faith is increasing,
All glory and praise to our God and the Lamb.

1. I find myself placed in a state of pro-ba-tion, Which God has command-ed us well to im-prove,
And I am resolved to re-gard all his precepts, And on in the way of o-bedience to move. } I know I must go thro' great trib-u-la-tion,

2. I'm call'd to contend with the pow-ers of darkness, And ma-ny sore con-flicts I have to pass thro';
O Je-sus, be with me in ev-e-ry bat-tle, And help me my en-e-mies all to sub-duc: } If thou, gracious Lord, wilt on-ly be with me,

And many sore conflicts on ev-e-ry hand; But grace will support and comfort my spir-it, And I shall be a-ble for-ev-er to stand.

To aid and di-rect me, then all will be right; A-pollyon, with all his pow-er-ful for-ces, In thy name and thy strength I shall soon put to flight.

REDEMPTION. 12,11. 8 lines.

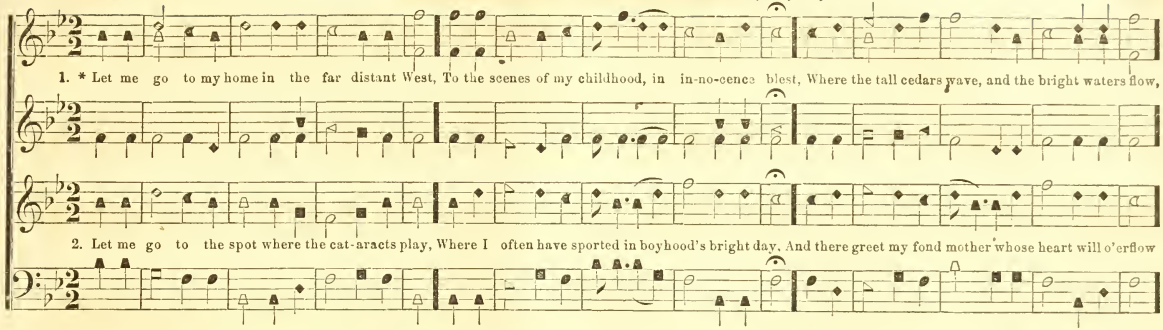
E. P. BOROUGHS.

1. Come, all ye young people of ev' - ry re - la - tion, Come, listen a while, and to you I will tell
How I was first call - ed to seek for sal - va - tion, Re - demption in Jesus, who saved me from hell. } I was not yet sixteen when Je-sus first

2. The de - vil per - ceiv-ed that I was con - vinc-ed, He strove to persuade me that I was too young,
That I would get weary be - fore my as - cension, And wish that I had not so ear - ly be - - gun. } Sometimes he'd persuade me that Jesus was

call'd me, To think of my soul, and the state I was in; I saw myself standing a distance from Je - sus, Between me and him was a mountain of sin.

par - tial, When he was a set - ting of poor sinners free, That I was for - sak - en and quite rep-ro - bat - ed, And there was no mer-cy at all for poor me.



3 Let me go to my sire, by whose battle-scarred side
I have sported so oft in the noon of my pride,
And exulted to conquer the insolent foe;
To my father, the chief, let me go, let me go,
To my father, the chief, oh! there let me go.

4 And, oh! do let me go to my flashing-eyed maid,
Who hath taught me to love 'neath the green willow's shade;
Whose heart, like the fawn, leaps, and is pure as the snow:
To the bosom I love, let me go, let me go,
To the bosom I love, oh! there let me go.

5 And, oh! do let me go to my wild forest home,
No more from its life-cheering fond pleasures to roam;
'Neath the grove of the glen let my ashes lie low:
To my home in the woods let me go, let me go,
To my home in the woods, oh! there let me go!

* This song, it is said, was composed by the son of a chief of one of the Western tribes, who was sent to the City of Washington to make a treaty with the United States, which treaty was delayed for a while by some unavoidable circumstances.

MILLENNIUM. 12,12,12,13.

WM. WALKER, in 1831.

Cheerful, but not too fast.

1. The time is soon com - ing, by the pro - phets forc-told, When Zi - on in pu - ri - ty the world shall be - hold, When Je - sus' pure

2. 'T will then be dis - cov - er'd who for Je - sus will be, And who are in Ba-by - lon the saints then will see; The time of di-

3. Led on by the Com - fort - er, what sweets will be found, What peace and what harmo - ny, in love will a - bound! Los - ing time-things

tes - ti - mo - ny will gain the day, De - nom-i - na-tions' self-ish-ness will van - ish a - way.

vi - sion then ful-ly will be known Between the pure kingdom and de - fil - ed Ba-by - lon.

for Je - sus will be counted all joy, And helping each oth- er a de - light-ful employ.

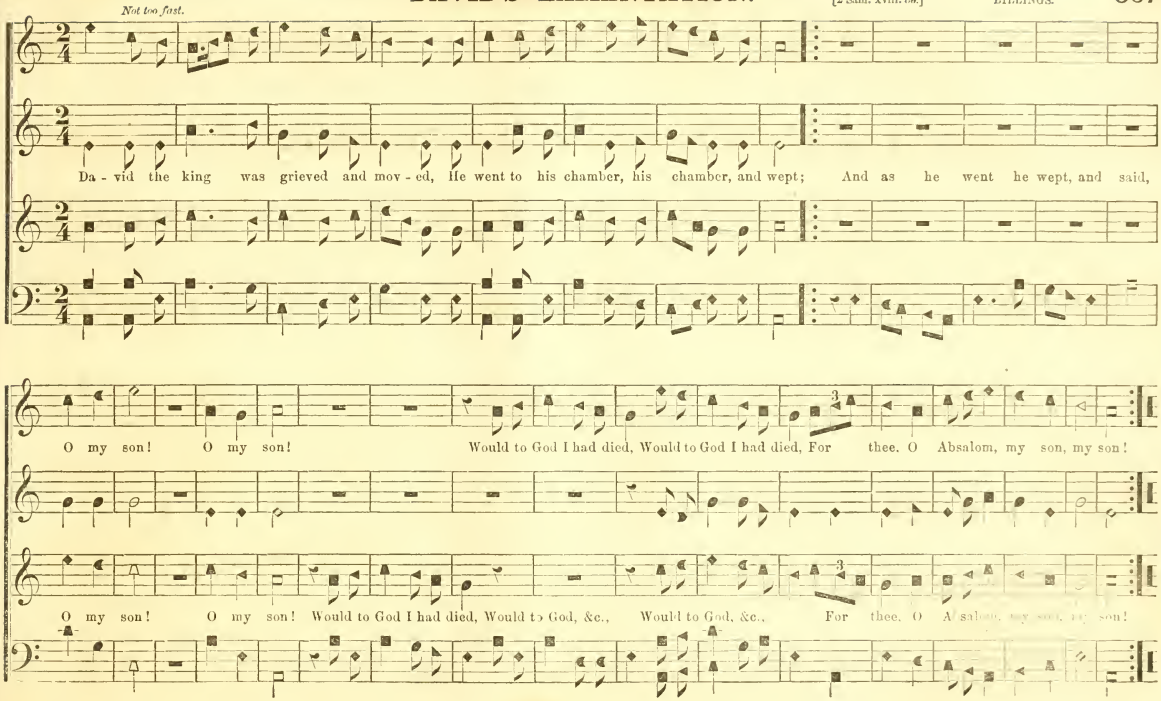
4 What beauty will the churches then put on in his sight,
Being governed by Jesus, who always does right;
No spots on her countenance, in that glorious day,
Unnecessary ceremonies vanished away.

5 The watchmen will then lift up their voices as one,
East, west, north, and south, to and fro they will run;
In the Spirit's pure testimony, preach up the cross;
The mysteries of Babylon will suffer the loss.

6 But oh! what a storm of persecution will rage,
For the cause of old Babylon too many engage;
For, beholding their losses, and beginning to sink,
They hope to obstruct the light from shining, I think.

7 But truth cuts its way, and love melts down all foes,
The pure word of God will conquer all who oppose;
The church stands in purity, in peace and in love,
In sight of her enemies she rises above.

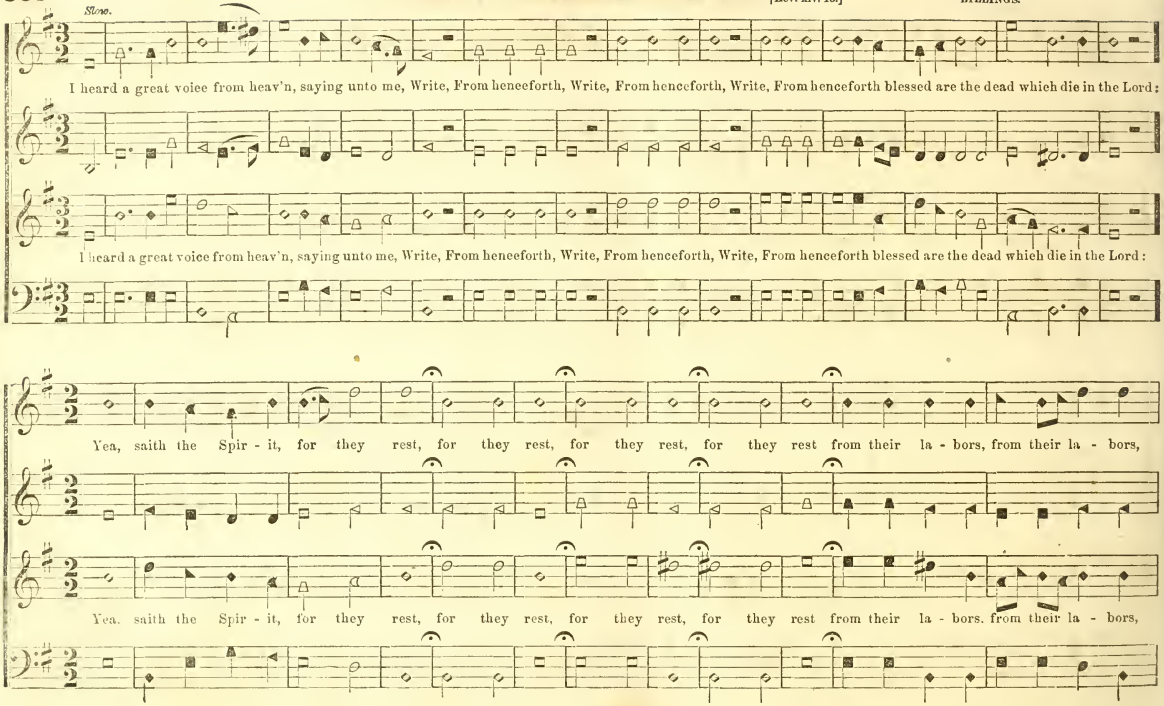
8 Let all who would wish to see Millennium begin,
Come out, and be separate from sinners and sin;
As soon as the churches are redeemed from sin,
The day of Millennium will surely begin.


Not too fast.
Da - vid the king was grieved and mov - ed, He went to his chamber, his chamber, and wept; And as he went he wept, and said,
O my son! O my son! Would to God I had died, Would to God I had died, For thee. O Absalom, my son, my son!
O my son! O my son! Would to God I had died, Would to God, &c., Would to God, &c., For thee. O Absalom, my son, my son!

FUNERAL ANTHEM.

[Rev. xiv. 13.]

BILLINGS.



Very slow.

from their labors and their works; which do fol-low, fol - low, fol - low; which do fol - low, fol - low them, which do fol - low them.

from their labors and their works; which do fol-low, fol - low, fol - low; which do fol - low, fol - low them, which do fol - low them.

EASTER ANTHEM.

STEPHENSON.

Lively.

Hal - le - lu - jah! The Lord is ris'n in - deed! Hal - le - lu - jah!

The Lord is ris'n in - deed, Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! Now is Christ

EASTER ANTHEM. Continued.

Now is Christ the first-fruits of them that slept.

Now is Christ ris - en from the dead, and become the first-fruits of them that slept.

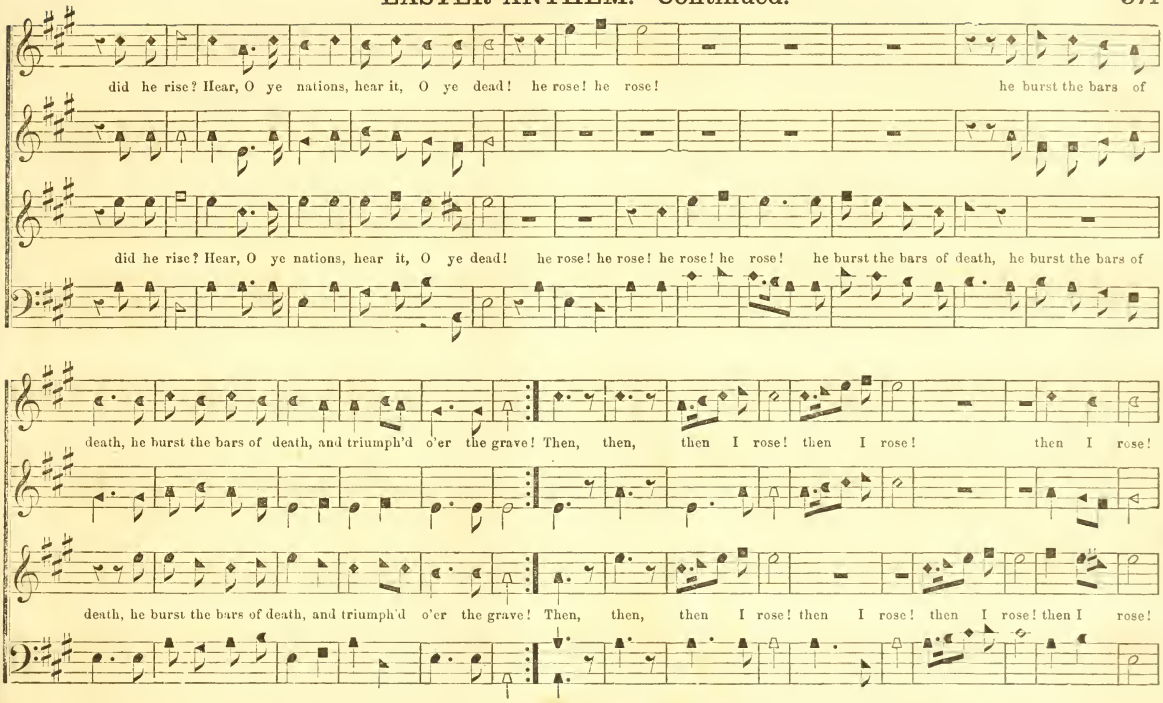
ris-en from the dead, and become the first-fruits of them that slept. Now is Christ, &c.

Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal-le - lu - jah! And did he rise? And did he rise?.....

And did he rise?

Hal - le - lu - jah! hal - le - lu - jah! And did he rise? And did he rise?.....

Hal - le - lu - jah! hal - le - lu - jah! And did he rise?..... And did he rise? .....


did he rise? Hear, O ye nations, hear it, O ye dead! he rose! he rose! he burst the bars of
did he rise? Hear, O ye nations, hear it, O ye dead! he rose! he rose! he rose! he rose! he burst the bars of death, he burst the bars of
death, he burst the bars of death, and triumph'd o'er the grave! Then, then, then I rose! then I rose! then I rose!
death, he burst the bars of death, and triumph'd o'er the grave! Then, then, then I rose! then I rose! then I rose! then I rose!

EASTER ANTHEM. Concluded.

then first hu-man - i - ty, tri-umphant, pass'd the crystal ports of light,..... and seized e - ter - nal youth. Man, all im-mor-tal, hail!

hail! Heaven, all lavish of strange gifts to man, Thine all the glory, man's the boundless bliss, Thine all the glo - ry, man's the boundless bliss.

I beheld, and lo, a great mul-ti - tude which no man could number, Thousands of thousands, and

I beheld, and lo, a great mul - ti - tude which no man could num-ber, Thousands of

I beheld, and lo, ... a great mul - ti - tude, which no man could number, Thousands of thousands, and ten times

I beheld, and lo, a great multitude, which no man could number, Thousands of thousands, and ten times thousands, thousands of thousands, and

ten times thou - - sands, thousands of thou-sands, and ten times thou - sands, thousands of thousands, and

thousands, and ten times thousands, thousands of thousands, and ten times thou - - - sands, thousands of

thousands, thousands of thousands, and ten times thou - - - sands, thousands of thousands, and ten times thousands,

ten times thousands, thousands of thousands, and ten times thousands, thousands of thousands, and ten times

HEAVENLY VISION. Continued.

ten times thousands stood be - fore the Lamb, and they had palms in their hands, And they

thousands, and ten times thousands stood be - - fore the Lamb, and they had palms in their hands, And they

thousands of thousands, and ten times thousands stood be - fore the Lamb, and they had palms in their hands, And they

thousands of thousands stood be - - - fore the Lamb, and they had palms in their hands, And they

cease not day and night, say - ing, Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly, Lord God Al-

cease not day and night, say - ing, Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly, Lord God Al-

[1st time.] [2d time.]

migh - ty, which was, and is, and is to come, which was, and is, and is to come.

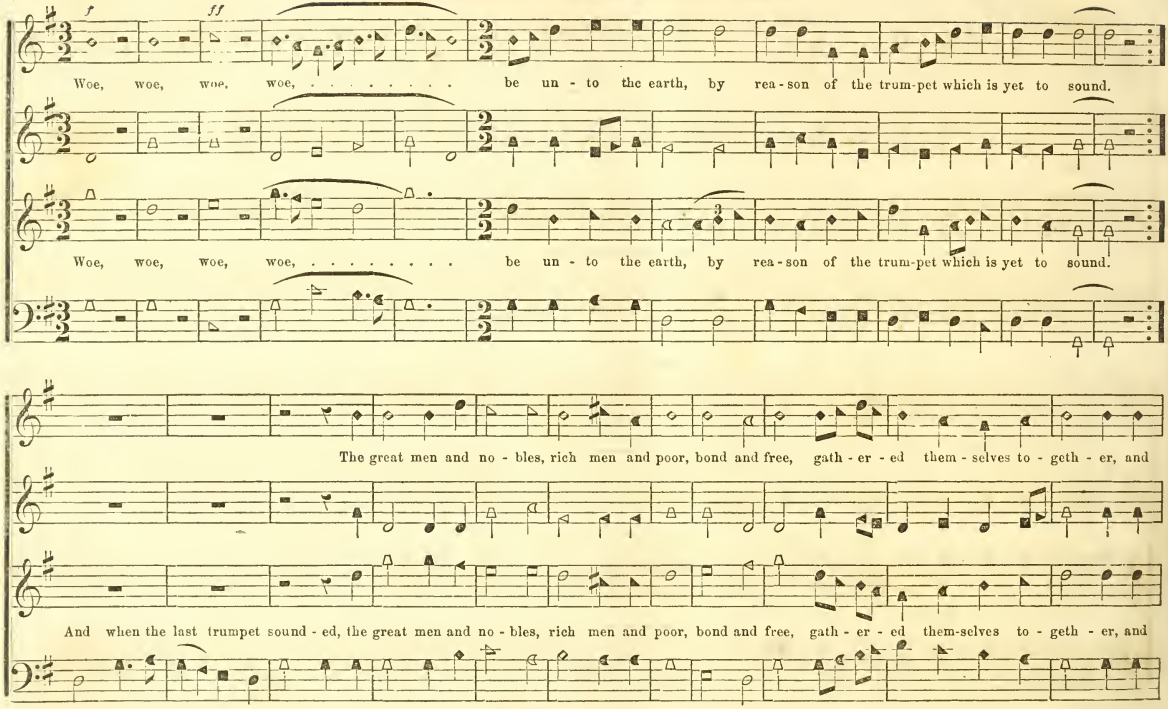
migh - ty, which was, and is, and is to come, which was, and is, and is to come.

p

And I heard a migh - ty an - gel fly - - - - - - - ing thro' the midst of heav'n, cry - ing, with a loud voice

And I heard a migh - ty an - gel fly - - - - - - - ing thro' the midst of heav'n, cry - ing, with a loud voice.

HEAVENLY VISION. Continued.



cri - ed to the rocks and mountains to fall up - on them, and hide them from the face of him that sit - teth on the throne; for the

cri - ed to the rocks and mountains to fall up - on them, and hide them from the face of him that sit - teth on the throne; for the

[1st time.] [2d time.] LARGO.

great day of his wrath is come, and who shall be a - ble to stand? And who shall be a - ble to stand?

great day of his wrath is come, and who shall be a - ble to stand? And who shall be a - ble to stand?

MOUNT HOPE. An Ode.

Music by DARE. Words by T. ODIORNE.
Treble and alto by WM. WALKER.

f

Hark! hark!—a Sav - iour's voice! Mountains and hills re - bound; Let guilty man re - joice! Let guilty man re - joice!

f *soft*

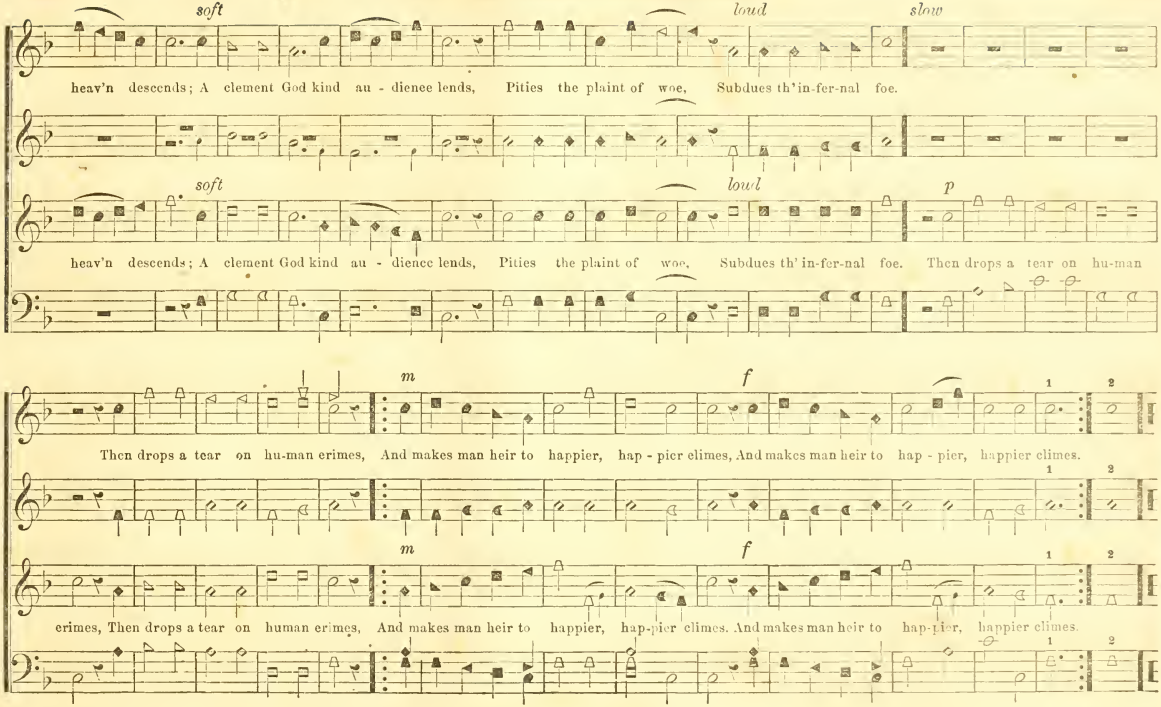
Hark! hark!—a Sav - iour's voice! Mountains and hills re - bound; Let guilty man re - joice! Let guilty man re - joice! Woods, rocks, and

loud

Woods, rocks, and val - leys ech-o back the sound. Behold! a God from

loud *grave* *cheerful*

val - leys ech - o back the sound, Woods, rocks, and val - leys ech-o back the sound. Behold! a God from heav'n descends; Behold! a God from


soft
loud
slow
heav'n descends; A clement God kind au - dience lends, Pities the plaint of woe, Subdues th' in-fer-nal foe.
soft
loud
p
heav'n descends; A clement God kind au - dience lends, Pities the plaint of woe, Subdues th' in-fer-nal foe. Then drops a tear on hu-man
m
f
1
2
Then drops a tear on hu-man crimes, And makes man heir to happier, hap - pier climes, And makes man heir to hap - pier, happier climes.
m
f
1
2
crimes, Then drops a tear on human crimes, And makes man heir to happier, hap-pier climes. And makes man heir to hap-pier, happier climes.

CHRISTIAN SONG. An Ode.

Alto by WM. WALKER.

Slow, calm, and gentle.

Mine eyes are now closing to rest, My bod-y must soon be removed, And mould'ring, lie buried in dust, No more to be en-vied or

Mine eyes are now closing to rest, My bod-y must soon be removed, And mould'ring, lie buried in dust, No more to be envied or

Slow and soft.

loved, No more to be envied or loved. Ah! what is this draw-ing my breath, And steal-ing my sens - es a - way?

loved, No more to be envied or loved. Ah! what is this draw-ing my breath, And steal-ing my sens-es a - way? Oh tell me,

Oh tell me, Oh tell me, my soul, is it death, Re-leas-ing me kindly from clay?

Oh tell me, Oh tell me, my soul, is it death, Re-leas-ing me kindly from clay? Now mounting, my soul shall de-

The re - gions of plea-sure and love, My spir - it tri - um - phant shall fly..... And dwell with my Sav - iour a - bove.

scry The re - gions of plea-sure and love, My spir - it tri - um - phant shall fly..... And dwell with my Sav - iour a - bove.

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